

## A Part Of The Woods

Matt Pond PA

I got lost in a part of the woods  
Far from another  
Cut the line between light and the good  
Out of color

When we breathe  
We can see the stare  
Seems you're not quite there  
And we've never done anything wrong

I've betrayed the whole concept of ground  
Right there for standing  
Understand though I can't see what's sound  
Got branches waving

Deep in the dark woods  
To stand where no one's stood

When we move  
We're slow and cold  
If we're led then we don't  
Have to think about what we've done

Streams come on and give all of themselves  
I'd like to lie there  
That was you in a part of the woods  
Now we act like strangers