

by Townes Van Zandt

When the wind don't blow in Amarillo  
and the moon along the Gunnison don't rise  
shall I cast my dreams upon your love, babe  
and lie beneath the laughter of your eyes

It's snowin' on Raton  
come morning I'll be through them hills and gone

mother thinks the road is long and lonely  
little brother thinks the road is straight and fine  
little darling thinks the road is soft and lovely  
I'm thankful that old road is a friend of mine

Bid the years good-bye you cannot still them  
you cannot turn the circles of the sun  
you cannot count the miles until you feel them  
and you cannot hold a lover that is gone

Tomorrow the mountains will be sleeping  
Silently the blanket green and blue  
all that I shall hear the silence they are keeping  
I'll bring all their promises to you