

When the Wind Was Green

Frank Sinatra

When the wind was green
At the start of the spring
When the wind was green
Like a living thing

It was on my lips
And it's kiss was fair
You were there

When the wind was red
Like a summer wine
When the wind was red
Like your lips on mine

It caressed my face
And it tossed my hair
You were there

Then came the fall and all of love
Came tumbling, stumbling down
Like leaves that lost to frost and found
They were flying-crying
In a brown wind dying

But the winter's come and we both should know
That the wind is white like the swirling snow
And we'll never see all the wonderful things to be seen
When the wind is green