

Bangles, Hazy Shade Of Winter

Time, time, time, see what's become of me.
While I looked around for my possibilities,
I was so hard to please.
But look around, the leaves are brown,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter.
Hear the salvation army band
Down by the riverside, it's bound to be a better ride
Than what you've got planned,
Carry your cup in your hand.
And look around you, the leaves are brown now,
And the sky is a hazy shade of winter.
Hang on to your hopes, my friend.
That's an easy thing to say but if your hopes should pass away,
It's simply pretend, that you can build them again.
Look around, the grass is high, the fields are ripe,
It's the springtime of my life.
Oh, seasons change with scenery,
Weaving time in a tapestry,
Won't you stop and remember me?
At any convenient time.
Funny how my memory skips while looking over manuscripts
Of unpublished rhyme,
Drinking my vodka and rhyme.
I look around, the leaves are brown,
There's a patch of snow on the ground,
Look around...