

The Urge for Going

Mary Black

Well, I woke up today and found frost perched on the town
It hovered in a frozen sky and gobbled summer down
And when the sun turned straight and cold
And shivering trees are standing in a naked row
I get the urge for going, but I never seem to go

I had someone in the summertime with summer-colored skin
And not another one in town my darling's heart could win
And when the leaves fell tumbling down
And bully winds did rub their faces in the snow
He got the urge for going, and I had to let him go

Well, he got the urge for going
When the meadow grasses are turning brown
Summertime is a-falling down
Winter's closing in

And the warriors of winter gave a cold, triumphant shout
All that stays is dying, and all that lives is getting out
You see the geese in chevron flight
A-flapping and a-racing on before the snow
They've got the urge for going and they've got the wings to go

They've got the urge for going
When the meadow grasses are turning brown
Summertime is a-falling down
Winter's closing in

I'll pile the fire with kindling and pull the blankets to my chin
I'll lock the vagrant winter out and bolt my wandering in
I'd like to call back summertime
And let her stay for just another month or so
But she's got the urge for going, and I'll have to let her go

She's got the urge for going
When the meadow grasses are turning brown
Summertime is a-falling down
Winter's closing in

Well, she's got the urge for going
When the meadow grasses are turning brown
All her empires are falling down
Winter is closing in