

First Snow On Brooklyn

Jethro Tull

I flew in on the evening plane
Is it such a good idea that I am here again?
And I could cut my cold breath with a knife
And taste the winter of another life
A yellow cab from JFK, the long way 'round
I didnt mind, it gave me thinking time before I ran aground
On rocky memories and choking tears
I believe it only rained 'round here these thirty years
Now, its the first snow on Brooklyn
And my cold feet are drumming
You dont see me in the shadows
From your cozy window frame
And last night, who was in your parlor
Wrapping presents in the late hour?
To place upon your pillow
As the morning came
The thin wind stings my face, pull collar up
I could murder coffee in a grande cup
No welcome deli, theres no Starbucks here
A dime for a quick phone call could cost me dear
And the first snow on Brooklyn
Paints a Christmas card upon the pavement
The cab leaves a disappearing trace
And then its gone
And the snow covers my footprints
Deep regrets and heavy heartbeats
When you wake youll never see the spot
That I was standing on
I flew in on the evening plane
Is it such a good idea that I am here again?
And I could cut my cold breath with a knife
And taste the winter of another life
Now, its the first snow on Brooklyn
And my cold feet are drumming
You dont see me in the shadows
From your cozy window frame
And last night, who was in your parlor
Wrapping presents in the late hour?
To place upon your pillow
As the morning came
Some things are best forgotten
Some are better half-remembered
I just thought that I might be there
On your, on your Christmas night
And the first snow on Brooklyn
Makes a lonely road to travel
Cold crunch steps that echo
As the blizzard bites

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