

## The Winter Cows

Guided by Voices

So sing, so sing the winter cows  
They lowly croak and no-one wonders where they are  
Now they know  
Just what will come remains a mystery to me  
Now they know  
Just what will come remains a mystery to me  
To me  
Remains a mystery  
And when they come into our view they disappear like a lonely s  
tar  
The winter cows are leaving now  
The summer sun is burning their eyes  
Their infant eyes  
Burning their eyes  
Their infant eyes  
Burning their eyes