

Bill Withers, Wintertime

In the wintertime the grass is brown and the sky is gray, the sky is gray
Ah, hah, but that don't mean little brother that you have to feel the same way

Look the sky is cryin' see the tear rollin' down on the ground, down on the ground
Ah, hah but that don't mean little brother that your life can't turn around

Cover up your body but the cold steady rubbin' on your skin, rubbin' on your skin
Ah, hah, you stay alive little brother from the warm fire within

This little brother is what the seasons are tryin' to say
The snow will surely be melted when the sun punches in for the day

See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin' round your skin
Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm fire within

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See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin' round your skin
Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm fire within