

Harry Chapin, Winter Song

When the summer fled past my window
and autumn's chill was in the air
there was a special kind of lonesome
'round that ending time of year.
When the leaves fell
and they drifted 'neath the trees that soon were bare
I felt that wind blow,
ever colder,
and suddenly,
you were there.
We laughed and scuffled
while the snow fell
and the cold gave your cheeks a glow.
And in your arms come evening
a kind of peace I know.
Often I'd wake at midnight
mid some icy winter storm,
and then I would find you
beside me,
and you made the night seem so warm.
Now I go my way
and you go your way
now that the winter's come and gone.
But somehow
with the springtime
your golden warmth still lingers on.