

# Blind Iris, Earth Blankets White

Driving up a canyon  
Rise above the fog  
Inversions got the city  
As dirty as a dog  
Signal reads danger  
Don't suck in when you breathe  
I've been almost lost and drifting  
In a swirling milky sea

People like to tell me  
The valley is too cold  
Others praise the winter  
They utilize the snow

Up at Beaver Mountain  
Tree's brush against the sky  
I first learned to keep my balance  
Long enough fly  
I list it as a reason  
I stayed in a little town  
It's up there at the top  
Where I start working my way down

Woke up early this morning  
And I looked outside  
The Earth was undercovers  
Her Blankets white

Now I stand below the hillside  
With a ticket to ascend  
Above the glorious terrain before me  
Now I'm Ready to begin  
My gradual climb to freedom  
On the way I'm looking for  
The perfect powder  
I know where no one's been before

People like to tell me  
There's a bigger place to go  
I say "Better fill your wallet  
and enjoy the fashion show"

I'll be up at Beaver mountain  
Where the essence is to ride  
Surfing near the clouds  
Where the snow I know divine  
I list it as a reason  
I stayed in a tired town  
It's up there at the top  
Where I start working my way down

A thousand trails I've found here  
A lot more than you'd think  
The best things in this place are hidden  
If you go too slow you'll sink

Every way leads down here  
Yeah, always on the move  
Unless, of course, hidden in the tree's  
Lining up to groove

I feel closer to the season  
On rolling hills up high  
There's no stopping now I know

I'm free and I'm alive  
Twisting, turning, cold and deep  
Nothing more to do  
Then frolic down the mountain  
Always trying to out do myself  
My goal to live each day  
The best that I know how  
I'm coming down the mountain  
Feeling good  
I'm in the now