

# Footprints

Paul McCartney

It's beautiful outside, an old hand gathers wood,  
Can he see me sitting here? his mind is somewhere else.

His friend have flown away, he's left out in the cold.  
He won't sit by my fire, he says he likes it in the snow.  
Where footprints never go, he likes it in the snow.

It's getting dark outside, the old hand's going home,  
Has he someone waiting there? or is he living on his own?  
Where footprints never go, he likes it in the snow...

White blanket, hiding the traces of tears she didn't see,  
Oh white blanket covers the memory  
Of all that used to be. all that used to be.  
But his heart keeps aching in the same old way,  
He can't help feeling that she might come back someday.

It's beautiful outside, a magpie looks for food.  
The old hand throws a crumb,  
Do you think he's found a friend?  
Where footprints never go, he likes it in the snow...

White blanket, hiding the traces of paths he didn't take  
Oh white blanket covers the memory  
Of moves he didn't make  
Oh white blanket, hiding the traces of tears she didn't see

Snow white blanket simply covers the memory  
Of all that used to be.  
But his heart keeps aching in the same old way  
He can't help feeling that she might come back someday.