Further North

Jets to Brazil

The road tonight is cold with ice and no cars pass by.
Thank god for no phone call.
Just snow and a fire.
December endings and since you sent me things, I just feel further north.
This year took ten years to tell me that I'm alone again.
Everything here's about to break.
I'm one inch from all that I can take,
and it's beautiful and sad, but it's all that I have.
So tonight, let's stay inside.
I'll be the husband with a book for a bride.
Tonight, let's stay inside.
I could play guitar.
I've got so many songs that you never heard,
and they weren't about you.
I won't change a word just because you're gone.
The trees creak with arthritic arms.
Brittle in their powdered bark.
Blue moon light, I can't cry right, but I miss you tonight.
Everything here's about to break.
I'm one inch from more than I can take,
and it's beautiful and sad, but it's all that I have.
So tonight, I'll stay inside.
There are things that I'd like to try with you, but I stay inside.
Tonight, I'll stay inside.
I could play guitar.

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