

I love the things that I have made
Lights upon the sky, spinning all the while
And all the places that I've been
Are easy to forget
Just like the way that she used to smile

And everything is witnessed
Through moving panes of glass
Winter sunlight flashing through the trees
Christmas lights and snow to come
Falling soft and silent like a wish
Or a blanket on the years

Sleepless dreams like drunkards
Trying to stagger home
All across the empty land
And the things that I was sure of
Are buried safe away
Deep in the frozen ground

And all of this is witnessed
Through a moving pane of glass
Winter sunlight flashing through the trees
Christmas lights and snow to come
Falling soft and silent like a wish
Or a blanket on the years