

Winter Song

Loudon Wainwright III

One day this weary winter will be gone,
Don't be fooled it won't be gone for good.
It will be back to freeze next year's moustache
Blowin' snow as every winter should.

Right now we all look forward to the spring.
Season of the short sleeve and soft ground
We all recall how she was last year
Each and every groundhog hung around

If spring is made then summer is a whore
Mosquito's bite, diving boards they throb
She's hot she's heavy hairy men made sweat
Gobble yellow corn upon the cob

The corn it turns to candy in the fall
The bamboo rake is brought from the garage
School buses dot the land
Each and every bird's nest loses camouflage

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