

# August October (Stereo)

[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 seaAugust October Mid-April, November, may  
Becoming hands make you fly  
I cry it's a curtains todayIn 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 onAugust October mid-April, November, may  
Becoming hands make you fly  
I cry it's curtains today

Songwriters

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