

# 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 air  
But the children dance and sing as if the time were spring  
When the seasons change everything they find a joy in what it brings  
Then 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 slow  
But 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 brings  
September 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 around  
But 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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