Snow

Sam Baker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

First light, city streets they are white and pristine
Waiting on the tracks of the early machines
This city's so pretty
When the snow falls, just at dawnHey paper boy, how 'bout themselves?
This snow keeps fallin',
Think its never gonna melt
This city's so prettyGot a cup-a-coffee and a Sunday Globe
Table by the window, watch the ploughs in the road
This city's so prettyForeign ships in the night
good sailors from the sea
Walk the streets of dawn
down on Beacon Street
This city's so prettyThey are so far from home
Snow is deep and the road is long
Snow is deep and the road is long
They're so far from homePass a stranger on the street, he 's way out of sorts
he says: Hey, mister, I came up short,
you got any change, the Lord loves the giver I believe.
Small change to a stranger, change on the street,
change to a man who thought he'd never get beat.Well there's a thousand ways
A man in the snow gets lostThey are so far from home
Snow is deep and the road is long
Snow is deep and the road is long
So far from homeThere's snow upon the ocean,
there's snow upon the land.
Talk about forgiveness
Help me understand
But I hold on tight
I do not let go
I walk these streets
I am frozen in...
snowFirst light, city streets are white and pristine

They're waiting on the tracks of the dirty machines
First light, city streets are white and pristine
they are waiting.

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