Vagrant Winter

Bob Seger

Relentlessly the wind blows, without conscience without sound
And the howling echoes louder, from the lonely hungry hounds

Vagrant Winter's in the alley and he's waiting
And you my love come softly now and ease my troubled mind
As we huddle by the fireside
Slowly running out of time

Born December's children, learned to live without a sky
That's beneath the tallest buildings, even our childhood was a lie

Vagrant winter's at the door now and he's moaning
Come closer love and hold me, we may be the next in line
As we huddle by the fireside, slowly running out of time

Vagrant winter's in the moon now and he's stealing
As long as you stay with me love, as long as you are mine
I can make it through the worst, in the vagrant winter time

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