

Snow

Harry Nilsson

Snow fills the fields we used to know
And the little park where we would go
Sleeps far below in the snow.

Gone, it's all over and you're gone
But the memory lives on
Although on dreams lie buried in the snow.

Sometimes the wind blows through the trees
And I think I hear you calling me
But all I see is...

Snow everywhere I go
As the cold winter sun sinks low
I walk alone through the snow.