

# 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.