

# Promise the Bite

**Matt Pond PA**

Hay from the barn filled our mouths up with dust  
Fanning the air, though we wouldn't have touched  
I'm burned in all of six different ways  
All for the fire and what they might say Now I'm filling in the forest and I'm covered with trees  
Too far beyond what seems a bit too much when light's been released I've been dreaming, surprise, surprise  
And from waiting the wells have all gone dry Turned down the fire when we waved in the dusk  
Promise the bite fills our stomachs with rust  
I caught you down, way down in the field  
Green hands and blind, it didn't seem real Now I'm filling in the forest and I'm covered with trees  
Too far beyond what seems a bit too much when light's been released I've been dreaming, surprise, surprise  
And from waiting the wells have all gone dry

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