

Snowgun

Graham Parker

While that snowgun blasts into
The future from the past
It blasts that phony snow that
Looks like cake mix down below
From my vantage here
Up on this mountain ski lift chair
I can see a lot but it's
Not always crystal clear
On my own

On Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts on my own
On Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts

The trail has a lot of turns
And one of them just made me pay
But I always knew those strong winds
Would come around and take you away
So I check my gear and make sure
Everything is strapped on tight
'Cos I've seen a lot of accidents
And that's why I'll be alone to night
On my own

On Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts on my own
High on Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts

The crystals block my vision
And it's hard and keeps the trail in sight
But just like snowflakes
No two of us are quite alike
So I check my gear and make sure
If everything is strapped on tight
'Cos I've seen a lot of accidents
And that's why I'll be alone tonight
On my own

On Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts on my own
High on Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts

Yeah on Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts on my own
High on Belleayre Mountain
Where the snowgun blasts