

Status Quo

"Spring, Summer And Wednesdays"

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I can't leave but I won't stay here
If I stay I still won't be here

I am the grass upon which she lays
April spring summer and Wednesdays
I am the hand which feeds her always
I am the bed upon which she plays

Nah, na na nah, na na nah, ah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah, ah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah

I can't leave but I won't stay here
If I stay I still won't be here

I am the feathers in her pillow
Anywhere I hide, she knows, I know
I am the sunshine through her window
Anywhere I go, she goes, we go

Nah, na na nah, na na nah, ah
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