

Winter Nights

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They say the snow is coming,
I felt it in the air this morning.
It was that kind of cold that makes you think of
Somewhere you waited,
Far too long,
For someone who didn't always turn up.

But it was worth it always,
Worth it always.
'Cause it made you feel warm inside.

I see hard times coming.
It's like the very beginning of a Sunday morning,
There's a taste left of yesterday,
A reminder how the good things never stay.
And of how you can't retain that happy high,
Which you consider as your life,
But that's really just a way to forget it feels like to be alive.

I hear soon the nights are bright.
Bright not as bright as white can be,
Not as bright as winter nights once seemed.
And the cold will be cold this year,
Colder than it used to feel.
'Cause if you're cold yourself
It doesn't help no matter who your wait is for.
And on Sunday mornings you will still be thinking
Of how the things didn't stay.