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

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