

# Daniel Lanois, St. Ann's Gold

With feet so cold  
I feel no pain  
And the Western Cross  
on snow white plain

Look over yonder  
the pines are down  
they've laid them well  
On sequoia ground

I hear the howling timber wolf  
I hear the howling timber wolf

Sleepy eyes  
fading light  
snow white Suzy  
you're my desire

You carry me back home  
You carry me back home