

# Steve Forbert, Late Winter Song

Ev'rybody's waiting for the sun to shine  
Waiting on a springtime day  
Waiting on tomorrow to unwrap their minds  
Waiting till the sky's not grey

Ev'rybody's sitting on a cornflake shelf  
Wond'ring what the tea leaves say  
I would think it's crazy, but I'm caught myself  
Tryna light my own dark way

I'll take your hand and we'll walk back  
Down to where the shade trees grew  
We know something's missing  
That got lost back there  
Back when I could talk to you

Ev'rybody's tryna keep their heads held high  
Standing by the old iron gate  
List'ning to the sirens in the wind wail by  
Wond'rin' why the postman's late

Ev'rybody's tryna make the oil burn slow  
Sure to let the pipes drip some  
Turnin' down the kettle till the coil don't glow  
Sweepin' up a mealtime crumb

I'll take your hand and we'll walk back  
Down to where the shade trees grew  
We know something's missing  
That got lost back there  
Back when I could talk to you

Ev'ry body's waiting on the moon to fill  
Even though it's hard to see  
I can feel it tuggin' on my window sill  
Tryna keep a spell on me

Ev'ry night the whistle of the midnight train  
Rounds the bend at twelve-o-five  
And I'm always won'drin'  
If you'll hear that same  
Sound out there on Kidwell Drive

I'll take your hand and we'll walk back  
Down to where the shade trees grew  
We know somethin's missing  
That got lost back there  
Back when I could talk to you