

Emilie Simon, Sweet Blossom

My blossoms are falling
What a strange feeling
When it's so early in the year
As soon as they are flowers
They go and leave forever
Sweet blossom
Where is your tree?

They are too far from here now
They'll never come back
Autumn in springtime, I guess
The seasons are lazy
It's driving me crazy
Sweet blossom
Where is your tree?

Their happiness will shine
Their happiness will grow
And I hope you don't mind if I let them go
Their happiness will shine
Their happiness will grow
And I hope you don't mind if I let them go

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Blossom, blossom...

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Happiness will shine
Happiness will grow
Happiness will shine
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