

Winter and My Soul

Grand Funk Railroad

I see a pear falling down from the tree.
Winter is coming and it's plain to see.
I spend the cold nights in my lonely room.
Is it the winter to which I am doomed?

Cold is the snow that will cover the ground.
I feel the presence of tears falling down.
Is it for pity or pain that I cry?
Color is gone and the grass it must die.

Winter brings sadness that empties my soul.
Life is too short for a dog growing old.
He used to follow and play at my heels.
Love from his heart I no longer can feel.