

## Winter Lady

Leonard Cohen

Trav'ling lady, stay awhile  
until the night is over.  
I'm just a station on your way,  
I know I'm not your lover.

Well I lived with a child of snow  
when I was a soldier,  
and I fought every man for her  
until the nights grew colder.

She used to wear her hair like you  
except when she was sleeping,  
and then she'd weave it on a loom  
of smoke and gold and breathing.

And why are you so quiet now  
standing there in the doorway?  
You chose your journey long before  
you came upon this highway.

Trav'ling lady stay awhile  
until the night is over.  
I'm just a station on your way,  
I know I'm not your lover.