

Carlos Lyra, Autumn Smiled (Love King)

Love can be king
In the spring of the year
Have its fling through
A lingering night
Only to stray, loose
Its way, disappear
Before summer has faded from sight

But poor autumn cries
When a springtime love dies
A bitter taste
Of a wasted time past
But autumn will smile,
Will beguile with her spell
If she can tell love:
You're welcome home, at long last