

Lindisfarne, Winter Song

When winter's shadowy fingers
First pursue you down the street
And your boots no longer lie
About the cold around your feet
Do you spare a thought for summer whose passage is complete?
Whose memories lie in ruins
And whose ruins lie in heat ?
When winter...
Comes howling in

When the wind is singing strangely
Blowing music through your head
And your rain splattered windows
Make you decide to stay in bed
Do you spare a thought for the homeless tramp who wishes he was dead?
Or do you pull the bed-clothes higher
Dream of summertime instead?
When winter...
Comes howling in

The creeping cold has fingers
That caress without permission
And mystic crystal snowdrops
Only aggravate the condition
Do you spare one thought for the gypsy with no secure position?
Who's turned and spurned by village and town
At the magistrate's decision?
When winter...
Comes howling in

When the turkey's in the oven
And the Christmas presents are bought
And Santa's in his module
He's an American astronaut
Do you spare one thought for Jesus, who had nothing but his thoughts?
Who got busted just for talking
And befriending the wrong sorts?
When winter...
Comes howling in

When winter...
Comes...
Howling...
In