Chilly Winds

The Osmonds

Chilly winds may blow, chilly winds they come and they go.
Chilly winds may blow, oh, oh, oh and I don't know.
Chilly winds may blow, chilly winds they come and they go.
Chilly winds may blow, oh, oh, oh. and I don't know.

Looking all around, feeling lost and found.

Only talkin' to the wind.

Moving up and down, going 'round and 'round, no lonely traces of a friend.

The wind in the trees is more than a breeze winding through a memory

Chilly winds may blow, chilly winds they come and they go. Chilly winds may blow, oh, oh, oh and I don't know.

Endless evolution, turned off revolution, everybody reads between the lines. Kicks put on the shelf, so high on life itself, hopelessly we're playing with the mind.

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