

DAKOTA LOVES THE SNOW

Words & Music by Allen Power

Dakota loves the snow -
It's a trait handed down from her father.
Across the fields it blows -
Formed from the rains, swept across the Northern Plains,
And down into the land of Hiawatha.
 A passing flock of crows -
 Black-on-white and white-on-black together.
 She breathes the frosted air
 As her senses revive, feeling more alive and more aware
 Than in the summer weather.

Dakota loves the snow -
In a land where living's work and work's your hobby,
With piercing eyes aglow,
A face of Celtic lore, and red hair like the ore
That her forefathers mined in the Masabi.
 She's wedded to the earth -
 A jewel of the North Woods, roughly crafted.
 The city's not for her -
 You won't find her on the town, in lace and satin gown, or wrapped in fur,
 Unless she's the one who trapped it.

Dakota loves the snow -
And walks out to the woods when she is able
A secret place she knows;
A bright enchanted glade where in childhood she played,
Guarded all around by friendly maples.
 Spring will soon be here;
 Wildflowers wet with dew, like sparkling diamonds.
 But sorrows disappear,
 The pathway lies clear, the infinite spirit draws near,
 When bathed in winter's silence.

Dakota loves the snow.

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