

Gil Scott-Heron, A Very Precious Time

Was there a touch of spring?
Did she have a pink dress on?
And when she smiled, her shyest smile
Could you almost touch the warmth?
And was it your first love, a very precious time?

Was there the faintest breeze?
And did she have a ponytail?
And could she make you feel ten feet tall,
Walking down the grassy trail?
Was it your first love, a very precious time, time?

Now they got me trying to define, in later life
What her love means to me
And it keeps me struggling to remember, my first touch of spring.

Was there a touch of spring, in the air?
And did she have a pink dress on?
And when she smiled, her shyest smile
Could you almost touch the warmth?
Was it your first love,
A very precious, very precious, very precious time, time.