End of the Seasons

Richie Havens

Verse I
In younger times when it was spring,
I climbed the hill and stood in the Eastern wind.
On the other side the fence was down,
And the meadow green, but empty.
But I could see forever.Verse II
The sky was gold the ground was hot,
In city nights I tossed and turned, in the Southern wind.
On the other side the bridge stood watch,
Guarding the harbor.
Still looking for,
The future.Verse III
In autumn days when it was clear,
I watched the coastline from the mountains in the Western wind.
Down below the sea would call me,
And I would find the beaches dark and lonely.
But I could see,
The starlight.
Darkness sure comes early, but it moves like a shadow on the hillside,
Etched in snow I leave the doorway,
Satisfied to hear the Northern wind cry.
And it cries winter, winter.

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