

Winter Lady

Leonard Cohen

Traveling lady, stay awhile
Until the night is over
I'm just a station on your way
I know I'm not your lover Well I lived with a child of snow
When I was a soldier
And I fought every man for her
Until the nights grew colder She used to wear her hair like you
Except when she was sleeping
And then she'd weave it on a loom
Of smoke and gold and breathing And why are you so quiet now
Standing there in the doorway?
You chose your journey long before
You came upon this highway

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