

Jonathan Edwards, Cold Snow

Cold snow is a blowing
And I cry for wanting you
Stranger in my waking hour
And sleep could hurt it too.
Fasten up your boot strap, baby,
and pull your wool hat down.
For the sky is shining white my love
to cover all the ground...

sending and writing me letters
from a song into a song
something warm for winter now
It to send alone/along
is a coming
I know you heard the sound