

## Mats Gustafsson

### "Winter Fawn"

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Out the door at dark  
Gone collecting wood for fires  
Seeing by the stars  
Snow, a deep, deep blue  
Makes a path back to my home

The weight of winter wind  
Push against my legs, my arms  
A brave explorer's face  
I'll pretend the distance easy  
A million miles away

High above the trees  
Smoke flies south through river valleys  
Over where you sleep

When the sky let's go  
Path is covered, all those footsteps  
Memory takes hold  
Mouth is moving with your eyes  
It tells me where to go

Somehow through the trees  
Somehow I make out to follow  
The shape our eyes create

I may be wrong, I could be off  
The path is dark, I could be lost  
But I might've found a winter fawn  
To lead me home

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