

Jesse Winchester

"Snow"

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Robertson-Winchester

I was tuning in the six o'clock news cast
And the weather man mentioned snow
As soon as I heard that four-letter word
I's making my plans to go
If I was a bird I could fly back South
A bear I could go to sleep
Anything rather than hang around here
When the snow starts getting deep

Now you know what they say about snow flakes
How there ain't no two the same
Well, all them flakes look alike to me
Every one is a dirty shame
My ears are cold my feet are cold
Bermuda stays on my mind
And I'm here to say that if winter comes
Then spring is way behind

I don't have no heavy hip boots
I don't have no furry hat
I don't have no long-john underwear
No layer of protective fat
I'd take a plane right to sunny Spain
Oh, but I don't have no dough
But I'd build a bridge and I'd walk there
To get away from all that snow
Oh, I would build a bridge and walk there
To get away from all that snow

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