

Coming To Life

Michael Franks

April is not the cruellest month
If I may disagree
With the eloquent gloom
Of the poet of doom
All winter long the greenshoots hiding
Under ice and snow
While they wait for the sun
While they wait to become

I can feel it coming to life
Can't you feel it coming to life?
Now for real it's coming to life
Like a symphony
What we missed is coming to life
Slowly-kissed it's coming to life
All we wished for's coming to life
Like a symphony

You and love's forest hibernating
Counting all the wounds
In you heart's history
Like the rings of a tree
Me always voted the least likely
To believe in spring
I was Cool with Reverb
'Til love threw me that curve

Now I feel love coming to life
Can't you feel love coming to life?
Must be Real Love coming to life
Like a symphony
What we missed is coming to life
Slowly-kissed it's coming to life
All we wished for's coming to life
Like a symphony