

# Sandy Denny, No End

They said that it was snowing in astounded tones upon the news.  
I wonder why they're always so surprised 'cos every year it snows.  
Frozen images of snowploughs as they churn along the motorways.  
I haven't had no boots to wear or any loot to spare for days and days.  
I've travelled more than forty miles today, I must have grown some wings.  
It's strange how time just seems to fly away, I can't remember things.  
In a world of my own they say and who can blame them, they're just not the same.  
I've known about it all along though I thought I was all wrong, and it's such a shame.  
Why don't you have any brushes any more, I used to like your style.  
I see no paintings anywhere and there's no smell of turpentine.  
Did I really have no meaning? Well I never thought I'd hear those words from you.  
Who needs a meaning anyway, I'd settle anyday for a very fine view.  
I couldn't even tell you all the changes since you saw me last.  
My dreams were like the autumn leaves, they faded and they fell so fast.  
In fact as you say the snows are here and how the time it slips away.  
But I'm glad you did pass by, I think I'll have another try. It's another day.  
The day and then the night have gone, it was not long before the dawn,  
And the travelling man who sat so stiffly in his chair began to yawn.  
Having kept me here so long my friend, I hope you have a sleeping place to lend,  
but the painter he just smiled and said: I'll see you in a while, this one has no end.