

## Further North

## Jets to Brazil

The road tonight is cold with ice and no cars pass by.  
Thank god for no phone call.  
Just snow and a fire.  
December endings and since you sent me things, I just feel further north.  
This year took ten years to tell me that I'm alone again.  
Everything here's about to break.  
I'm one inch from all that I can take,  
And it's beautiful and sad, but it's all that I have.  
So tonight, let's stay inside.  
I'll be the husband with a book for a bride.  
Tonight, let's stay inside.  
I could play guitar.  
I've got so many songs that you never heard,  
And they weren't about you.  
I won't change a word just because you're gone.  
The trees creak with arthritic arms.  
Brittle in their powdered bark.  
Blue moon light, I can't cry right, but I miss you tonight.  
Everything here's about to break.  
I'm one inch from more than I can take,  
And it's beautiful and sad, but it's all that I have.  
So tonight, I'll stay inside.  
There are things that I'd like to try with you, but I stay inside.  
Tonight, I'll stay inside.  
I could play guitar.