

Winter Marches On

Duran Duran

The trade's on, she drains emotion
To drink from the breast of fortune
Dreams have frozen, crystal in the morning
Birth time rose, a thorn for coronation All arise from your rest
We'll find enough there to feed you
Soon you'll belong to the blessed
Spare us your life while we need you Loud, is the music, the crowd is ringing
Out of my head as the winter marches on
Loud is the music, the sky is bringing
Out of my head as the winter marches on Loud, is the music, the crowd is bringing
Out of my head as the winter marches on
Loud is the music, the sky is ringing
Out of my head as the winter marches on
And on, winter marches on

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