

Nina Simone

"Another Spring"

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Angelo badalamenti, john clifford

Old people talk to themselves
When they sit all 'round all day
This old woman I knew
I used to go over there and sit with her
And she'd be sitting around
In a rocking chair talking to herself

And she used to say she used to say
Sometimes the cold gets in my bones so bad
Till I just don't think I can go
Yeah and for a little while well I don't care
If my days are coming to an end
And just as soon be gone sometimes

Sometimes the night comes down on me
And I know what's ahead
An evening in this cold old house
With no one to say goodnight to me when I go to bed
An evening in this cold old house
With no one to say goodnight to me when I go to bed

Sometimes
I wonder why I stay
What am I waiting for
My children are grown and gone away
They got children of their own now
Don't need me anymore
In winter when the streets are bare
There ain't nothing much to see
I just can't help missing and thinking
About that kindly man
That one old winter time came
And took away from me

And then one morning
Another spring is there outside my door
Things are blooming
Birds are singing
And suddenly yes well I ain't sad
Ain't sad no more ain't sad no more

When it's warm and the sun is out
It's like my heart's restored
I've had my love I've had my children
And I have so many memories
So don't mind me complaining
What the years may bring

Cos this old world has been fine with me really
And I'm thankful for seeing another spring
It's gonna be better this time another spring
It's gonna be groovier this time another spring
It's what's happening this time
So I'm thankful for letting me see another spring

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