Winter Fields

Bat for Lashes

Hurtling through heavy snow Our hands are cold and the moon sets low Little sister let your sharp teeth show Pass winter fields

Stop the car by the old wire post Scaredy rabbits make good paper ghosts That lick the salt off the Sussex coast And fall into winter fields

Rows of white Spelled our escape in the old torch lights Oh mother, I'm scared to close my eyes Some winter dreams, wreckin' dive and dive down

In sub zero I can't stand still Colors of absence flooding the hill In wonderment I trip and spill Through winter fields

Under the stairs taps the metronome The diver suit that we've all outgrown I need to get to where all the wild things roam Through all of my winter dreams

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