

Tracks In the Snow

The Civil Wars

Whoa, I hear the quiet now
Of paper airplanes falling down
Whoa, the branches of every tree
Bend like a cathedral over me
Down where the river bends, everyone's waiting
But that's not the reason I'm making these tracks in the snow
There's a box in my hands as I go
Wrapped up in scarlet and gold
For you
Whoa, there's a choir upon the wind
Singing old familiar hymns
And my ears they're playing tricks on me
I can almost hear harmony
Down where the river bends, that's where you're waiting
You are the reason I'm making these tracks in the snow
There's a box in my hands as I go
Wrapped up in scarlet and gold
For you (x2)

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