

## Winter Birds

Ray LaMontagne

It's the widow now that owns that angry plow  
The spartan mule and the crippled cow  
The fallow field that will yield no more  
As the fox lay sleeping beneath her kitchen floor

The stream can't contain such the withering rain  
And from the pasture the fence it is leaning away  
The clouds crack and growl like some great cat on the prowl  
Crying out I am, I am over and over again

The days grow short as the nights grow long  
The kettle sings its tortured songs  
A many petaled kiss I place upon her brow  
Oh my lady, lady I am loving you now

The winter birds have gone back again  
Here the sprightly chickadee, gone now is the willow wren  
In passing greet each other as if old, old friends  
And to the voiceless trees it is their own they will lend

The days grow short as the nights grow long  
The kettle sings its tortured songs  
A many petaled kiss I place upon her brow  
Oh my lady, lady I am loving you now

Though all these things will change the memories will remain  
As green to gold and gold to brown  
The leaves will fall to feed the ground  
And in their falling make no sound  
Oh my lady, lady, I am loving you now

I've gathered all my money, I'm going to town  
To buy my lady a long and flowing gown  
'Cause come tomorrow morning we're off to the county fair  
I'll find a yellow flower and I will lace it in her hair

The days grow short as the nights grow long  
The kettle sings its tortured songs  
A many petaled kiss I place upon her brow  
Oh my lady, lady I am loving you now  
Oh my lady, lady I am loving you now