

# The Staves, Winter Trees

White winter trees  
Covered in snow  
I don't mind  
I don't mind  
I think of you now  
Here in the cold  
You won't mind  
You won't know  
But I never meant to say  
Any of those things  
Oh I never meant to tell you how  
To be or how to think  
Oh I was wrong  
Heavy of heart  
Weary of soul  
You won't mind  
You won't mind  
I think of him now  
Fathoms below  
You won't mind  
You won't know  
But I never meant to say  
Any of those things  
Words can sound so cruel  
When you speak before you think  
Oh I was wrong  
But you didn't understand  
That my heart was in your hands  
You were so blind  
Blind  
I promised you that I'd never let you down  
Oh but I couldn't love you any less than now  
And I promised you that I'd never let you down  
Oh but I couldn't love you any less than I do now  
And I lost myself on that November night  
White winter trees  
Covered in snow  
I don't mind