Most of All

Max Bunyan

I love the sound of the rain
Fallin' down on the roof
In the month of May, I love to feel the sun
After the rain on my face
But most of all
Yeah, most of all
I love, you, you
I love the trees of gold
Against the blue October sky
I love to feel the sea runnin' over my feet
As the waves pass by
But most of all
Yeah, most of all
I love, you, you

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