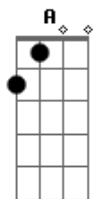


Don McLean - Winterwood

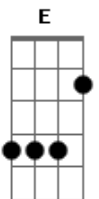
tom:
 No-one can take your place with me
 And time has proven that I'm right
 There's noplac I'd rather be
 Than at your place for the night
 No time can pass your sight unseen
 No moment steals away unfound
 Lifetime lived in such a dream
 Floats like a feather to the ground
 And for the first time 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 natures 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

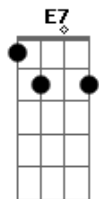
Acordes



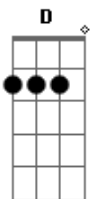
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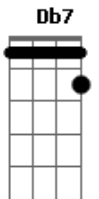
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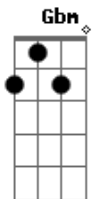
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