

# Cowboy Junkies, First Recollection

My first recollection is a day in December  
Black iron steam engine covered in ice  
Like some Precambrian monster  
Moaning and snorting  
Nothing was ever going to beat that beast  
In a fair fight

I've sat and watched the woodpiles  
Grow through the summer  
Now I'm sitting, smelling summer burn through the fall  
Winter's coming on, days getting dreary  
And I'm thinking this is the season  
That I leave you all

I've heard a man in crisis  
Falls back on what he knows best,  
A murderer to murder  
A thief to theft  
And I don't want you to think  
That this is some kind of deathbed confession  
But run is what I did when put to the test

My first recollection is a day in December  
747 tracing lines through the sky  
Like some old gypsy curse  
Silently preying upon the dreams of those  
Who jealously watch life pass by

I've sat and watched my troubles  
Pile through the summer  
Now I'm sitting, hearing my youngest cry  
Down the hall  
Winter's coming on, days getting dreary  
And I'm thinking this is the season  
That I leave you all

I've heard that the son must bear  
The burdens of the father  
But it's the daughter that is left  
To clean up the mess  
And I don't want you to think  
That I'm asking for absolution,  
But run is what I did when put to the test