

# Snow

Saint Etienne

Snow

Fills the fields we used to know  
And the little park where we would go  
Sleeps far below in the snow

Gone

It's all over and you're gone  
But the memory lives on although  
Our dreams lie buried in the snow

Sometimes the wind blows through the trees  
And I think I hear you calling me  
But all I see  
Is snow  
Everywhere I go  
As the cold winter sun sinks low  
I walk alone through the snow

All I see is snow