

Furnace Woods

Moving Mountains

I will hold a place for you
All alone to see it through
And all these feelings are meant to grow
Inside our bodies, inside our bones

Some run away
I am a mountain a few yards away
You are the road
That bridges the waters and keeps me from cold

I will hold, oh

And I will hold a place for
You all alone to see it through
And all of these feelings
Are meant to grow, are meant to grow
And I will hold a place for
You all alone to see it through
And all of these feelings
Are meant to grow, are meant to grow