Seasons

Grace Slick

When the winter comes the sun is low upon the fields
The sky is cold and it throws down icy snow
The lakes are glass the rivers all a frozen mass
The trees are bare and the northwind blows the airBut the children dance and sing as if the time were spring
When the seasons change everything they find a joy in what it bringsThen the sun comes high and the spring rains come and go
The summer air so hot it melts the Russian snow
The fields are brown there's no rain to make them grow
And the old ones sigh, the heat has made them tired and slowBut the children dance and sing as if the time were spring
When the seasons change everything they find a joy in what it brings
The children dance and sing as if the time were spring
When the seasons change everything they find a joy in what it bringsSeptember leaves are falling through the autumn haze
And the school bells tell everyone there'll be no more summer days
Warm nights are gone, all the leaves are turning brown
Then the windows close again when the winter comes aroundBut the children dance and sing as if the time were spring
When the seasons change everything they find a joy in what it brings
So I will laugh and dance and watch the children sing
Then I will have the chance of finding joy in everything

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