

Perry Blake, The Fox In The Winter

She was my anchor,
We spoke of marriage
And i was her lid
The fox in winter
Will sleep 'till spring
In cold blue mountains
I dont dream anymore
For there is a silence
When two rivers meet

How can this world have a place there for me and you ?

We'll weep for elvis
As we drive through the hills
The fox in winter
Is sleeping still

How can this world have a place there for me and you ?

The fox in winter
The fox in winter