

Howard Scott Pearlman

"Gone With The Wind"

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Gone With The Wind
When I was young I lived a dream
The World was Beautiful
Peaceful and Serene

The Skies were blue The Sun a rosey red
The World was at play then
And so were the men

And Now Things changed
And much for the worse
What once was a story book
Has become the world's curse

The skies are gray
The sun's a dingy red
The grounds are barren now
And Gone Is The Wind

But through the years
Still yet hope survives
For what tomorrow brings
With the return of the wind!
Howard Scott Pearlman

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