

Patterns

Mandolin Orange

Well, here it is, the middle of December
At the end of a sultry day
But the tree still shines in the window
And there's a fire in the fireplace

And the birds still turn and take wing
They fly for warmer climes
Ain't it something? All the little patterns
That lead us home through our lives?

Flag me down in your time of trouble
Call me up and share your woes
And we'll try to find some understanding
Before you go

Whose fire rains down upon you?
Whose conscience fills the air?
Ain't it something? All the little patterns?
But love is real, it's everywhere

And the birds still turn and take wing
They fly for warmer climes
Ain't it something? All the little patterns
That lead us home through our lives?

Aren't they something? All those little patterns
That lead us home through our lives?