

Don McLean, Winterwood

Words & Music by Don McLean

No-one can take your place with me,
And time has proven that I'm right.
There's no place I'd rather be,
Than at your place for the night.
No time can pass your sight unseen.
No moment steals away unfound.
Lifetime lived in such a dream,
Floats like a feather to the ground.

(Chorus)

And for the first time I've been seeing
The things I'd never notice, without you.
And for the first time I'm discovering
The things I use to treasure, about you.
The birds like leaves on Winterwood,
Sing hopeful songs on dismal days.
They've learned to live life as they should.
They are at peace with nature's ways.
You are as natural as the night,
And all that springs from you is good.
And the children born beneath your light,
Are like the birds on Winterwood.

(Chorus)