

Blumenfeld Hugh "Sweet October"

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Sweet October, everything comes down
And the ghosts outside are rattling the storms
And the drunkards think they're sober
And the lovers think they're drowning
And the songs of spring are bitter wings to them
A touch of snow, a sudden end to evenings

Dark falls on the daylight like a crow
Sweet October and the mountain roads are empty now
And I'm coming home
Sweet October, everything comes down
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Music

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