A Winter Tale

Bobby Long

I'm pale I've brought it back to winter tales,
So spare the ghosts around my neck
the winds against the sails,
I'm shivering up a storm of roadside pines,
Thirst shreds the ballast cold
and shows the olden timesI'm bold and sorrow thrown into the day,
Into the barrels of the sun I turned and found a way,
The naked branches cut the empty air,
The river birds have fled away
from all their wear and tearThe covered surface hugs the board
but keeps in the sky,
A childhood glimpse that keeps you warm
but hangs you to dry,
The shameful dream, the shameful face
that pulls on your heart,
Those brittle winds will keep the dawn
from you at the startSo bring me choirs to ease me on my way,
So bring me screams of organs for the day,
So bring me choirs to brighten all the gales,
So bring me screams of organs and the wails,
of winter talesI heard a lonely voice cut through the rain,

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