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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