

Three Days Before Autumn

Andrew Peterson

He's singing at the foot of the throne
Three days before autumn, a cold winter came
Blew in on a telephone cord, when my friend went away
And I swear I heard thunder at the sound of his name
And he never even knew me at all
But I loved him the same

And it's easy enough to say "He's better off
Chalk it up to the luck of the draw
Life is tough, it was his time to go
That's all," well, I don't know about that

'Cause I'm broken and breathless and bent to the ground
And I'm listening Lord, but I don't hear a sound
And though the angels in Heaven are dancing around
To the music that I want to hear

And I'm watching and wishing and wondering why
This silence is louder the harder I try
And though I can't believe it, I can't deny
That the winter came early this year
Yeah, the winter came early this year

And I stood in the kitchen, and I stared at the wall
And I prayed for some wisdom, so I could make a little sense of it all
And I thought about the seasons, and how quickly they pass
Now there's little to do but hope that the good ones will last

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And this night is beautiful. I see the sky about to rain
And I think I hear the wild wind howling
Come to blow me away

And I take comfort in knowing that this ain't my home
And though I am lonely, I ain't alone
And I know that he's singing at the foot of the throne
That don't seem to matter down here
'Cause the winter came early this year
Three days before autumn