

## Girl's Song in Winter

Vashti Bunyan

There was a man when I was young  
He lived a year with me  
But the year was up and that song was sung  
And his wish was to be free  
His wish was to be free  
I was in love when I was young  
And I've never been free again  
That's a promised fruit when you've first begun  
That ripens into pain

I had a child when I was young  
The last gift that man gave  
I wish that he could hold his son  
And the snow in the air lie on my grave  
The snow lie on my grave