Wintertime

Bill Withers

In the wintertime the grass is brown and the sky is gray, the s ky is gray Ah, hah, but that don't mean little brother that you have to fe el the same way Look the sky is cryin' see the tear rollin' down on the ground, down on the ground Ah, hah but that don't mean little brother that your life can't turn around Cover up your body but the cold steady rubbin' on your skin, ru bbin' on your skin Ah, hah, you stay alive little brother from the warm fire withi n This little brother is what the seasons are tryin' to say The snow will surely be melted when the sun punches in for the day See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin' round your skin Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm fire within This little brother is what the seasons are tryin' to say The snow will surely be melted when the sun punches in for the day

See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin' round your skin Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm fire within