

Winter Love

Robyn Hitchcock

It's the darkest time of year
Crystal branches everywhere
As the colours drain away
You alone are far away

Leaves of frost upon the trees
Lovers falling on their knees
Curtains parting in the night
Let me in your sweet delight

Where the garden used to be
Now a different world I see
For one second all I know
Everything is made of snow

First from white and then to blue
Pink to purple lost to view
It's the darkest time of year
Winter love is almost here