

# Unni Wilhelmsen, Anything About June

You can call her June  
Though she wasn't born that month  
And the things I would have song for her,  
would have been about all I wanted

Nobody knows  
Why she was left alone  
Nobody knows, anything at all  
Anything about June...

Oh June, who would sleep through all of November  
And some things growing in my windowsill,  
were there to make me remember..

Nobody knows, what she could have been  
Nobody knows....anything  
Anything about June

Oh June  
Who I know disappeard in may  
And the things you'll hear in a lifetime  
Is nothing...nothing she would say

Nobody knows.....