

## 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.