Tracks In The Snow

The Civil Wars

Whoa, I hear the quiet now
Of paper airplanes falling down
Whoa, the branches of every tree
Bend like a cathedral over meDown where the river bends, everyone's waiting
But that's not the reason I'm making these tracks in the snow
There's a box in my hands as I go
Wrapped up in scarlet and gold
For youWhoa, there's a choir upon the wind
Singing old familiar hymns
And my ears they're playing tricks on me
I can almost hear harmonyDown where the river bends, that's where you're waiting
You are the reason I'm making these tracks in the snow
There's a box in my hands as I go
Wrapped up in scarlet and gold
For you (x2)Down where the river bends, nobodies waiting
But there's still a reason for making these tracks in the snow
Down at the end of the road
I'll clear a place in the snow
Leave this box wrapped in scarlet and gold
For you (x2)

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