

Orange Light

Chris Staples

We climbed all day
Until the sun went down
We could see the soft glow
From a faraway town
From a faraway town

I rolled out my bag
On the cold hard ground
Staring into the flames as they
Were dying down

Listening close
To the howling of a dog
Somewhere in the canyon
Singing into the fog
Singing into the fog

The sun climbed up the eastern slopes
Hanging through the trees
Like yellow rope
We packed up our things
And we headed down
Back to our lives
Back to our town
Back to our problems
Back to our town
Back to our jobs
Back to our town