

# Winter Birds

Ray LaMontagne

It's the Widow now that owns that angry plow  
The spartan Mule and The Crippled Cow  
The fallow field that will yield no more  
As the fox lay sleeping beneath her kitchen floor

The stream can't contain such the withering rain  
And from the pasture the fence it is leaning away  
The clouds crack and growl  
Like some great cat on the prowl  
Crying out, "I am, I am" over and over again

The days grow short  
As the nights grow long  
The kettle sings its tortured song  
As many petaled kiss I place upon her brow  
Oh, my lady, Lady I am loving you now

The winter birds have come back again  
Here the sprightly Chickadee  
Gone now is the Willow Wren  
In passing greet each other as if old, old friends  
And to the voiceless trees  
It is their own they will lend

The days grow short  
As the nights grow long  
The kettle sings its tortured song  
As many petaled kiss I place upon her brow  
Oh, my lady, lady I am loving you now

And though all these things will change  
The memories will remain  
As green to gold, and gold to brown  
The leaves will fall to feed the ground  
And in their falling, make no sound

Oh my lady  
Lady I am loving you now

I've gathered all my money and I'm goin' to town

To buy my lady a long and flowing gown  
'Cause come tomorrow morning  
We're off to the county fair  
I'll find a yellow flower  
And I will lace it in her hair

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by RAYCHARLES JACK LAMONTAGNE

Lyrics Â© CHRYSALIS MUSIC (DIGITAL ONLY) , CHRYSALIS MUSIC O/B/O SWEET MARY MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>