

Paul McCartney

"Footprints"

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It's beautiful outside
An old hand gathers wood
Can he see me sitting here?
His mind is somewhere else

His friend have flown away
He's left out in the cold
He won't sit by my fire
He says he likes it in the snow

Where footprints never go
He likes it in the snow

It's getting dark outside
The old hand's going home
Has he someone waiting there?
Is he living on his own?

Where footprints never go
He likes it in the snow

White blanket, hiding the traces
Of tears she didn't see
Oh, white blanket covers the memory
Of all that used to be, all that used to be

But his heart keeps aching
In the same old way
He can't help feeling that
She might come back someday

It's beautiful outside
A magpie looks for food
The old hand throws a crumb
Do you think he's found a friend?

Where footprints never go
He likes it in the snow

White blanket, hiding the traces
Of paths he didn't take
Oh white blanket covers the memory

Of moves he didn't make [Incomprehensible]

Oh white blanket, hiding the traces
Of tears he didn't see
Snow white blanket simply covers the memory
Of all that used to be

But his heart keeps aching
In the same old way
He can't help feeling that
She might come back someday

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