

Kris Delmhorst, Mean Old Wind

I was born in the middle of an ice storm
On the longest night of the year
And that frozen rain on the old window pane
Was the first sound I ever did hear

Won't you stand beside me darling
So I don't have to feel so alone
Hold me tight all through the night
When that old winter wind begins to blow

When the sky is turning grey and cloudy
Weatherman is saying ten below
And the icicles drop from every rooftop
That's when that old chill creeps into my bones

Won't you stand beside me darling
So I don't have to feel so alone
Hold me tight all through the night
When that old winter wind begins to blow

Well it's one thing roamin in the springtime
Or in the long lazy days of july
I don't care at all if you leave me in the fall
But in the wintertime I want you by my side

Won't you stand beside me darling
So I don't have to feel so alone
Hold me tight all through the night
When that old winter wind begins to blow