

Footprints

Paul McCartney

It's beautiful outside
An old hand gathers wood
Can he see me sitting here?
His mind is somewhere else His friend have flown away
He's left out in the cold
He won't sit by my fire
He says he likes it in the snow Where footprints never go
He likes it in the snow It's getting dark outside
The old hand's going home
Has he someone waiting there?
Is he living on his own? Where footprints never go
He likes it in the snow White blanket, hiding the traces
Of tears she didn't see
Oh, white blanket covers the memory
Of all that used to be, all that used to be But his heart keeps aching
In the same old way
He can't help feeling that
She might come back someday It's beautiful outside
A magpie looks for food
The old hand throws a crumb
Do you think he's found a friend? Where footprints never go
He likes it in the snow White blanket, hiding the traces
Of paths he didn't take
Oh white blanket covers the memory
Of moves he didn't make [Incomprehensible] Oh white blanket, hiding the traces
Of tears he didn't see
Snow white blanket simply covers the memory
Of all that used to be But his heart keeps aching
In the same old way
He can't help feeling that
She might come back someday

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>