

THE HOUSES OF WINTER

Drop D tuning: dadgbe

The houses of winter stand in a row
With chimneys that billow and windows that glow
They play out their scenes for the snow drifts and icy streets at night
Inside they are clearing their dishes away
Watching the news and recounting the day
And reading their children stories before their bedtime

And when the rites of the evening are done
The lights in the windows go dark one by one
Until the inhabitants all fall asleep
And the houses of winter become houses of dreams

CHORUS:
And they tend their fires with care
And whisper a prayer
For their dreamers' safe-keeping
As the cold blows wind at the doors
And hangs icicle swords
Where his captives are sleeping

The houses of winter stand in the cold
Fending off blizzards and murderous lows
Biding their time till they breathe in the April breeze again
Harboring lives with their walls and their roofs
Watching like mothers watch over their broods
Wakeful as monks meditating before the day begins

And in the darkness, before the day starts
They ponder the purpose in their furnace hearts
And hope that the people for whom their hearts burn
With love, the long winter, will love with their own hearts in turn

CHORUS:
And Orion holds court in the sky
And night owls fly above frozen rivers
And dreams, like chimney smoke rise
From behind the closed eyes
In the houses of winter