Same Old Path

Verse:

The quiet of the fallen snow

The stillness of the morning.

Stumbling through a misty breath

A whitetail flicks a warning

The way shifts

Round snow drifts

From winds through the trees

Careful footsteps mark the frozen creek

Chorus:

Same old path to wander still has new sights to see

Though the dead of winter into the life of spring

There are wonders here if you wonder as you go

Same old path to wander still has new sights to see

Verse:

Beyond grasses and the pine

Down into the hollow

Along the path along a hill

The thistle and the yarrow

The light flicks

Through dew drips

The birds catch the breeze

The rushing sound of water through the leaves

Chorus:

Same old path to wander still has new sights to see

Though the dead of winter into the life of spring

There are wonders here if you wonder as you go

Same old path to wander still has new sights to see