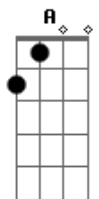


# Don McLean - Winterwood

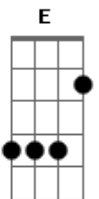
tom:  
 No-one can take your place with me  
 And time has proven that I'm right  
 There's noplacel I'd rather be  
 Than at your place for the night  
 No time can pass your sight unseen  
 No moment steals away unfound  
 Lifetime lived in such a dream  
 Floats like a feather to the ground  
 And for the first time I've been seeing  
 The things I'd never notice, without you  
 And for the first time I'm discovering  
 The things I use to treasure, about you

The birds like leaves on Winterwood  
 Sing hopeful songs on dismal days  
 They've learned to live life as they should  
 They are at peace with nature's ways  
 You are as natural as the night  
 And all that springs from you is good  
 And the children born beneath your light  
 Are like the birds on Winterwood  
 And for the first time I've been seeing  
 The things I'd never notice, without you  
 And for the first time I'm discovering  
 The things I use to treasure, about you

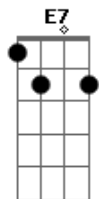
## Acordes



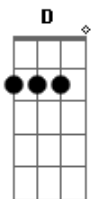
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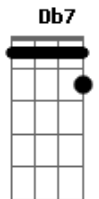
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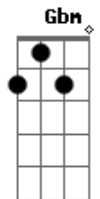
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