

# Hitchcock Robyn, Winter Love

It's the darkest time of year  
Crystal branches everywhere  
As the colours drain away  
You alone are far away  
Leaves of frost upon the trees  
Lovers falling on their knees  
Curtains parting in the night  
Let me in your sweet delight  
Where the garden used to be  
Now a different world I see  
For one second all I know  
Everything is made of snow  
First from white and then to blue  
Pink to purple lost to view  
It's the darkest time of year  
Winter love is almost here