Darling behave, though your boy is gone, or so we've heard Ophelia would rise if it was her song and say these words "Summer comes with its color all to take your breath away Winter turns all the summer's love to gray"

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh Ah, ah, ah, ah

Darling behave, though the barnyard won't say where he's gone Ophelia would sing if the orchard let her what went wrong "Summer comes, yeah, as loud as hope and takes your breath away Winter takes what the summer had to say"