

# 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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