Oh, How Good

Iris DeMent

Oh how good the snapping and the crackle
Of the frost that daily grows more keen.
Laden with its dazzling icy roses,
The white flaming bush is forced to lean.
The white flaming bush is forced to lean.On the snows in all their pomp and splendor
There are ski tracks and it seems that they
Are a token of those distant ages
When we two, together, passed this way.
When we two, together, passed this way.

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