

## Bill Withers

### "Wintertime"

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In the wintertime the grass is brown and the sky is  
gray, the sky is gray  
Ah, hah, but that don't mean little brother that you have  
to feel the same way

Look the sky is cryin' see the tear rollin' down on the  
ground, down on the ground  
Ah, hah but that don't mean little brother that your life  
can't turn around

Cover up your body but the cold steady rubbin' on your  
skin, rubbin' on your skin  
Ah, hah, you stay alive little brother from the warm fire  
within

This little brother is what the seasons are tryin' to say  
The snow will surely be melted when the sun punches  
in for the day

See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin'  
Ëœround your skin  
Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm  
fire within

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The snow will surely be melted when the sun punches  
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See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin'  
Ëœround your skin  
Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm  
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