

# Al Stewart, Out In The Snow

I walked out in the snow  
And left no mark upon the ground I trod  
The sky, heavy and low  
The exhalation of an Arctic god  
And I heard words meant for no one  
In the air, words out of nowhere  
And I saw all at once at my feet  
Unexpectedly, a shadow play

I broke off on a floe  
And drifted aimlessly a hundred miles  
The wind, beginning to blow  
Carried me forward on this boat of ice  
And I saw things half imagined  
Far away, pictures and pageants  
That were lost in a moment like words  
From a language that I never knew

And this voyage seemed to be haunted  
By a soul, lost and unwanted  
Destined to journey through time  
Always covered in a coat of white

I walked out in the snow  
Never knowing what I came here for  
A dream from so long ago  
But we don't talk about it anymore