

LAND OF THE CROOKED TREE

VERSE 1: The weatherman says - six to twelve inches by morning
The ice blue moon lights up a cold clear night
December winds come blowin' in without warning
And I can picture us now under a blanket of white
At the foot of the bed my old best friend lies twitchin'
He's trackin' down a snowshoe hare tonight
That grandfather clock keeps rhythm out in the kitchen
As I hold you close and draw the quilt up tight

CHORUS: And in the land of the crooked tree - the snow falls on the ground
December winds come blowin' in all around
Now the kettle's on the freeze - the windows battened down
Together we will be safe and sound

VERSE 2: I lie awake - quietly counting my blessings
Remembering mistakes made in the past
I look at you and I make this silent confession
While the winter frost draws patterns on the glass
I must confess - never been so blessed - or felt less poor
This simple life beats all I've known before
I've got to admit - this has got to be it - and I don't need more
My sleepy dog rolls over on the floor

CHORUS: Repeat

BREAK: Music = _ verse

CHORUS: Repeat w/ add lib: Close your eyes and dream
Forever we will be - safe and sound