

The year may have more than one season,  
Yet I can remember but one.  
The time when the rivers ere freezin'  
And mountains with whiteness ere spun,  
When snowflakes ere tumbling so fast,  
And winter hes come then at last.  
Two boards up-on cold powder snow, Yo - ho!  
What else does a man need to know. Two ...know?

The hiss of your skis is a passion  
Whoever would think of a spill?  
Then - Bang! There's a godawful gash in  
The smooth shining track on the hill.  
What's happened you don't understand,  
There's two splintered slabs in your hand.

Three boards end some snow down my neck Oh heck!  
My skis ere a helluva wreck.  
Three boards end some snow down my neck, Oh heck!  
My skis ere a helluva wreck.

I care not if government taxes  
Take everything else that I own;  
Two hickory boards end some waxes,  
And I'm free in the mountains alone.  
If death finclly finds me in Spring,  
Inscribe on my tomb what I sing;

ZWMA BRETTL