

Grateful Dead

"Weather Report Suite I"

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Weather Report Suite (Part I)

Winter rain, now tell me why,
Summers fade, and roses die.
The answer came; the wind and rain.

Golden hills, now veiled in grey,
Summer leaves have blown away.
Now what remains? The wind and rain.

And like a desert spring, my lover comes and spreads
her wings,
Knowing,
Like a song that's born to soar the sky,
Flowing,
Flowing 'til the waters all are dry,
Growing,
The loving in her eyes.

Circle songs and sands of time,
and seasons will end in tumbled rhyme,
and little change, the wind and rain.

And like a desert spring, my lover comes and spreads
her wings,
Knowing,
Like a song that's born to soar the sky,
Flowing,
Flowing 'til the rivers all are dry,
Growing,
The loving in her eyes.

Winter grey and falling rain,
We'll see summer come again,
Darkness falls and seasons change (gonna happen
every time).
Same old friends the wind and rain (we'll see summer
bye and bye).

Winter grey and falling rain,

Summers fade and roses die,
You'll see summer come again,
Like a song that's born to soar the sky

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