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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