

The Cloak

Jayne Trimble

Cold blows the wind
And hard against my back
Cried the lonesome traveler
Traveling down the track

The cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back
Oh, the cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back

Oh Lord, I can't go back
Can't go back again
Keep me on a narrow path
So I can see the light again

For the cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back
Oh, the cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back

Bitter are the winter days
And the years I'm looking back
Rain beats down upon my face
Like the tears for the love I lack

And the cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back
Oh, the cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back

Salt can keep the wound alive
And the meat from going bad
One man's game is another's loss
And that loss is all he has

For the cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back
Oh, the cold wind and the sun compete
For the cloak that's on my back
The cloak that's on my back

The cloak that's on my back

Lyrics Submitted by Rin

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