

Young Love

Sun Kil Moon

On cold November days don't like to stray too far
Or even leave my bed, or put down my guitar
Or leave my master bedroom with it's view
Overlooking the mountains

On dark December days, I think of all my friends
From Washington to Maine, New York to Sweden
And how we've all grown closer with years
Or how we've grown apart

Icicles fall from my roof, burning stove, piles of firewood
Will we meet again in Cold Brook Park
In Cold Brook Park

On January days I walk into the town
Once or twice a day some peace out here I've found
My clothes are wet with rain and mountain mist
Oh how I love the quiet

When February rains I've gone another year
Chasing perfect poems and trying them in your ear
But I'm losing the will to chase them anymore
Across those lonesome oceans

Running deer stops at a fence, sniffing at the flowering iris
Will we meet again in Cold Brook Park
Cold Brook Park

Ghosts inhabit my mountain home
They don't frighten me, I sleep here alone
I shut out my friends, shut off the phone and
Late in the night I hear the echoes of young love

I walk downtown, saw her again
There on the corner, laughing with friends
The cool mountain air pinched her pink skin
And I walked on, aching with memories of young love

Youth walk by hand in hand
And there on the porch sits an old man
His back is tight, his splintered hands
And plain in his eyes, he envies the beauty of young love