This is the springtime of my loving - the second season I am to know

You are the sunlight in my growing - so little warmth I've felt before.

It isn't hard to feel me glowing - I watched the fire that grew so low.

It is the summer of my smiles - flee from me Keepers of the Glo om

Speak to me only with your eyes. It is to you I give this tune.

Ain't so hard to recognize - These things are clear to all from

time to time.

Talk Talk - I've felt the coldness of my winter

I never thought it would ever go. I cursed the gloom that set u pon us...

But I know that I love you so

These are the seasons of emotion and like the winds they rise a nd fall

This is the wonder of devotion — I see the torch we all must ho ld .

This is the mystery of the quotient - Upon us all a little rain must fall.