MARC COHN, Blow On Chilly Wind

A little gray around the crown A little hint of slowing down

She puts on some old evening gown

And dances alone

Years are hazy and days are slow

The seasons come and the reasons go

And while the wind and memory blows

She turns to stone

Sayin'

Blow on, blow on chilly wind

Go ahead and blow

Blow on chilly wind

Just let the chilly wind blow

Yeah let the chilly wind blow

Down the halls that whisper names

Through the walls and the picture frames

It's not just old in here

It's swirling underneath the door

And all around the cabinet drawers

It's getting pretty cold in here

But I say

Blow on, blow on chilly wind

Go ahead and blow

Blow on chilly wind

Just let the chilly wind blow

Let the chilly wind blow

And the chilly wind will blow

I took a walk down by Shaker Square

A Christmas tree was standing there

That same old chill was in the air

And I buttoned up my overcoat

I thought of things that change and things that don't

How they say some folks will and some folks won't

But I say

Blow on, blow on chilly wind

Go ahead and blow

Blow on chilly wind

Just let the chilly wind blow

Let the chilly wind blow

And the chilly wind will blow

Said you must blow on, Mama

Blow on chilly wind

You must blow on