

Girl's Song in Winter

Vashti Bunyan

There was a man when I was young
He lived a year with me
But the year was up and that song was sung
And his wish was to be free
His wish was to be free
I was in love when I was young
And I've never been free again
That's a promised fruit when you've first begun
That ripens into pain

I had a child when I was young
The last gift that man gave
I wish that he could hold his son
And the snow in the air lie on my grave
The snow lie on my grave