

Two Summers

The Seekers

The blue sky grows dark now;
You're gone, you're gone.
The good times have gone with you;
You're gone.
No use in me wishing; you're far, far away,
Far away, away, gone from me.
Our love knew two summers,
But now you're gone.
The days pass to winter;
You're gone.
Yet often I've wished that time would stand still,
Time would stand still, still; you're gone from me.
Two summers, two winters,
And the time between;
Yes, those were the good years,
The years of gold and green.
Two summers, two winters,
And the time between;
Yes, those were the good years,
The years of gold and green.
The warm winds grow cold now;
You're gone, you're gone.
My love couldn't hold you;
You're gone.
You were wild as the wind and born to be free,
Born to be free, free,
And gone from me.
And gone from me.