

Cold Winter

An Pierlé

She searches her doubts
And she turns over stones
She wonders where could it have gone
She ploughs her subconscious
She shouts at the mountains
Until she provokes avalanches

Through that cold, cold winter
That cold, cold winter long

She races through tunnels
To catch the white flashes
She hopes they will take her to him
She counts down the seconds
She's nervously waiting
Till sleep will allow her to dream

Through that cold, cold winter
That cold, cold winter long

He waits across the river
She jumps in the water
Gets caught by the current
But she hears him calling her name
Every night the same scene
As he comes to visit
And she comes to watch him
How she longs to touch him
She jumps in the water
Gets caught by the current
And she drifts away from him again

Baby, how I want to be with you
Baby, how I ache to be with you
Throughout that cold, cold winter long

Baby, how I want to be with you
Baby, how I want to be with you

Softly the river flows to wash her persona

Through that cold, cold winter long