

Sara Bareilles, Winter Song

bum bum bum bum bum bum bum bum
bum bum bum bum bum bum
bum bum bum bum bum bum

This is my winter song to you.

The storm is coming soon,
it rolls in from the sea

My voice; a beacon in the night.

My words will be your light,
to carry you to me.

Is love alive?

Is love alive?

Is love

They say that things just cannot grow
beneath the winter snow,
or so I have been told.

They say were buried far,
just like a distant star
I simply cannot hold.

Is love alive?

Is love alive?

Is love alive?

This is my winter song.

December never felt so wrong,
cause youre not where you belong;
inside my arms.

bum bum bum bum bum bum bum bum

bum bum bum bum bum bum

bum bum bum bum bum bum

I still believe in summer days.

The seasons always change
and life will find a way.

Ill be your harvester of light
and send it out tonight
so we can start again.

Is love alive?

Is love alive?

Is love alive?

This is my winter song.

December never felt so wrong,
cause youre not where you belong;
inside my arms.

This is my winter song to you.

The storm is coming soon
it rolls in from the sea.

My love a beacon in the night.

My words will be your light
to carry you to me.

Is love alive?

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