

It's a snow-wind
She's felt It blow for sixty years and more
Cora and the snow-wind
Like the row-lock and the oar
Cutting through these icy waters
To find shelter and perfection and the shore
Cora's lived a kind of life
From downstairs maid to miner's wife
Making sure she shined a floor
In Surrey homes before the war
She feels that snow-wind blowing
She's not sure where we're going, anymore
For years past 1926
They dug the hill-sides out with picks
While still behind the iron gate
Those winding-wheels she'd come to hate
She feels that snow-wind blowing
She thinks we might be getting there too late
It's a snow-wind
It blows so hard it cuts her to the bone
Cora and the snow-wind
A women's life is not her own
As she dives in icy waters
To find passion and survival, all alone
Cora and the sisterhood
Less sisters now in Prims
And it doesn't sound the same
Without the voices for the hymns