

From The Cold

Amy Grant

Cold, my breathing like a fog
Summer's over
No more birds to sing their song
Steps, my dirty tracks left in the snow
Bruised and battered
I've gone as far as I can go
I can see you and your candle a light beyond the trees
Hear a voice from in the distance calling out to me

Come on in from the cold
Come on in from the outside
Come on in from the cold
Come on in from the outside

Wind, don't see her but she's there
Dead leaves are moving
Her calling cards across the air
I can see you in the window, a shadow through the trees
Hear your voice now from a distance calling out to me

Come on in from the cold
Come on in from the outside
Come on in from the cold
Almost losing the daylight

I've been lost and I've been broken
I've been buried in the snow
I hear your voice and I keep walking
I keep walking don't know why I walk to you
Got nowhere left to go

Come on in from the cold
Come on in from the outside
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