

The American Tragedy "Winter Song"

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Winter song,
What I sing as the kids tumble by
And what I think never comes out in words half as nice
I'm standing still and listening to how you spill me
beautifully
Your words sound like whispers in my ears
And snow upon the field is calm
With hands I catch the fallen sky

The winter song,
What I sing as the train tumbles by
What I think never comes out in words half as nice
I'm standing still and listening to how you spill me
beautifully
Your words sound like whispers in my ears
And snow upon the field is calm
With hands I warm the winter song

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