

Mitten

Børns

The cornstalks won't stop talking
I like to listen to the conversation when I'm walking
On the frosty grass
I can see the capacity in my lungs
'Cause my breath lasts
Nineteen million acres of color
Making a masterpiece before we get another
Blank canvas space. Seasons switch
Everything turns white all over again
It's time to make a quilt for the land
Stitching every leaf, every piece
To keep warm underneath
The bugs in the dirt can keep cozy
While the earth above the blanket is changing slowly

This season tends to be the reason for love
And I'm freezing up
I want to fall just like the leaves above
Just like the leaves above

Well it's the right time to live in a mitten
And oh, I am happy we're in the same glove
Hold onto my hands
Big enough for both of us to fit in
And oh, I am happy we're in the same glove

There's a whisper, a kiss in the wind
A secret, and a mystical hymn
And it makes me high when I breathe it in
And I feel the vibrations when I listen

Crimson, burnt umber
A world that's cover in wonder
The moment inspired by slumber
But then broken by thunder

Oh, it's time to make a bond with the land
Picking up the pieces made by man
With all the beauty in the palm of your hand
Just take a look around, you'll understand

This season tends to be the reason for love
And I'm warming up
We're all together like the leaves below
Just like the leaves below

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And oh, I am happy we're in the same glove
Hold onto my hands
Big enough for both of us to fit in
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When autumn comes
When autumn comes love
When autumn comes love, we'll follow
When autumn comes love, we'll follow
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