

# The Snow Goose

Richard Thompson

Northern winds will cut you  
Northern girls will gut you  
Leave you cold and empty  
Like a fish on the slab

She is like a snow goose  
Pale and rare and footloose  
Will the joys that tempt me  
Soon turn and kick and stab

In the dream I am running  
Down a street of molasses  
In the dream my feet gain no ground

I must take some measure  
To pursue my treasure  
Guided by confusion  
My compass through the storm

But if I call her sister  
Manfully resist her  
Believe my own illusion  
Or will passions warm

In the dream I am running  
Down a street of molasses  
In the dream my feet gain no ground

If I call her lover  
Will I soon discover  
That her eye is taken  
By some fawning friend

Then my glass would shatter  
And my mind would scatter  
Being so mistaken  
The world must end

In the dream I am running  
Down a street of molasses  
In the dream my feet gain no ground  
In the dream I am calling  
But there's never an answer  
In the dream my voice makes no sound

Northern winds will cut you  
Northern girls will gut you  
Leave you cold and empty  
Like a fish on the slab