

Snow

Matt Nathanson

Snow
Fills the fields we used to know
And the little park where we
Would go
Sleeps far below
In the snow

Gone
It's all over, now you're gone
But the memory lives on
Although our dreams lie buried
In the snow

Sometimes the wind blows
Through the trees
I think I hear you calling me
But all I see is snow
Everywhere I go
As the cold winter sun sinks low
I walk alone
Through the snow