

Funny Time of Year

Beth Gibbons & Rustin Man

These silent words of conversation
Hold me now this adulation
Oh, see me now
Oh, it's easy now Falling like a silent paper
Holding on to what may be And I only hear
Only hear the rain And many rains turn to rivers
Winter's here and there ain't nothing gonna change
The winds are blowing, telling me all I hear
Oh, it's a funny time of year
There'll be no blossom on the trees Turning now I see no reason
The voice of love so out of season
I need you now but you can't see me now
I'm traveling with no destination
Still hanging on to what may be It's a funny time of year
I can see there'll be no blossom on the trees
And time spent crying has taken me in this year
Oh, it's a funny time of year
There'll be no blossom on the trees Falling like a silent paper
Holding on to what may be
It's a funny time of year I can see there'll be no blossom on the trees
And time spent crying has taken me in this year It's a funny time of year
I can see no blossom, no blossom on the trees Falling like a silent paper
Holding on to what may be
It's a funny time of year I can see
There'll be no blossom on the trees
And time spent crying has taken me in this year It's a funny time of year
I can see no blossom, no blossom on the trees

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