

Dot Allison, In Winter Still

When all is said and done
So weak and overcome
So tired of running still
The winter

I look into your eyes
An orchid without sun
Some things you can't disguise
So many people so lonely inside

Waiting
And if all this brings you down
I will be coming round

When useless dreaming comes to an end
Who will carry all your fears?

When all the tears from fury have passed
Maybe love has just begun

Like a faded photograph
A child caught in a storm
Though we will never sleep
The winter

There's lipstick on the glass
The questions left unasked
Two fools who've left the game
Finding themselves without solace again

Waiting
And if all this brings you down
I will be coming round

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Who will carry all your fears?

When all the tears from fury have passed
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