

Jethro Tull, First Snow On Brooklyn

I flew in on the evening plane.
Is it such a good idea that I am here again?
And I could cut my cold breath with a knife.
And taste the winter of another life.

A yellow cab from JFK, the long way round.
I didn't mind... gave me thinking time before I ran aground
on rocky memories and choking tears.
I believe it only rained round here in thirty years.

Now, it's the first snow on Brooklyn and my cold feet are drumming.
You don't see me in the shadows from your cozy window frame.
And last night, who was in your parlour wrapping presents in the late hour
to place upon your pillow as the morning came?

Thin wind stings my face... pull collar up.
I could murder coffee in a grande cup.
No welcome deli; there's no Starbucks here.
A dime for a quick phone call could cost me dear.

And the first snow on Brooklyn paints a Christmas card upon the pavement.
The cab leaves a disappearing trace and then it's gone.
And the snow covers my footprints, deep regrets and heavy heartbeats.
When you wake you'll never see the spot that I was standing on.

Some things are best forgotten... some are better half-remembered.
I just thought that I might be there on your, on your Christmas night.
And the first snow on Brooklyn makes a lonely road to travel -
cold crunch steps that echo as the blizzard bites.