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Cottonw	ood	sn	ow

G /Em Am It's a spring summer day/ Cottonwood snow is Em /G Am Flakes dance in the wind/ A light summer bre D /Em C /Bm Earlier than usual/ Nothing is the way it was D /Em C We wait for those in charge / To tell us it's nor	/C eze /D		
chorus; G /D Em / C We no longer know/ what we can expect G /D Am /D To understand, anything and yet Am Am G We think we want to/ understand how the wor. Em Em Am /D We think we want to/ But we'd rather not.	G ld works		
The flakes or flecks whatever/They delight we reach out Never catch, then one's on my shoulder Picked up and flicked away/joining the others awash in white drifting now what it covers			
chorus;			
G /Em Am Drowning in white/ this is no wedding Em /G Am /C I cannot breathe like too many others D /Em C /Bm	/Am		
Can we pretend that spring is summer? D /Em C What is possible? What does this portend? C C D D What can we understand?	/D		
Chorus; out			
end on $oldsymbol{G}$			