

Mad As The Mist And Snow

The Waterboys

Bolt and bar the shutter for the foul winds blow
Our minds are at their best this night and I seem to know
That everything outside us is mad as the mist and snow
That everything outside us is mad as the mist and snow.

Horace there by Homer stands, Plato stands below
And here is Tully's open page, how many years ago
Were you and I, lads, mad as the mist and snow?
Were you and I, lads, mad as the mist and snow?

You ask what makes me sigh, what makes me shudder so
I shudder and I sigh to think that even Cicero
And many minded Homer were mad as the mist and snow
That Cicero and Homer were mad as the mist and snow
That Cicero and Homer were mad as the mist and snow

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