

## (April) Spring, Summer & Wednesdays

Status Quo

I can't leave, but I won't stay here  
If I stay, I still won't be here

I am the grass upon which she lays  
April spring summer and Wednesdays  
I am the hand which feeds her always  
I am the bed upon which she plays

Nah, na na nah, na na nah ah  
Nah, na na nah, na na nah  
Nah, na na nah, na na nah ah  
Nah, na na nah, na na nah

I can't leave, but I won't stay here  
If I stay, I still won't be here

I am the feathers in her pillow  
Anywhere I hide, she knows, I know  
I am the sunshine through her window  
Anywhere I go, she goes, we go

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