

# August October

[Robin Gibb](#)

Autumn and Friday, the winds blew  
July, September, I knew you  
And now as I sit on the sand-hill  
I sing our song to the sea August, October  
Mid-April, November, May  
Beckoning hands made you fly  
I cry, "It's curtains today" In August, October, the grass grew  
The sky was blue and I want you  
Now as I look out my window  
I see the world carry on August, October  
Mid-April, November, May  
Beckoning hands made you fly  
I cry, "It's curtains today"

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