

Florissant

Richy Mitch & The Coal Miners

(Pisgah, 24
An hour left)
(Home's law, none more
We carry all our debts)

Eight seven eight
Here holds a gate
To all my west
In my young shoes

A little late
Or bit early
To be well met
In its faltered youth

Still it's beautiful
In a quiet way; like the world to young aspect
Like a waters churn

When it's tide'll turn
Like the softest skin
Neath rugged dress

Tarryall
I carry all my debts
In my young shoes
I'm reading all my maps
I'll take what I collect
From your hardened steps

Under sky of rose
Been taking notes; All I can collect

I am humbled
From the young and old
Unreadable
Letters that you sent
Through the seasons

And I
I'm cutting all my ties
To my old home
Oh
To see the world through youthful eyes
In indigo and gold

Tarryall
Can't fight Haman's reign inside my chest
In its fiery smog
Florissant, told you
This old lake won't drain the forest
What can fix this clog

(O, How the winter snow
Melts from the hills
Of west)
(Florissant

My second home
Sometimes seconds best)

Knew it like the back of my hand
It's image stuck inside my mind
Oh, the wilson forest scent-
These perfect things I'll leave behind