

# You Only Cross My Mind In Winter

Sting

Always this winter child,  
December's sun sits low against the sky  
Cold light on frozen fields,  
The cattle in their stable lowing. When two walked this winter road,  
Ten thousand miles seemed nothing to us then,  
Now one walks with heavy tread  
The space between their footsteps slowing All day the snow did fall,  
What's left of the day is close drawn in,  
I speak your name as if you'd answer me,  
But the silence of the snow is deafening How well do I recall our arguments,  
Our logic owed no debts or recompense,  
Philosophy and faith were ghosts  
That we would chase until  
The gates of heaven were broken

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