

## **Kenny Rogers & The First Edition**

### **"A Poem I Wrote For Your Hair"**

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October, in the wind  
November, in the skies  
Winter is just around the corner  
Wearing an old man's disguise

His thoughts they are barren  
His language is poor  
Soon he'll come knocking  
At your door

Leaves shy from the trees  
Geese fly to the moon  
Winter is starving in shirt sleeves  
Wrapping a can with his spool

His clothes they are ragged  
His feet they are bare  
But soon he will prosper  
He'll have his share

I can't keep you from the rainfall  
I can't keep you from the snow  
I can't keep you warm in the storm  
Where the wintry winds do blow

And I have no wools to bring you love  
I have no cloak to share  
And I only came to sing you love  
A poem I wrote for your hair

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