

Franco Battiato, Lover's Season

Lover's springtime, lover's season comes and goes,
And our desires never age with time, come what may,
This is so,
For when I think of how I've wasted those moments
Lost forever, they'll never never return.

Lover's springtime, lover's season comes and goes,
And suddenly you realize, there you are,
In surprise.
Ah how many lost occasions we've thrown away,
Never have regrets, never never say die.
Still a new enthusiasm
waits to make your heart beat strong.
Another chance to discover just who you are;
And the horizons you lost will return nevermore.

Lover's springtime, lover's season comes and goes,
With all its wagers and its fears, but this time,
Will it last for long,
For when I think of how I've wasted those moments
Lost forever, they'll never never return.
Ah how many lost occasions we've thrown away,
Never have regrets, never never say die.
Still a new enthusiasm
waits to make your heart beat strong.
Lover's springtime, lover's season comes and goes,
And our desires never age
with time, come what may,
This is so.