

Unni Wilhelmsen "Anything About June"

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You can call her June
Though she wasn't born that month
And the things I would have song for her,
Would have been about all I wanted

Nobody knows
Why she was left alone
Nobody knows, anything at all
Anything about June...

Oh June, who would sleep through all of November
And some things growing in my windowsill,
Were there to make me remember...

Nobody knows, what she could have been
Nobody knows... anything
Anything about June

Oh June
Who I know disappeard in may
And the things you'll hear in a lifetime
Is nothing... nothing she would say

Nobody knows
'Bout her wind, and where it blows
Nobody knows... anything at all
Anything about June
Anything about June
June...

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