

## The Urge for Going

Mary Black

Well, I woke up today and found frost perched on the town  
It hovered in a frozen sky and gobbled summer down  
And when the sun turned straight and cold  
And shivering trees are standing in a naked row  
I get the urge for going, but I never seem to go

I had someone in the summertime with summer-colored skin  
And not another one in town my darling's heart could win  
And when the leaves fell tumbling down  
And bully winds did rub their faces in the snow  
He got the urge for going, and I had to let him go

Well, he got the urge for going  
When the meadow grasses are turning brown  
Summertime is a-falling down  
Winter's closing in

And the warriors of winter gave a cold, triumphant shout  
All that stays is dying, and all that lives is getting out  
You see the geese in chevron flight  
A-flapping and a-racing on before the snow  
They've got the urge for going and they've got the wings to go

They've got the urge for going  
When the meadow grasses are turning brown  
Summertime is a-falling down  
Winter's closing in

I'll pile the fire with kindling and pull the blankets to my chin  
I'll lock the vagrant winter out and bolt my wandering in  
I'd like to call back summertime  
And let her stay for just another month or so  
But she's got the urge for going, and I'll have to let her go

She's got the urge for going  
When the meadow grasses are turning brown  
Summertime is a-falling down  
Winter's closing in

Well, she's got the urge for going  
When the meadow grasses are turning brown  
All her empires are falling down  
Winter is closing in