

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