

Winter Birds

Ray LaMontagne

It's the widow now that owns that angry plow
The spartan mule and the crippled cow
The fallow field that will yield no more
As the fox lay sleeping beneath her kitchen floor
The stream can't contain such the withering rain
And from the pasture the fence it is leaning away
The clouds crack and growl like some great cat on the prowl
Crying out I am, I am over and over again
The days grow short as the nights grow long
The kettle sings its tortured songs
A many petaled kiss I place upon her brow
Oh my lady, lady I am loving you now
The winter birds have gone back again
Here the sprightly chickadee, gone now is the willow wren
In passing greet each other as if old, old friends
And to the voiceless trees it is their own they will lend
The days grow short as the nights grow long
The kettle sings its tortured songs
A many petaled kiss I place upon her brow
Oh my lady, lady I am loving you now
Though all these things will change the memories will remain
As green to gold and gold to brown
The leaves will fall to feed the ground
And in their falling make no sound
Oh my lady, lady, I am loving you now
I've gathered all my money, I'm going to town
To buy my lady a long and flowing gown
'Cause come tomorrow morning we're off to the county fair
I'll find a yellow flower and I will lace it in her hair
The days grow short as the nights grow long
The kettle sings its tortured songs
A many petaled kiss I place upon her brow
Oh my lady, lady I am loving you now
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