

## Winter Song

Lindisfarne

When winter's shadowy fingers  
First pursue you down the street  
And your boots no longer lie  
About the cold around your feet  
Do you spare a thought for summer whose passage is complete?  
Whose memories lie in ruins  
And whose ruins lie in heat?  
When winter...  
Comes howling in

When the wind is singing strangely  
Blowing music through your head  
And your rain splattered windows  
Make you decide to stay in bed  
Do you spare a thought for the homeless tramp who wishes he was  
dead?  
Or do you pull the bed-clothes higher  
Dream of summertime instead?  
When winter...  
Comes howling in

The creeping cold has fingers  
That caress without permission  
And mystic crystal snowdrops  
Only aggravate the condition  
Do you spare one thought for the gypsy with no secure position?  
Who's turned and spurned by village and town  
At the magistrate's decision?  
When winter...  
Comes howling in

When the turkey's in the oven  
And the Christmas presents are bought  
And Santa's in his module  
He's an American astronaut  
Do you spare one thought for Jesus, who had nothing but his thoughts?  
Who got busted just for talking  
And befriending the wrong sorts?  
When winter...  
Comes howling in

When winter...  
Comes...  
Howling...  
In