

Winter Fields

Bat For Lashes

Hurling through heavy snow
Our hands are cold and the moon sets low
Little sister let your sharp teeth show
Pass winter fields
Stop the car by the old wire post
Scaredy rabbits make good paper ghosts
That lick the salt off the Sussex coast
And fall into winter fields
Rows of white
Spelled our escape in the old torch lights
Oh mother, I'm scared to close my eyes
Some winter dreams make you dive and dive and dive down...

In sub-zero, I can't stand still
Colors of absence flooding the hill
In wonderment I trip and spill
Through winter fields
Under the stairs taps the metronome
The diver's suit that we've all outgrown
I need to get to where the wild things roam
Through all of my winter dreams
Rows of white
Spelled our escape in the old torch lights
Oh mother, I'm scared to close my eyes
Some winter dreams make you dive and dive and dive down...

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