

nothing I can do

you love your mama and your papa
you love your sister too
you used to love me like the stars above
now there's nothing that says you still do

and all of the snow and all of the sun
and all the wild places we haven't been to
still blow and burn shiver and mourn
they tell me there's nothing I can do

you love piano the old time hymns
I can see it in the grace of your hands
you love big dogs you love big oak trees
and every little gift that each new day sends

and all of the snow...

my love grew up where roses grow
where roses grow tangled in the hedge
my love she go to another heart
and thorns are all that are left

and all of the snow...

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