

## Ropin' in the Snow

Wrote this on a feed sack, waitin' out to feed some,  
Lookin' for the sick ones, to rope 'em in the snow.

Ropin' in the snow, ropin' in the snow,  
There ain't no thrill like ropin' in the snow.

Rope swings singin' faced breeze stingin',  
Heart throbs wingin' ropin' in the snow.  
The adventure's twice while chasin' on ice.  
Don't watch those dice, jes' rope 'em in the snow.  
The badder the weather, calves'll need more care,  
Safety don't matter, jes' rope 'em in the snow.  
The flakes taste clean, as your cough spits green,  
And your fever's mean, but rope 'em in the snow.

Ropin' in the snow, ropin' in the snow,  
There ain't no thrill like ropin in the snow.

If its time to go and who really knows,  
Gotta run with the flow and rope 'em in the snow.  
Your poem don't rhyme and you ain't got the time  
'N' Who gives a dime? Jes' rope 'em in the snow.  
Your home fires won't keep, and your widow won't weep,  
Your whole life feels cheap so rope 'em in the snow.  
And maybe insurance'll pay their bills  
If you keep on runnin' those snowy hills.

Jes' keep a 'ropin'  
keep a 'ropin'  
a 'ropin'  
'ropin' ...  
in the snow.