

Sam Baker "Snow"

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First light, city streets they are white and pristine
Waiting on the tracks of the early machines
This city's so pretty
When the snow falls, just at dawn

Hey paper boy, how 'bout themselves?
This snow keeps fallin',
Think its never gonna melt
This city's so pretty

Got a cup-a-coffee and a Sunday Globe
Table by the window, watch the ploughs in the road
This city's so pretty

Foreign ships in the night
good sailors from the sea
Walk the streets of dawn
down on Beacon Street
This city's so pretty

They are so far from home
Snow is deep and the road is long
Snow is deep and the road is long
They're so far from home

Pass a stranger on the street, he 's way out of sorts
he says: Hey, mister, I came up short,
you got any change, the Lord loves the giver I believe.
Small change to a stranger, change on the street,
change to a man who thought he'd never get beat.
Well there's a thousand ways
A man in the snow gets lost

They are so far from home
Snow is deep and the road is long
Snow is deep and the road is long
So far from home

There's snow upon the ocean,
there's snow upon the land.
Talk about forgiveness
Help me understand

But I hold on tight
I do not let go
I walk these streets
I am frozen in...
snow

First light, city streets are white and pristine
They're waiting on the tracks of the dirty machines
First light, city streets are white and pristine
they are waiting.

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