# Emmylou

## Scandinavian Music Group

Oh the bitter winds are coming in,
And I'm already missing the summer.
Stockholm's cold but I've been told
I was born to endure this kind of weather.
When it's you I find like a ghost in my mind,
I am defeated and I gladly wear the crown.
Chorus:
I'll be your Emmylou and I'll be your June
And you'll be my Gram and my Johnny too.
No, I'm not asking much of you
Just sing little darling, sing with me.
Now so much I know, that things just don't grow
If you don't bless them with your patience.
And I've been there before, I held up the door
For every stranger with a promise.
But I'm holding back,
That's the strength that I lack,

Every morning keeps returning at my window.
And it brings me to you,
And I won't just pass through,
But I'm not asking for a storm.
Chorus:
I'll be your Emmylou and I'll be your June
And you'll be my Gram and my Johnny too.
You know I'm not asking much of you,
Just sing little darling, sing with me.
And yes, I might have lied to you,
You wouldn't benefit from knowing the truth.
I was frightened but I held fast,
I need you now at long last.
I'll be your Emmylou and I'll be your June
And you'll be my Gram and my Johnny too.
No, I'm not asking much of you,
Just sing little darling, sing with me.

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