

Watching the Snow

Michael Franks

Elation for percipitaion of the frozen kind
Begins to grow when we are both below
A quilt wathing the snow
The crystals fly the wood is dry
And you are wearing only fireglow
Like a Vermeer tableau
Inside watching the snow

To see the meadow sleep beneath
Its comforter of irridescent white
It sure is quite a sight
The maples and the evergreens
Surprised their outer branches seem snow-lost
As in a poem by Frost

One of my favorite pastimes
And how well you know
is through the picture window
When we watching the snow

The gare is locked the dog's been walked
Thelonius is on the stereo
A crepuscule we know
Inside watching the snow
As evening falls the teapot calls
here's hoping several inches more will blow
Since we7re contented so
Inside watching the snow