

Marc Broussard

"Blow On Chilly Wind"

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A little gray around the crown
A little hint of slowing down
She puts on some old evening gown
And dances alone
Years are hazy and days are slow
The seasons come and the reasons go
And while the wind and memory blows
She turns to stone

Sayin'
Blow on, blow on chilly wind
Go ahead and blow
Blow on chilly wind
Just let the chilly wind blow
Yeah let the chilly wind blow

Down the halls that whisper names
Through the walls and the picture frames
It's not just old in here
It's swirling underneath the door
And all around the cabinet drawers
It's getting pretty cold in here

But I say
Blow on, blow on chilly wind
Go ahead and blow
Blow on chilly wind
Just let the chilly wind blow

Let the chilly wind blow
And the chilly wind will blow

I took a walk down by Shaker Square
A Christmas tree was standing there
That same old chill was in the air
And I buttoned up my overcoat
I thought of things that change and things that don't
How they say some folks will and some folks won't

But I say
Blow on, blow on chilly wind

Go ahead and blow
Blow on chilly wind
Just let the chilly wind blow

Let the chilly wind blow
And the chilly wind will blow

Said you must blow on, Mama
Blow on chilly wind

You must blow on

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