

Brothers Four, The

"The green leaves of summer"

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Ooooooooooooooh, oohh ooh.....

A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing
The green leaves of summer are calling me home
It was good to be young then in the season of plenty
When the catfish were jumping as high as the sky.

A time just for planting, a time just for plowing
A time to be courting a girl of your own
T'was so good to be young then, to be close to the
earth
And to stand by your wife, at the moment of birth.

A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing
A time just for living, a place for to die.
T'was so good to be young then, to be close to the
earth
Now the green leaves of Summer are calling me home

T'was so good to be young then, to be close to the
earth,
Now the green leaves of Summer are calling be home.

Ooooooooooooooooooh, oohh ooh....

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