

Neptune's Car "Diamond Pond"

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We took historic route 3 up to 26
Where the sledders from the small town
Were up to their old tricks.
Along the icy road were signs of yesterday
For the snow again had fallen in it's old familiar way.

We melted snow for water when supplies ran low that
day,
And the frosty wind upon our cheeks could not prevent
our stay.
Millie runs the yarn shop. Hamp maintains the plow.
And, when heavy snow keeps you there, he'll tow you
out somehow.

Chorus:
Up here, the air is clean,
And the black of night and it's chilly bite give way to
days unseen.
With the bluest skies and trees of white,
The hush of Diamond Pond leaves us breathless with
delight.

The fire in the woodstove turned the chimney to a glow
While the temperature outside fell to twelve below.
The trails were neatly groomed from Whipple Ridge to
Sugar Hill,
And the sledders from the small town fought back
against the chill.

Chorus

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