

Midnight Winter Show

Late at night or early morning
December first, western New York was snoring
Stack of books on the floor a mess
Cup of coffee on my desk
Spring would bring a cap and gown
Silent snowflakes falling on the town

It was something special
It was something right
I watched 'em fall all through the night
On ivy walls, the lawn and trees
Town would waken to a mystery
Big and quiet, flakes of white
Past my window, past the light
A secret only I could see
I'd like to be holed up in the hills
Just you and me

Reading depression era politics
New Deal, Socialists and anarchists
Writing 'bout revolution
Thinking about the constitution
Turntable spins and the falling snow...
Watching that midnight winter show

Windows went dark, one by one
Didn't even know they'd miss the fun
It was piling up
It was pure and clean
It was untrodden and pristine
Watched it all from my windowsill
Mark Twain sleeping up on the hill

Sitting quiet at the desk
Should've been getting rest
Wonderland out the window
So many years ago

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