

# Waking to Winter

## Mineral

In winter when the air gets cold  
And breathing causes white ghosts to appearThey light up the city with Christmas trees  
And strings that hang across the street  
From telephone pole to telephone poleSo that when I'm driving home at night  
Tired frustrated and pinned down by spite  
I'm reminded of your love  
Unlike these things will never change  
Or fade or pass away

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