

The Long And Lonely Winter : by Barbara Dickson

Summer comes October The green becomes the brown
The leaves will all be red and gold Before they touch the ground
Before they touch the ground, my dear Before they touch the ground
The long and lonely winter will be here

The early autumn evening Was once the afternoon
But now the chill and frosty night It always comes too soon
It always comes too soon, my dear It always comes too soon
The long and lonely winter will be here

The whitethroat and the swallow Are nowhere to be found
And the redwing is upon the land Before you turn around
Before you turn around, my dear Before you turn around
The long and lonely winter will be here

The traveller has left the road So very long and still
And the sun will wait till the winter through Before he leaves the hill
Before he leaves the hill, my dear Before he leaves the hill
The long and lonely winter will be here

Summer comes October A season here and gone
And very little time to lose Before the day is done
Before the day is done, my dear Before the day is done
The long and lonely winter will be here