Big Country "Winter Sky"

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The stories of the world are sung In places that were never young I have counted everyone

All the clouds will come to you So the sun never shines through And we will hide from twenty years of winter sky

The pictures of the world are shown In places I have never known Who will know who shaped the stone?

All the clouds will come to you So the sun never shines through And we will hide from twenty years of winter sky

The faces of the world are worn In places I was never born Some will smile while others moan

All the clouds will come to you
So the sun never shines through
And we will hide from twenty years of winter sky

Still it turns and says to me In words that come uneasily Answers are not meant to be

All the clouds will come to you So the sun never shines through And we will hide from twenty years of winter sky

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