

THE SPY IN THE WINTER

There's a spy in the winter who feels right at home out here in the cold
And there's a spy in the winter who wonders if he'll ever be brought back into the fold
And there's a spy in the winter who knows pretty soon, he's going to have to quit the game
And there's a spy in the winter, will anybody know him enough to remember his name

People tell him what he craves
People want to know if he'll ever be saved
And people ask about what it is that he's made and he replies,
"That it's a splinter" because he's the spy in the winter

There's a spy in the winter and thinks to himself, "have I got what it takes"
And there's a spy in the winter who worries "How much before I break"
And there's a spy in the winter who never quite got along
And there's a spy in the winter who is wondering where everybody else went wrong

People tell him what's his score
People demand to know what it is he's got in store
And people complain about what he did it for and replies
"Because it's simpler" to be a spy in the winter

Instrumental

There's a spy in the winter, bullet in his back from standing up straight
And there's a spy in the winter who wonders now has it become too late
And there's a spy in the winter who worries now, "Have I become too old"
And there's a spy in the winter who thinks it's time he come in from the cold