

Seasons of My Heart

George Jones

The seasons come, the seasons go
We get a little sunshine, rain and snow
Just the way that it was planned to be
But there's no seasons in my heart
While you play the leading part
'Cause the flowers will bloom eternally.

Your leaving, will bring autumn sorrow
And my tears like withered leaves, will fall
But spring, could bring some glad tomorrow
And Darlin' we could be happy after all.

As it is in nature's plan
No season gets the upper hand
Oh, how I'll try to keep this fact in mind
But see what bares the cold wet blow
And by experience we should know
That winters comes but the spring is close behind.

Your leavin' will bring autumn sorrow
And my tears like withered leaves will fall
But spring could come some glad tomorrow
And, Darlin' we could be happy after all...