The Snow Goose

Richard Thompson

Northern winds will cut you
Northern girls will gut you
Leave you cold and empty
Like a fish on the slabShe is like a snow goose
Pale and rare and footloose
Will the joys that tempt me
Soon turn and kick and stabIn the dream I am running
Down a street of molasses
In the dream my feet gain no groundI must take some measure
To pursue my treasure
Guided by confusion
My compass through the stormBut if I call her sister
Manfully resist her
Believe my own illusion
Or will passions warmIn the dream I am running
Down a street of molasses
In the dream my feet gain no groundIf I call her lover
Will I soon discover
That her eye is taken
By some fawning friendThen my glass would shatter
And my mind would scatter
Being so mistaken
The world must endIn the dream I am running
Down a street of molasses
In the dream my feet gain no ground
In the dream I am calling
But there's never an answer
In the dream my voice makes no soundNorthern winds will cut you
Northern girls will gut you
Leave you cold and empty
Like a fish on the slab

Songwriters
RICHARD JOHN THOMPSONPublished by
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