

Townes Van Zandt

"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 has gone
Tomorrow the mountains
Will be sleeping

Silent 'neath a 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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