

Rebecca Martin, Gone Like the Season Does

(R. Martin)

The wind swept through the valley
Screaming through the willow up to me
It's mostly quiet here but not today
What will become of me?

Just one touch love and I can see
Your hand's turned cold and stone-like
Our love's only one small part of everything
But love is all we need
Love is all we need -
To make the days mean something
Soft and warm as the the summers here remember?
Gone like the season does
Gone like the season does