

Stormbringer

John Martyn

Time's gone by
Calendar leaves and snows fly
I might write a poem
If I could think of the words to try
What is there to remember
The winter was December
Just one more year left behind.

She never looked around to see me
She never looked around at all
All I saw was shadows on the wall
She never looked around to see me
She never looked around at all
All I heard was snow that had to fall.

She left in the morning
Quietly that was her way
And on returning
To find I had nothing to say
What is there to remember
The winter was December
Just one more year left behind.

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She never looked around at all
All I saw was shadows on the wall
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