Linda lost her lover in the early part of autumn

And she moved out to the country hoping all would be forgotten

The last time that I saw her she was makin' sure the winter

Wouldn't come through that old door frame

Where the door is several inches from the ground, the cold hard

ground

And it's hard to go down easy
And it's hard to keep from cryin'
And it's hard to lose a lover in the early part of autumn

Well, she learned to cook the meals and she learned to start the fire

And she learned to make jewelry out of stones and precious meta ls

She sits down to the table with her friends and several others And she tries real hard to never be alone

And it's hard to go down easy
And it's hard to keep from cryin'
And it's hard to lose a lover in the early part of autumn

Now the winter wind blows cold upon a fair and gentle soul And she feels as if her time is a-passin' easy Her friends are sometimes lovers, though they'll always be another

She thinks about when the night time lays on down