Winter Song

Harry Chapin

When the summer fled past my window
And autumn's chill was in the air
There's a special kind of lonesome
'Round that ending time of yearWhen the leaves fell
And they drifted 'neath the trees
That soon were bare
I felt that wind blow ever colder
And suddenly you were thereWe laughed and scuffled
While the snow fell
And the cold gave your cheeks a glow
And in your arms come evening
A kind of peace I knowOften I'd wake at midnight
Mid some icy winter storm
But then I would find you beside me
And you made the night seem so warm

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