

The Winter Cows

Guided by Voices

So sing, so sing the winter cows
They lowly croak and no-one wonders where they are
Now they know
Just what will come remains a mystery to me
Now they know
Just what will come remains a mystery to me
To me
Remains a mystery
And when they come into our view they disappear like a lonely s
tar
The winter cows are leaving now
The summer sun is burning their eyes
Their infant eyes
Burning their eyes
Their infant eyes
Burning their eyes