

THE BOY IS GONE

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The northwest wind from Canada
Makes October feel colder
The long nights and the shorter days
Make a man feel older before his time

The moon is hanging white and full
And dreams that don't die with the corn
Keep a man alive, keep a man awake
But keep him tired and keep him worn
And past his prime

He feels his winter coming on
He feels his winter coming on
The snow is already in his hair
The boy is gone, the boy is gone

The frost has fallen on the fields
And life has given up 'til spring
When will he see the sun again?
Such a rare and precious thing
But there's no time

He feels his winter coming on
He feels his winter coming on
He can see his breath floating in the air
The boy is gone, the boy is gone