

the trees reach like hands to the sky from the land, and toward each other, too, they bend. i watch them from a window like an old, grey, tired widow, who was married once to the handsomest of plans. i'm gonna sit at a table over Christmas with Rachel, and we're gonna laugh about the town where we were born. maybe i just need a vacation, this spring drive with me to Portland. the sun will cast our shadows like arrows to the ocean and keep us warm. keep us warm. so cheer up my dear, the sky's not always clear. there needs to come a setting sun before the night stars appear. and those tree skeletons know that winter has begun but with it comes a new year. no next year won't unravel like this last one did, we'll travel out to the water every chance we get. cause this dream's as good as dead if we only let it live here behind our eyelids. so cheer up my dear, rub your eyes clear. a song can't be sung until you breathe and fill your lungs with the cold, dark air. and a banner can't be hung until you've climbed the lowest rungs of the ladder learning here. oh you remember how your parents clapped, waved and smiled. every little thing made them proud when you were a child. well now you've grown and you're the coolest kid i know, but somehow they lost their interest long ago. well cheer up my dear. i'll always be here. and the sky above you, the kids our age line up to love you, and you have nothing to fear. there's a sky above you, the kids our age, we line up to love you. and you have nothing to fear. ahhhhh.