

He saw no returns
Except for in the ice
The radiator symphony playing through the night

The white washed winter winds
Cold to the bone
No matter how much he burned in the engine of his soul

Oh and I understand now that
He was in the rhythm of the waves
Protagonist was living out his days
And the melancholic melody of another finished page
Pulled from his shorelines in such a lonesome wake

Knuckles red from writing
His living as a hiding
Every word fire bound, tucked into the flue

No one would be reading
He's careful with the pieces
Like stacked up unread newspapers
Carried out at night
From the corner store

Oh and I understand now that
He was in the rhythm of the waves
Protagonist was living out his days
And the melancholic melody of another finished page
Pulled from his shorelines in such a lonesome way

Oh and I understand now that
He was in the rhythm of the waves
Protagonist was living out his days
And the melancholic melody of another finished page
Pulled from his shorelines in such a lonesome way

He saw no returns
Smiled in the night
With the last phrase punctuated he headed for the ice