

# 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