

Tara MacLean, In The Wings

There's a frost in the air
Summer doesn't want to play
They've taken down the fair
And the leaves have all blown away

They say everything must die
For a new life to begin
In the seasons of our love
I feel the winter setting in

Through this bitter, bitter cold I thought I'd always
have you to hold me Through the storm
and keep me warm Through this bitter, bitter cold

The sun has kissed your face
Your tears in my hair
You say it's time to go my friend
You feel it in the air

And like the moon upon the water
Gives diamonds to the sea
I pray that when the snow is gone
You'll return to me

Through this bitter, bitter cold I thought I'd always
have you to hold me Through the storm
And keep me warm Through this bitter, bitter cold

And if there is such a thing
As winter in the spring
Then I'll make angels
And I'll see you in the wings
Of this bitter, bitter cold...