

Beady Belle, Airing

Drapes drawn aside
And doors open wide
So the draught in the room
Clears away your perfume

Your glass is washed
And your music is hushed
I remove every trace
Of your cold embrace

Shed your winter coat
And sow the seeds of vernal sun
Melt water will flow
And irrigate spouts of zest to come

Sandals on feet
Hapsotch boards on the street
And the first ice cream cone
Means at last you're gone

When you're giving in
That's the sure sign of spring
'Seasons cycle' I smile
You'll be back in a while