

# In the Wings

Tara MacLean

There's a frost in the air  
Summer doesn't want to play  
They've taken down the fair  
And the leaves have all blown away  
They say, everything must die  
For a new life to begin  
In the seasons of our love  
I feel the winter setting in  
Through this bitter, bitter cold  
I thought, I'd always have you  
To hold me through the storm  
And keep me warm through this bitter, bitter cold  
The sun has kissed your face  
Your tears in my hair  
You say, it's time to go my friend  
You feel it in the air  
And like the moon upon the water  
Gives diamonds to the sea  
I pray that when the snow is gone  
You'll return to me  
Through this bitter, bitter cold  
I thought, I'd always have you  
To hold me through the storm  
And keep me warm through this bitter, bitter cold  
And if there is such a thing  
As winter in the spring  
Then I'll make angels  
And I'll see you in the wings of this bitter, bitter cold

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