## Jethro Tull "First Snow On Brooklyn"

Visit "First Snow On Brooklyn" on MotoLyrics.com

I flew in on the evening plane
Is it such a good idea that I am here again?
And I could cut my cold breath with a knife
And taste the winter of another life

A yellow cab from JFK, the long way 'round I didn't mind, it gave me thinking time before I ran aground On rocky memories and choking tears I believe it only rained 'round here these thirty years

Now, it's the first snow on Brooklyn And my cold feet are drumming You don't see me in the shadows From your cozy window frame

And last night, who was in your parlor Wrapping presents in the late hour? To place upon your pillow As the morning came

The thin wind stings my face, pull collar up I could murder coffee in a grande cup No welcome deli, there's no Starbucks here A dime for a quick phone call could cost me dear

And the first snow on Brooklyn Paints a Christmas card upon the pavement The cab leaves a disappearing trace And then it's gone

And the snow covers my footprints
Deep regrets and heavy heartbeats
When you wake you'll never see the spot
That I was standing on

I flew in on the evening plane
Is it such a good idea that I am here again?
And I could cut my cold breath with a knife
And taste the winter of another life

Now, it's the first snow on Brooklyn

And my cold feet are drumming You don't see me in the shadows From your cozy window frame

And last night, who was in your parlor Wrapping presents in the late hour? To place upon your pillow As the morning came

Some things are best forgotten Some are better half-remembered I just thought that I might be there On your, on your Christmas night

And the first snow on Brooklyn Makes a lonely road to travel Cold crunch steps that echo As the blizzard bites

Visit <u>Jethro Tull</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.