

Snow Song

Ron Pope

She sat there, eyes open wide
And she watched the snow cover the ground outside
Mittens on her hands
A smile ear to ear
She said, "In California
It hasn't snowed in years."

So come outside
And we can watch the sky
Turn up your palms
And open your hands up wide
Come outside
And open up your eyes

Sitting next to me
She ties her scarf on tight
Winter can leave you crying
But it brightens up her eyes
And show kisses her cheek
Where I want to be
And rests on her shoulders
Like in her New York dreams

So come outside
And we can watch the sky
Turn up your palms
And open your hands up wide
Come outside
And open up your eyes

Walk with me...
Take my hand I'll lead you down these city streets
Won't you walk with me?
Won't you walk with me?

When she says goodbye
She turns around and smiles
The next time it snows
I'll be on her mind