

Jerry Lee Lewis

"Seasons Of My Heart"

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Seasons come, 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
But I guess what is to be, my dear will be

Your leaving will bring autumn sorrow
And my tears like withered leaves shall fall
Though may bring some glad tomorrow
Darling, we might have been happy after all

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