

Light as a Feather

The fog rolls in
From at least ten miles away
It's light as a feather
But so heavy with rain
She'll be here in an hour
To swallow up this town
Take the lowlands first
Then move to higher ground

The fog rolls in
It's all purple and gray
Where those Appalachian mountains
Can take your breath away
Where the fishing boats lie waiting
Just beyond the tidal drain
Where it's light as a feather
But so heavy with rain

It's those fishing weirs and sailors' tears
That built this tourist town
When the fog rolls in
And the tourists can't be found
And fishermen will wait around
And know not to complain
When it's light as a feather
And so heavy with rain

The fog rolls in
From at least five miles away
It rolls across that mountain ridge
The lighthouse and the bay
She'll be here in half an hour
Though it's sometimes hard to say
For it's light as a feather
But so heavy with rain

The fog rolls in
Creeps up my alley way
Hiding from that morning sun
And searching for a way
But the sun rises up
And the sun beats down
And you're light as a feather
In this old tourist town

It's those fishing weirs
And sailors' tears
That built this tourist town
When the fog rolls in
The tourists can't be found
And fishermen will wait around
And know not to complain
When it's light as a feather
But so heavy with rain
When it's light as a feather
But so heavy with rain