April Come She Will

Paul Simon

April come she will
When streams are ripe and swelled with rain
May, she will stay
Resting in my arms againJune, she'll change her tune
In restless walks she'll prowl the night
July, she will fly
And give no warning to her flightAugust, die she must
The autumn winds blow chilly and cold
September I'll remember
A love once new has now grown old

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