

## Matchbox Whistler

Jump, Little Children

Bring in the lite wood the sun is all dry  
The matchbox whistler is all cheeks and smiles  
From a walk in the snow with smoke in the sky  
Hand over hand with ears in the wool  
Quick close the door cause the winter is cruel  
I saved your life once now don't you be a fool  
Remember the ashes  
Remember the black  
Remember the oak walking stick to your back  
Remember the knife and the blue steel stars  
He ran away cold and left you at the bar  
The oven is hot and your supper is free  
So take off your boots and I'll put on the tea  
Cause it's no easy hike through those city streets  
Hat on the nail the old dusty black  
Is saved for your brother if he ever comes back  
But he's gone and he's gone down his lonely track  
Remember the cold the snow and the moon  
The crowds inside with liquor in their tune  
Remember his breath and the hatred it kept  
He ran away cold and left you on the step  
Now watch him run from you,  
Run from you, run from you  
He'd wait in the trees as a boy yea high  
With peace and quiet of a cloud in the sky  
And he'd wait for the sparrows till the sun was dry  
Remember the dark  
Remember the light  
The cold of the snow the heat of the flight  
I remember it all and I'm really quite sure  
He ran away cold and left you at the door  
Now watch him run from you,  
Run from you, run from you  
Bring in the lite wood the sun is all dry  
Whistle a tune as you light up the fire  
Cause the snow's on the ground  
And the smoke's in the sky