

Jim Ed Brown

"Four Seasons Of Life"

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Deep in the night a baby cries
Little does he understand that before he knows it he'll
be a man
In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love
In treetops high he sees the mating of the dove
The he finds her somehow somewhere and with one
kiss a love they share
This is the first season of life
In the summer he gives her a wedding band
As hot wind blows they walk together hand in hand
And then they have a family first comes one then two
then three
This is the second season of life
Then comes autumn the green leaves turn to gold
Their two daughters have children their son takes a
wife
Their grandchildren now number one and three

This is the third season of life
In the winter an old man's hair has turned to snow
His love is gone with the cold north wind that blows
For she is gone and he's alone soon he must go where
she has gone
This is the last season of life

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