

Neighbor

Band of Horses

The wind blew a path through the fallen leaves
And there showed a crack in the old oak tree
The door stood as if it was standing guard
Of the dozen chipmunks in the backyard

Every house not a home but dare do I roam
There's a light on the porch here for someone

Once upon a time in a border town
The war was over, the guns laid down
The women, the men, the children saved
Now it's hard to remember it any other way

When the law acts as though there is nothing to show
There is compassion and depth in a neighbor

Now if Bartles & Jaymes didn't need no first names
We could live by our own laws in favor

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