

First Snow On Brooklyn
Jethro Tull

(C D G Am C D)

Em Em/G D D4 D D4 D9

I flew in on the evening plane

Em Em/G D A

Is it such a good idea that I am here again?

Em D A

And I could cut my cold breath with a knife

Bm D A Bm

And taste the winter of another life

Em Em/G D D D4 D D4 D9

A yellow cab from JFK, the long way round

Em Em/G D

I didn't mind... gave me thinking time before I ran aground

Bm D A

On rocky memories and choking tears

Bm D A Bm

I believe it only rained round here these thirty years

C G Bm A

Now, it's the first snow on Brooklyn and my cold feet are drumming

Am Em G D

You don't see me in the shadows from your cozy window frame

C G Bm Em

And last night, who was in your parlour wrapping presents in the late hour

Am Em D

To place upon your pillow as the morning came?

Em Em/G D D4 D D4 D9

Thin wind stings my face... pull collar up

Em E/G D A

I could murder coffee in a grande cup

Bm D A

No welcome deli; there's no Starbucks here

Bm D A Bm

A dime for a quick phone call could cost me dear

C G Bm A

And the first snow on Brooklyn paints a Christmas card upon the pavement

Am Em G D

The cab leaves a disappearing trace and then it's gone

C G Bm Em

And the snow covers my footprints, deep regrets and heavy heartbeats

Am Em D

When you wake you'll never see the spot that I was standing on

Instrumental: **Em Em/G D D4 D D4 D9**
Em Em/G D A
Bm D A
Bm D A Bm
C G Bm A
Am Em G D
C G Bm Em
Am Em D
C D G Am C D

Em Em/G D D4 D D4 D9

I flew in on the evening plane

Em Em/G D A

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Bm D A

And I could cut my cold breath with a knife

Bm D A Bm

And taste the winter of another life

C G Bm A
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Am Em G D

You don t see me in the shadows from your cozy window frame

C G Bm Em

And last night, who was in your parlour wrapping presents in the late hour

Am Em D

To place upon your pillow as the morning came?

C G Bm A
 Some things are best forgotten... some are better half-remembered

Am Em G D

I just thought that I might be there on your, on your Christmas night

C G Bm Em

And the first snow on Brooklyn makes a lonely road to travel

Am Em D

Cold crunch steps that echo as the blizzard bites