

# Jump Little Children, Matchbox Whistler

Bring in the light wood, the sun is all dry  
The matchbox whistler is all cheeks and smiles  
From a walk in the snow with smoke in the sky.

Hand over hand with ears in the wool  
Quick, close the door 'cause the winter is cruel  
I saved your life once, now don't you be a fool.

Remember the ashes  
Remember the black  
Remember the oak walking stick in your back  
Remember the knife and the blue steel stars  
He ran away cold and left you at the bar.

The oven is hot and your supper is free  
So take off your boots and I'll put on the tea  
'Cause it's no easy hike through those city streets.

Hat on the nail, the old dusty black  
Is saved for your brother if he ever comes back  
But he's gone, and he's gone down his lonely track.

Remember the cold, the snow, and the moon  
The crowds inside with liquor in their tune  
Remember his breath and the hatred it kept  
He ran away cold and left you on the step.

Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you  
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you  
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you  
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you.

He'd wait in the trees as a boy yea high  
With peace and quiet as a cloud in the sky  
And he'd wait for the sparrows until the sun was dry.

Remember the dark, remember the light  
The cold of the snow, the heat of the flight  
I remember it all and I'm really quiet sure  
He ran away cold and left you at the door.

Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you  
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you  
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you  
Now watch him run from you, run from you, run from you.

Bring in the light wood, the sun is all dry  
Whistle a tune as you light up the fire  
'Cause the snow's on the ground  
And the smoke's in the sky.