

# The Opening Act of Spring

Frank Turner

Oh the birds are ringing in  
The opening act of spring  
And I have fallen down and I'm so much worse than I have ever been  
Oh the season's acting strange  
And I know that something has to change  
But there is no path I can choose that will not bring somebody pain

Oh, please forgive me for the things that I must do  
Oh, though I have hurt so many people it was never my intention to hurt you

Oh the clouds have gathered thick  
And in my stomach I feel sick  
And I have all this drive and no idea what I should do with it  
But they say there is a calm  
After the passing of the storm  
So I can dream of going back outside when the rain and thunder's done

But oh, please forgive me for the things that I must do  
But oh, though I have hurt so many people it was never my intention to hurt you

I know the old folks say  
They can tell which way the river's flowing  
Tell which way the wind is blowing  
Watching careful for the  
Signs among the little things  
The barking dogs, the birds on wing  
I am deaf and blind  
And I can't say if I can change  
Patterns that have caused you pain  
Well, I was raised in suburbs  
Sheltered from the sun and rain  
Far away from subtle season's change

Oh baby I will read  
About the buzzing of the bees  
About the grass and snakes and spawning lakes and the different types of trees  
And I will find a way  
That leads from cruel April into May  
And someday soon it will be June and you'll decide to stay

And oh, please forgive me for the things that I have done  
On, I will carry your umbrella in the summer

And I'll shade you from the sun