

Cohen Leonard "Winter Lady"

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Trav'ling lady, stay awhile
until the night is over.
I'm just a station on your way,
I know I'm not your lover.
Well I lived with a child of snow
when I was a soldier,
and I fought every man for her
until the nights grew colder.

She used to wear her hair like you
except when she was sleeping,
and then she'd weave it on a loom
of smoke and gold and breathing.
And why are you so quiet now
standing there in the doorway?
You chose your journey long before
you came upon this highway.

Trav'ling lady stay awhile
until the night is over.
I'm just a station on your way,
I know I'm not your lover.

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