

Faron Young

"seasons of the heart"

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The seasons come, the seasons go
We get a little sunshine, rain and snow
Just the way that it was planned to be
But there's no seasons in my heart
While you play the leading part
cause the flowers will bloom eternally.

Your leaving, will bring autumn sorrow
And my tears like withered leaves will fall
But spring, it could bring some glad tomorrow
And darlin' we could be happy after all.

As it all is in natures' plan
No season gets the upper hand. Oh
How I tried to keep this fact in mind
The trees are bare, the cold wind blows
And by experience I know
That winter comes, but the spring is close behind.

Your leaving, will bring autumn sorrow
And my tears like withered leaves will fall
But spring, it could bring some glad tomorrow
And darlin' we could be happy.. after all...

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