

Don Mclean

"Winterwood"

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No one can take your place with me
And time has proven that I'm right
There's no place I'd rather be
Than at your place for the night

No time can pass your sight unseen
No moment steals away unfound
Lifetime lived in such a dream
Floats like a feather to the ground

And for the first time I've been seeing
The things I'd never notice, without you
And for the first time I'm discovering
The things I use to treasure, about you

The birds like leaves on winter wood
Sing hopeful songs on dismal days
They've learned to live life as they should
They are at peace with nature's ways

You are as natural as the night
And all that springs from you is good
And the children born beneath your light
Are like the birds on winter wood

And for the first time I've been seeing
The things I'd never notice, without you
And for the first time I'm discovering
The things I use to treasure, about you

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