

# 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  
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