

Hans York

"Snow"

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Snow (Hans York)

Through my window I see flakes of snow
Crystals of beauty and grace
Dancing weightless in a silent flow
Agents of winter days
Colors add up then they disappear
Leaving just grey and white
Water drops turn into frozen tears
Playing in silver light

Snow, Snow, Snow, Snow, Snow is falling

In my mind I start to picture you
Queen of the South and sun
Feeling distance don't know what to do
Now that our summer's gone
Leaving you behind is causing pain
That's what I realize
There's no way that it will be the same
New moon is on the rise

Snow, Snow, Snow, Snow, Snow is falling

In my heart there is a place for you
I'll keep it safe and sound
Wish in secret that you feel it too
Hope that our love turns around.

Snow, Snow, Snow, Snow, Snow is falling

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It was a sunny afternoon in March, driving through Oregon into Northern California. The Siskiyou pass was snow free and with a smile I looked at the chains on the backseat. That evening in a Theater in Mount Shasta City, during the concert, a man covered in snow walked in and called out a huge storm. By the end of the second set we had about three feet of snow and barely made it to my friends home in the foothills. That night I

started writing "Snow". By the next morning I had to dig hours through nine feet of white powder to free my car. Despite that, I was stuck for three days and arrived just in time for my show in Eureka. The snow had all melted - and so had my new song!

40 days later I was driving into Montana when a snow storm hit hard. The flakes looked like weightless crystals, the size of tennis balls and there it was - It came back - I remembered 'Snow'.

We recorded it the second day as a trio with Eva Scow on mandolin, and Chris Stromquist on percussion. Dusty Brough overdub two takes of classical guitar and that was it. Kym Tuvim and Larry Murante added the backing vocals during the second session. Myra Joy played cello and Elizabeth! sang in the bridge.

I love snow and the winter season. I'm instantly transformed back to my childhood in Germany with memories of thick overcoats, mittens and sleds.

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