

# Neighbor

## Band of Horses

The wind blew a path through the fallen leaves  
And there showed a crack in the old oak tree  
The door stood as if it was standing guard  
Of the dozen chipmunks in the backyard Every house's not a home but dare do I roam  
There's a light on the porch here for someone Once upon a time in a border town  
The war was over, the guns laid down  
The women, the men, the children say  
Now it's hard to remember it any other way When the law acts as though there is nothing to  
show  
There is compassion and depth in a neighbor  
Now if Bartles & Jaymes didn't need no first names  
We could live by our own laws in favor  
Every house's not a home but dare do I roam  
There's a light on the porch here for someone  
Now if Bartles & Jaymes didn't need no first names  
We could live by our own laws in favor

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