

Pat Green "Snowing on Raton"

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Well when the wind don't blow in Amarillo, and the
moon along to Gunnison don't rise, shall I cast my
dreams upon your love babe, and lie beneath the
laughter of your eyes.

Chorus

Snowing on Raton, come morning I'll be through the
hills and gone.

Mother thinks the road is long lonely, little brother
thinks the road is straight and fine, will little darlin'
thinks the road is soft and lovely, I'm thankful that old
road is a friend of mine.

Chorus

Bid the years good-bye you cannot still them, you
cannot turn the circles of the sun, you cannot count the
miles until you fell them, you cannot hold a lover that is
gone.

Chorus

Tomorrow the mountains will be sleeping, silently the
blanket green and blue, but I shall hear the silence they
are keeping, I'll bring all their promises to you.

Chorus 3x

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