

Under dormant trees
Under bright lit skies
Mountains of maple leaves
Standing side by side

The phone lines
The street lights
Led me to you
And if you
Just sit tight
I'll be there soon

All those wasted miles
All those aimless drives
Through green aisles
Our careless life style
It was not so unwise
No

I rode right pass
The train tracks on
Ancient as the stone
Blacked out on a bicycle
I made my way back home

The houses were humming
All through the night
And winter was coming
But that was alright

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