

Barry Manilow, When October Goes

And when October goes
The snow begins to fly
Above the smokey roofs
I watch the planes go by
The children running home
Beneath a twilight sky
Oh, for the fun of them
When I was one of them

And when October goes
The same old dream appears
And you are in my arms
To share the happy years
I turn my head away
To hide the helpless tears
Oh how I hate to see October go

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The same old dream appears
And you are in my arms
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Oh how I hate to see October go
I should be over it now I know
It doesn't matter much
How old I grow
I hate to see October go