

## Timber And Coal

Passenger

Well now the sky, it grows dark  
The night, it grows cold  
The winds, they blow sharp  
The year, it grows old

And all ends have their starts  
Every half has its whole  
There is fire in our hearts  
We'll have timber and coal  
Timber and coal

Well now the birds all fly south  
The animals will hide  
And we'll walk beneath the trees  
That have thrown off their leaves  
And stand naked by the riverside

And I swear I'll keep you warm  
If you keep the heart that you stole  
And we'll weather the storm  
We'll have timber and coal  
Timber and coal  
Timber and coal  
Timber and coal