

# Chris De Burgh, Snow Is Falling

Snow is falling, snow is falling on the ground,  
In the forest, in the forest there's no sound;  
A shallow grave is where we lie,  
The boys and men who died,  
And snow is falling on the ground,  
And we are calling to be found;

And the seasons, and the seasons come and go,  
In the springtime, birds will sing and flowers grow,  
At summer's end, the autumn breeze,  
Will whisper through the trees,  
And leaves are falling on the ground,  
And we are calling to be found;

And in our homes, so many tears,  
They don't know where we have gone,  
And snow is falling on the ground,  
And we are calling to be found,  
We are calling to be found.....