

# 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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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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