

Dolorean, We Winter Wrens

Autumn ends, winter comes,
And everybody's gone.
Days grow short, and pull apart,
And now the nights are long.
We winter wrens have made amends,
With the silence and the cold.
So, just leave us to our own device.
We winter wrens are fine.

So, just leave us to our own device
We winter wrens are fine
'Cause there's no mistake of the call we make
When there's no one else around

'Cause there's no mistake of the call we make
When there's no one else around

~~Insturmental to Finish~~