

Martyn John And Beverly

"Stormbringer"

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Time's gone by, calendar leaves and snows fly
I might write a poem if I could think of the words to try
What is there to remember?
The winter was December
Just one more year left behind
She never looked round to see me
She never looked round at all
All I saw were shadows on the wall
She never looked round to see me
She never looked round at all
All I heard was snow that had to fall
She left in the morning, quietly, that was her way
And on returning, I find I had nothing to say
What is there to remember?
The winter was December
Just one more year left behind

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