

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