# Winter Love

## Robyn Hitchcock

It's the darkest time of year.
Crystal branches everywhere,
As the colours drain away.
You alone, are far away.
Leaves of frost upon the trees.
Lovers falling on their knees.
Curtains parting in the night.
Let me in your sweet delight.
Where the garden used to be,
Now a different world I see.
For one second all I know,
Everything is made of snow.
First from white and then to blue,
Pink to purple, lost to view.
It's the darkest time of year.
Winter love is almost here.
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