

A Well Of Tires

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We live for parking lots
And waiting around for no reason
Guilty of nothing
Nothing so subtle
Onlookers make up a strange herd of listeners

We have been here before
Aligned with the blankness of buildings
Shifting and halting
Taking a half-step
constantly mumbling is making a comeback
The patterns keep proving that all things get better

All winter
The backs of heads make better friends
All winter long

There is a well of tires
Outside South Strafford and Sharon
Repeating the nature
Is coming together
Take off the next place to get through the weather
I've seen the records
And all things get better