

# Pat Green, Snowing On Raton

Well when the wind don't blow in Amarillo, and the moon along to Gunnison don't rise, shall I cast r

Chorus

Snowing on Raton, come morning I'll be through the hills and gone.

Mother thinks the road is long lonely, little brother thinks the road is straight and fine, will little darlin

Chorus

Bid the years good-bye you cannot still them, you cannot turn the circles of the sun, you cannot co

Chorus

Tomorrow the mountains will be sleeping, silently the blanket green and blue, but I shall hear the s

Chorus 3x