

Cold Winter Shadows

The Irish Rovers

When a cold winter shadow I cast on the ground
And frost from the foothills is creeping all around
I now and then glance down the road towards the town
In a kind of a hope you'll be coming on down

It must have been November when I left you to the train
I watched your carriage disappear in the lonely western rain
And I wiped the rain from off my face and turned the way I'd come
And drove our old spring wagon thru the hills near Edmonton

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Winters here are very long, the roads are thick with snow
A year is gone since first you left, no courage left to go
I know I should leave, but you won't know where I've gone
Be kind of nice to have you here with Christmas coming on

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