

## 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.