# April

## Nick Mulvey

I go to see April
On the bank of the Regent's Canal
She always lives at the seas
Once in my mind, in my dream
And she sees every day more like cubes
Says we don't see the signs that we use
Just look, see the signs that we use
And you'll see every day more like a cube.And I go deaf and I go dumb
If I don't see the winter sun
I'm so glad the blue bells are here
I'm so glad that April is gone
'Cause she always lives at the sea
Once in my mind, in my dreams
'Cause she always lives at the sea,
Once in my mind, in my dreams.
Heaven mourns, she makes a beggar of me
And heaven mourns, she makes a beggar of me
A beggar of me, a beggar of me.
A beggar of me, a beggar of me
A beggar of me, a beggar of me
A beggar of me, a beggar of me.

Songwriters
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