

There's a mountain north of Winnipeg  
Buried under ice  
And as the black clouds roll above  
White pines crack like glass

Walking under those swaying trees  
Branches bowed with ice  
I wanted one to fall on me  
To pin me in the snow

That silver forest reminded me of you  
And how I kissed you  
And I fell down to the bottom of a well

Down a dirt road west of El Paso  
Behind a burning barn  
I stumbled on a horse's bone  
Bleaching in the sand

But when I reached down to touch the skull  
Underneath my hand  
A stream of orange lizards poured out  
From the bone-white mouth

That empty mouth reminded me of you  
And how I kissed you  
And I fell down to the bottom of a well