

Barclay James Harvest

"January morning"

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It's a January 9 a.m. sunrise
On the cobbles of St. Petersburg
And champagne misty eyes.
Someone started painting
All those pictures in the snow.
Where do they go?
Play the song,
You know the time is right
We'll think of them
On such a winter's night.

You know we'll never come this way again.

Hear cries upon the wind.
Tame the violent seas
Make them calm again,
Let the story never end,
You'll find tomorrow's dreams
This January morning.

The sidewalks play
With shadows from the light
And memories
Of such a winter's night.

You know we'll never come this way again.

Hear cries upon the wind.
Tame the violent seas
Make them calm again,
Let the story never end,
You'll find tomorrow's dreams
This January morning.

It's a January 9 a.m. sunrise
On the cobbles of St. Petersburg
And champagne misty eyes
Sad to see those pictures
Are all melting in the snow

