

SnowTime

James Taylor

Oleana, via Del Norte, O Canada
It was snowtime, it was showtime, it was no time
To be lost in downtown Toronto
It was wintertime, â€™round dinnertime
Iâ€™m beginning to see that the sunshine just doesnâ€™t want to

From a side street come a backbeat
Pulling on me like the moon pullinâ€™ on the tide
Ay caramba, one-note samba, la la la la bamba
Lighting me up inside

They had the heat of the sun in the beat of the talking drum
The light of a tropical moon on a night to remember
Someone summoned up summer just strumming on an old guitar
And every note was the antidote to December

My first impression, some kind of procession
Pulling on a long line of fancy dancers
A band stuck up on a flatbed truck
They were raising a ruckus swinging for the fences

Exiled Mexican textile working
Punching two clocks, sending two paychecks home boys
Hard working law â€™biding bus riding people
Celebration on wheels destination unknown

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Rio Grande
Oleana
Via Del Norte
Oh Canada

There was a lifeline south in the song coming from her mouth
It swallowed me up and I followed it on downtown
In the light of dawn the message that life goes on

For the frozen man an invitation to live again

They had the heat of the sun in the beat of the talking drum

The light of a tropical moon on a night to remember

Someone summoned up summer just strumming on an old guitar

And every note was the antidote to December

They were shakin' it loose with the juice from the mambo man

Long lanky Yankee boy, Buckwheat and Spanky my my

Santiago de Cuba

Belo Horizonte

Cartagena

GuaguancÃ³ Canada

GuaguancÃ³ Canada

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