

## Grace Slick "Seasons"

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When the winter comes  
The sun is low upon the fields  
The sky is cold  
And it throws down icy snow

The lakes are glass  
The river's all a frozen mass  
The trees are bare  
And the north wind blows the air

But the children dance and sing  
As if the time were spring  
When the seasons change everything  
They find a joy in what it brings

Then the sun comes high  
And the spring rains come and go  
The summer air is so hot  
It melts the russian snow

The fields are brown  
And there's no rain to make them grow  
And the old ones sigh  
The heat has made them tired and slow

But the children dance and sing  
As if the time were spring  
When the seasons change everything  
They find a joy it what it brings  
But the children dance and sing  
As if the time were spring  
When the seasons change everything  
They find a joy it what it brings

September leaves are falling  
Through the autumn haze  
And the school bells tell everyone  
There'll be no more summer days

Warm nights are gone  
And all the leaves are turning brown  
And the windows close again

When the winter comes around

But the children dance and sing  
As if the time were spring  
When the seasons change everything  
They find a joy in what it brings

So I will laugh and dance  
And watch the children sing  
And I will have a chance  
Of finding joy in everything

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