

Winter In

Gene Clark

Blackbird was in the field and the sun was getting dim
The breeze running through the trees like an organ in a hymn
Thoughts were suspended like a leaf out on a limb
Fire was burning low and the winter coming in
Now some music was playing in the background of the night
Some friends from around came in and they all said things were
high
And we spoke of a stranger that we all met on the way
Who said there was danger in those who watch out for their green
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Now the summer is past the grain and the river getting high
It's amazing a month can bring so many things that can get by
The old ways were drowning to the new ones with a sigh
It seems so incredible that sometimes I could cry.