

# Winter Song

Mark Olson

I remember our winter song  
Slipping on a frozen lake  
There Ill miss you when youre gone  
Oh, this winter song  
Another cup of Brunel wineDreams that once seemed so sweet  
Are silent empty streets  
Streets of tears stained walks go by  
And Ill miss you when youre near  
Youre thoughts are just like the starsSaturdays, hope is raised  
By endless stories of desire  
And I remember our winter song  
Another cup of Brunel wineSaturdays, hope is raised  
By endless stories of desire  
And I remember our winter song  
Another cup of Brunel wine

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