

Chilly Winds

The Osmonds

Chilly winds may blow
Chilly winds
They come and they go
Chilly winds may blow, oh, oh, oh
And I don't know

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Looking all around, feeling lost and found
Only talkin' to the wind
Moving up and down
Going 'round and 'round
No lonely traces of a friend
The wind in the trees
Is more than a breeze winding through a memory

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And I don't know

Endless evolution
Turned off revolution
Everybody reads between the lines

Kicks put on the shelf
So high on life itself
Hopelessly we're playing with the mind