

Winter

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Winter was only
Moments away.
We sat on the porch it was
Late in the day.
We sang the song about the cry of the wind
We learned it that summer
It stayed in our mind
All of the time to sing.

Dancing one night
In the Russian house green
The poets that day we thought
We know what they mean
There was on man whose words
We both really liked
He sat in his garden
No words to say
Only one way to sing.

Just to sing, just to sing. Just to sing, just to sing.

The sun was so white
Sky was so grey
All shades of darkness
Colored the day
No laughing, no weeping
No jokes tender love
Sing or be silent
No words to say
Only one way to sing.