

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