

Winter Milk

The Poppy Family

Things are usually harder
Than they seem to need to be
You learn that up on these stump ranches
By your mama's knee
As she stooped over swearing
At the cow to please hold still
And gray into the pail steamed winter milk...

And a lot of different men pass thru
for picking or haying
And most are famous sir
For going to beer parlors than saving
And it's only the rare one
Who isn't mainly on the make
And him, he took a job, at Williams Lake.

Well it didn't seem too much unless you got
How underneath it flowed along so full and hot
Like a June creek when all the snow is melt
That no one's dreams would run as thin as winter milk...

We didn't go out often
Or even fool around too much
The skinny (skiddy?) milk cow never kicked
About his finger's touch
His cheek red from her flank
As he looked up to smile hello
He never sang but kept time to the radio.

Well it wasn't like a real love in a show
With Deborah Carr or anything
Still I don't know...
How something flowing smooth as store-bought silk
Could just dry up or run as thin as winter milk
Could just dry up or run as thin as winter milk...

Lyrics submitted by Junkaholic.

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