Funny Time Of Year

Beth Gibbons

These silent words of conversation
Hold me now this adulation
See me now
Oh it's easy now

Falling like a silent paper
Holding on to what may be

And I only hear
Only hear the rain

And many rains turn to rivers
Winter's here
And there ain't nothing gonna change
The winds are blowing telling me all I hear
Oh it's a funny time of year
There'll be no blossom on the trees

Turning now I see no reason
The voice of love so out of season
I need you now
But you can't see me now
I'm travelling with no destination
Still hanging on to what may be

It's a funny time of year
I can see
There'll be no blossom on the trees
And time spent crying has taken me in this year
Oh it's a funny time of year
There'll be no blossom on the trees

Falling like a silent paper
Holding on to what may be
It's a funny time of year

I can see
There'll be no blossom on the trees
And time spent crying has taken me in this year

It's a funny time of year
I can see no blossom no blossom on the trees

Falling like a silent paper
Holding on to what may be
It's a funny time of year

I can see
There'll be no blossom on the trees
And time spent crying has taken me in this year

It's a funny time of year
I can see no blossom no blossom on the trees

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written by WEBB, PAUL DAVID / GIBBONS, BETH
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