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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