Late Winter Song

Steve Forbert

Ev'rybody's waiting for the sun to shine
Waiting on a springtime day
Waiting on tomorrow to unwrap their minds
Waiting till the sky's not greyEv'rybody's sitting on a cornflake shelf
Wond'ring what the tea leaves say
I would think it's crazy, but I'm caught myself
Tryna light my own dark wayI'll take your hand and we'll walk back
Down to where the shade trees grew
We know something's missing
That got lost back there
Back when I could talk to youEv'rybody's tryna keep their heads held high
Standing by the old iron gate
List'ning to the sirens in the wind wail by
Wond'rin' why the postman's lateEv'rybody's tryna make the oil burn slow
Sure to let the pipes drip some
Turnin' down the kettle till the coil don't glow
Sweepin' up a mealtime crumbI'll take your hand and we'll walk back
Down to where the shade trees grew
We know something's missing
That got lost back there
Back when I could talk to youEv'ry body's waiting on the moon to fill
Even though it's hard to see
I can feel it tuggin' on my window sill
Tryna keep a spell on meEv'ry night the whistle of the midnight train
Rounds the bend at twelve-o-five
And I'm always won'drin'
If you'll hear that same
Sound out there on Kidwell DriveI'll take your hand and we'll walk back
Down to where the shade trees grew
We know somethin's missing
That got lost back there
Back when I could talk to you

Songwriters
STEVE FORBERTPublished by
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