

# 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