

Whitlams, The "Winter Lovin'"

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Walking in winter, not so many people out
Seems like I gotta find me a girl so we can't go out
Drop of whiskey, drop of ginger wine
Call it a whiskey mack and you can be mine

Winter lovin' - that's the best kind of lovin'
Winter lovin' - that's the best kind of lovin' for me

Come spring I take my T-Shirt back off again
Walk around thinking I can feel the wind in my hair
Look at all the other people walking away from winter
I just hope they all got some winter lovin' like me

Winter lovin' - that's the best kind of lovin'
Winter lovin' - that's the best kind of lovin' for me

Come Autumn I'm thinking 'bout winter again
Winter coming up to me, but I got no friend
Drinking whiskey macks and talking about it
That's not going to get me no big fat woman to keep
me warm

I gotta go out and meet 'em, not sit around the house
singing shit like this

Winter lovin' - that's the best kind of lovin'
Winter lovin' - that's the best kind of lovin' for me

It's all about me, me and winter and someone else

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