

Country Big "Winter Sky"

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The stories of the world are sung

In places that were never young

I have counted every one

Chorus

All the clouds will come to you

So the sun never comes through

And we will hide

From twenty years of winter sky

The faces of the world are hung

In places I was never born

Some will smile while others moan

Chorus

Pictures of the world are shown

In places I have never known

Who will know who shaped the stone

Chorus

Still it turns and says to me

In words that come uneasily

Answers are not meant to be

Chorus

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