

## From The Trains

From the trains I will be on the way now,  
happy, soon to see you in these blocks of town.  
Let streets connect now.  
Let streets connect now.

Light of winter, I'm seeing you now.  
Light of winter, I'm seeing you now,  
soon now.

Gentle lions, will you rise from these sidewalks  
and walk beside me awhile.  
Taxis arrive,  
the snow has arrived,  
the snow has arrived.

Light of winter, I'm seeing you now.  
Light of winter, I'm seeing you now,  
soon now.

And the traffic is no match at all for any mom.  
And the weather is no match at all for any mom,  
any dad.

Light of winter, I'm seeing you now.  
Light of winter, I'm seeing you now,  
soon now, soon now.

## Montreal

These things out of reach  
in the deep streets of winter,  
you're following them,  
wondering how the city seems bigger,  
though you hear the forest, alone,  
in the aisles of the great hall,  
in Montreal.

Domes of branches,  
and the traffic,  
and the deep bells  
of Quebec are coming in,  
and you begin now to see well:  
you are painting the arches of morning,  
and never do you fall,  
in Montreal.

Though you may be walking alone  
through the aisles of the great hall,  
you don't fall,  
in Montreal,  
in Montreal.

All words by Karen Peris  
© 2017 Umbrella Day Music, BMI

## Snow

If I go out in the morning snow,  
in my pajamas and my winter coat,  
and take from the house our darker thoughts,  
and take away the memory of loss,  
and if I drop them into the snow,  
will we never find them anymore?

To see him,  
to see him happy.  
To see him,  
to see him happy.

In the same field where we have stood  
to see your brother fly away in spring,  
in a light blue and silver plane,  
now the snow has covered everything.  
I think we will be made clean like the snow,  
I think we will become new like the snow.

To see him,  
to see him happy.  
To see him,  
to see him happy.

Some winters are harder than others.  
We are going to take our cameras,  
and look through at black trees with empty arms,  
and sled tracks, wandering as we are.

To see him,  
to see him happy.  
To see him,  
to see him happy.

## The Snow on Pi Day

The film school windows  
are now rolling the reels of light,  
of sleds on the streets, sleds on the hills,  
and I will try to speak,  
to call out to you.

The snow on pi day  
was not called for at all,  
we wake to this light in our rooms,  
universe of sky,  
and the deep, deep streets,  
perfect and clean.

I wish I was starting over,  
I wish I was starting a over.  
A sign is a sign,  
and the patterns of science cannot be,  
be always right.

In luminous mysteries in the car,  
we ask for this healing, we wait  
for the coming of a great love,  
of a great peace.

