

The Stremes "April"

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Here she comes, April sun's
silver light on my windowpane
She makes me high just to see her shine
Morning blooms sweet perfume
cuts the gloom and sends the grey away
Chasing the light buried in my mind

The season for love has come around again
The fields of flowers are awakening

A country lane, the salty rain
come's skipping down your shoulder blades
I want you more each and every day
A thunder storm, violet forms
amber shades brush across your face
You're leading me on taking me away

And I must be dreaming
All the world again is breathing

Purple haze, April days
catch the breeze blowing through your hair
I'm speeding along on the dreamers dream
Waterfalls, words that call
crimson kisses pressed upon your lips
One to end, one to begin

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