

Snowing On Raton

Pat Green

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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