

# Frank Sinatra, When The Wind Was Green

(H. Stinson)

[Recorded April 14, 1965, Hollywood]

When the wind was green at the start of the spring  
When the wind was green like a living thing  
It was on my lips and its kiss was fair  
You were there

When the wind was red like a summer wine  
When the wind was red like your lips on mine  
It caressed my face and it tossed my hair  
You were there

Then came the fall and all of love came tumbling, stumbling down  
Like leaves that lost to frost and found  
They were flying, crying  
In a brown wind dying

But the winter's come and we both should know  
That the wind is white like the swirling snow  
And we'll never see all the wonderful things to be seen  
When the wind is green