

David Olney "Snowin' On Raton"

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When the wind don't blow in Amarillo
And the moon along the Gunnison don't rise
Shall I cast my dreams upon your love, babe
And lie beneath the laughter of your eyes

It's snowin' on Raton
Come morning I'll be through them hills and gone

Mother thinks the road is long and lonely
Little brother thinks the road is straight and fine
Little darling thinks the road is soft and lovely
I'm thankful that old road is a friend of mine

Bid the years good-bye you cannot still them
You cannot turn the circles of the sun
You cannot count the miles until you feel them
And you cannot hold a lover that is gone

Tomorrow the mountains will be sleeping
Silently the blanket green and blue
All that I shall hear the silence they are keeping
I'll bring all their promises to you

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