

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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