Snowin' On Raton

Townes Van Zandt

When the wind don't blow in Amarillo
And the moon along
The Gunnison don't rise
Shall I cast my dreamsUpon your love, babe
And lie beneath
The laughter of your eyes
It's snowin' on RatonCome morning I'll be through
Them hills and gone
Mother thinks the road
Is long and lonelyLittle brother thinks
The road is straight and fine
Little darling thinks
The road is soft and lovelyI'm thankful that old road
Is a friend of mine
Bid the years good-bye
You cannot still themYou cannot turn
The circles of the sun
You cannot count the miles
Until you feel themAnd you cannot hold
A lover that has gone
Tomorrow the mountains
Will be sleepingSilent 'neath a blanket
Green and blue all that I shall hear
The silence they are keeping
I'll bring all their promises to you

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