

Nina Simone, Chilly Winds Don't Blow

H. Krasnow, B. Lovelock

Going where the willows weep no more, darlin' baby,
Going where the willows weep no more,
Chilly winds don't blow along my shore, oh baby,
Where the chilly winds, the chilly winds don't blow.
Going where my father waits for me, oh baby,
Going where my father waits for me,
Going there 'cause there I'd rather be, oh baby,
Where the chilly winds, the chilly winds don't blow.
Yes there will be red roses round my door, darlin' baby,
There will be red roses round my door,
Going where they'll welcome me for sure, oh baby
Where the chilly wind, the chilly wind don't blow.
Chilly winds, chilly winds, the chilly winds don't blow.