
Moving North

When snow get deeper
Than your recent memories
I'll wear my raincoat to class
Flash the teacher at test time
And think of our last summer

When the church knocks
On every door this spring
I'll poke your letters at them
Wagging the printed truth
And say I have a savior

This summer when birds
Crap on my windshield
And the grass needs cut
Every other day
I'll listen for the phone

