

Black Snow

Peter Mulvey

There's a right turn somewhere that can take you to the wrong place
Someone you don't know can start stepping on your face
There's a left turn somewhere that can take you from the smoke
But someone stole the street sign and the traffic light is broken
There's an upturn in the money, still everyone's downsizing
'Til we'd sell our shoes for a job, and similar compromising
There's a wrong turn somewhere someone made a long time ago
So we sit here in this grey place and watch it fill up with black snow
There's a fool on your screen and he's smiling as he tells you
How your life will be much better if you buy the things he sells you
There's a voice in your head, that says this is not so but
There's a sinking feeling as you watch your credit card bills grow
There's a missing piece of information somewhere
How can someone as smart as you are
Get caught up in such a simple snare
There's a vein in your temple, there's a fear of letting go
There's a window, there's your tv, there's a waiting bank of black snow
There's a can of spray paint; get it in your hand
There's a rock there's a gun, there's a street, should you take a stand
There's a little girl who's lost, there's an old man with no money
There's a reason why you cannot see why any of this is funny
There's a dozen books in your room, there's a world outside your door
There's a billion hungry people;
There's your roof, and there's your floor
There's a place in your soul where the winter cannot go
If you're lucky you can get there
And get away from the black snow

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