

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

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