

Somewhere Around Here

Chairlift

Near the east Waverly Hills, your hair pinned back
In previous lives, we were frozen sticks
But these aren't so rigid
I throw off my coat to feel this January air

They wrote a book for the two of us
To read our books on
The darkest light before a darker night
We slip underwater
The bridge disappears, the deer hunt is in the frigid air

Somewhere around here there are witches
Somewhere around here there are witches
Somewhere around here, somewhere around here
Somewhere around here, somewhere around here
Somewhere around here, somewhere around here
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Somewhere around here, somewhere around here
Somewhere around here, somewhere around here
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