Make This a Holiday

Small Brown Bike

as far as this winter goes we don't feel the deep snow
but it's cold wherever i go, it feels cold wherever i go.
the smell of the heater core warms up the cold car as we climp the hand north.
the sound of the northern air warns us it's too far but it's a risk,
we must care it's a bridge we must bear.
the sight of your face again completes the long drive one of the four reasons why it feels whole to be alive.
brother gone north please come home to stay brother gone north, make this a holiday.

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