

Al Atkins

"Winter"

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Got no silver in my pockets
Got no pillow for my bed
And the winter it gets stronger
Got to ease my aching head

In the morning when I wake up
Get this feeling deep inside
And I wonder if I'll die young
Or just go out of my mind

I still get this awful feeling

When the snow falls to the ground
It still sends my senses reeling
Going winter underground

I still get this awful feeling
When the snow falls to the ground
And it sends my senses reeling
Going winter

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