

# White Snow

## Red Wanting Blue

[Verse 1:]

At this moment, monks are in deep meditation somewhere  
Unaware that cellular phone conversations are interrupting their prayer  
NASA is beaming coordinates to satellites around Mars  
From their radar, through my body, then out to yours, then out to the stars[Pre-chorus:]

Baton toss from them to me to you

From them to me to you

Baton toss from them to me to you

From them to me to you[Chorus:]

White Snow. We're static. We can't help but interfere with this

It's automatic and tragic and scientifically so magic

We can't see what's running through us

We follow hearts where eyes won't let us go

Let love exist between the lines just like white snow[Verse 2:]

Invisible to us, we must trust that they won't bring us harm

While the ghosts who walk among us

Are more than a little jealous

They are sounding their dead alarm[Repeat Pre-chorus][Repeat Chorus (X2)][Repeat Pre-chorus]

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