

Can't see this winter road
For the fog and snow
Slippin through [?]
Headed east on seventeen
Timber stacks a few miles back
All laid out like rocket ships

So many words I should have said
Spent all night tryin to forget the one i did
This road is a thorn river of regret
Wind howls like a ghost inside my head
Was so wrong, now there's no retunin'

Two hundred miles, till sunrise
Two hundred miles of this ice and snow
Myyyyyyyy, paint the dawn in Mattawa
I'll greet the dawn in Mattawa

Sadness in the morning, comes with the break of day
For the dawn is a thief, that steals your dreams away
Was so wrong now there's no returnin'

Two hundred miles till sunrise
Two hundred miles of this ice and snow
Myyyyyyyy paint the dawn in Mattawa
I'll greet the dawn in Mattawa