Wintertime

Bill Withers

In the wintertime the grass is brown and the sky is gray, the sky is gray

Ah, hah, but that don't mean little brother that you have to fe el the same way

Look the sky is cryin' see the tear rollin' down on the ground, down on the ground

Ah, hah but that don't mean little brother that your life can't turn around

Cover up your body but the cold steady rubbin' on your skin, ru bbin' on your skin

Ah, hah, you stay alive little brother from the warm fire within

This little brother is what the seasons are tryin' to say
The snow will surely be melted when the sun punches in for the
day

See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin' round your skin

Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm fire within

This little brother is what the seasons are tryin' to say
The snow will surely be melted when the sun punches in for the
day

See the cold steady rubbin', rubbin' on your skin rubbin' round your skin

Ah hah you're stayin' alive, little brother from the warm fire within