Forever and the Same

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

The pump is all froze And the horse is feet up The grader has levelled the mailbox away Winter is turning your blues eyes to grey But the comfort remains that you know in the end The jukebox sounds ever the same By the snare's mute call The old hound is swayed But there's nothing much keeping the coyotes at bay Time even scatters your heartaches they say Your mate's on the dole And the kid's in the pen The scrapman has lured the MacCormick away The trailer-park calls you, do not delay The clapboard is peeling And the roof has a flap The sow has just landscaped your garden once more Your fortune was long burned right onto the bar

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