

Left Behind

Asaf Avidan

Summer sun is setting
And the grass is turning gold
Another season's changing
And I'm just getting old.

The autumn leaves are raining
And it's a sparrow's time to fall
Another season's fading
And I'm just getting old.

If you ever find a way
To run as fast as time
You will find the wind that's blowing
You tell her I was left behind.

The winter frost is biting
Even the trees outside are cold
Another season's changing
I'm just getting old.

The seeds of springs are spreading
With love no man can hold
Another season's changing
And I'm just getting old.

If you ever find a way
To run as fast as time
You will find the wind that's blowing
You tell her I was left behind

You tell her I was left behind
You tell her I was left behind
Ah, tell her I was left behind
Please, tell her I... was left behind.