

Snow Is Falling

[Chris de Burgh](#)

Snow is falling
Snow is falling on the ground
In the forest
In the forest there's no sound
A shallow grave is where we lie
The boys and men who died
And snow is falling on the ground
And we are calling to be found
And the seasons
And the seasons come and go
In the springtime
Birds will sing and flowers grow
At summer's end, the autumn breeze
Will whisper through the trees
And leaves are falling on the ground
And we are calling to be found

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