

## The Last Bison

### "Autumn Snow"

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We will sow, we will sow  
For to bring the autumn snow  
And our labor shall not  
Be for us in vain

She will grow she will grow  
For to make their dresses flow  
Till she's seeded by the gin  
Till the mistress weaves again  
We will sow, we will sow  
And she will grow

We will weave, we will weave  
Until the Master has his sleeves  
And for good measure  
We'll clasp his snaps 'fore dawn

Never leave, never leave  
Until the unison's agreed  
That she is no longer rough  
Like the hands that reap her up  
We will weave, we will weave  
And never leave

These blistered and  
These calloused hands  
Have done no work alone

We formulate  
Then recreate  
The patterns that we've sown

Foremost the gin  
Then fibers spin  
It's all we'll ever know

For our forebears  
Have left us here  
To reap the autumn snow  
For to reap the autumn snow  
We will reap the autumn snow

We will reap the autumn snow

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