

Dreaming Of April

Out Of The Grey

Where is the face I long to see
Pictures of her in my mind
They say that she will soon return

I know she'll be here any day now
Just breezing into the room
Her sweet perfume can send my senses

Dreaming of April
Praying for her to arrive in all her finery
I'm dreaming of April
Maybe she'll linger this time
Turning to smile at me
These clouds of grey march in endless procession
I'm waking every day
Dreaming of April

I never know how blue the sky
Until the dark days came
These wistful words keep whispering

How much I used to take for granted
The beauty of her eyes
Till mine grew dim with winter, now I'm

Dreaming of April
Praying for her to arrive in all her finery
I'm dreaming of April
Maybe she'll linger this time
Turning to smile at me
When these days of grey march in endless procession
I'm waiting for a change
And dreaming of April