

# 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 dreams Upon your love, babe  
And lie beneath  
The laughter of your eyes  
It's snowin' on Raton Come morning I'll be through  
Them hills and gone  
Mother thinks the road  
Is long and lonely Little brother thinks  
The road is straight and fine  
Little darling thinks  
The road is soft and lovely I'm thankful that old road  
Is a friend of mine  
Bid the years good-bye  
You cannot still them You cannot turn  
The circles of the sun  
You cannot count the miles  
Until you feel them And you cannot hold  
A lover that has gone  
Tomorrow the mountains  
Will be sleeping Silent '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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