

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