

John Denver, Season Suite: Summer, Fall, Winte

(Denver/Taylor/Kniss)

[Summer]

Silently the morning mist is lying on the water, captive moonlight waiting for the dawn.
Softly like a baby's breath, a breeze begins to whisper.
The sun is coming quick you must be dawn.

Smiling like a superstar the morning comes in singing, the promise of another sunny day.
And all the flowers open up to gather in the sunshine, I do believe that summer's here to stay.

And do you care what's happening around you,
do your senses know the changes when they come?
Can you see yourself reflecting in the seasons, can you understand the need to carry on?

Riding on the tapestry of all there is to see, so many ways and oh, so many things.
Rejoicing in the differences, there's no one just like me.
Yet as different as we are, we're still the same.

And oh, I love the life within me, I feel a part of everything I see.
And oh, I love the life around me, a part of everything is here in me.
A part of everything is here in me, a part of everything is here in me.

[Fall]

Reflections on the water, like shadows in my mind,
speak to me of passing days and nights and passing time.
The falling leaves are whispering, winter's on its way.
I close my eyes remembering the warmth of yesterday.
It seems a shame to see September swallowed by the wind.
And more than that, it's oh, so sad to see the summer end.
And though the changing colors are a lovely thing to see,
if it were mine to make the change I think I'd let it be.
But I don't remember hearing anybody asking me.

[Winter]

It's cold and it's getting colder. It's gray and white and winter all around.
And oh, I must be getting older, all this snow is trying to get me down.
There's a fire in the corner slowly dying, sometimes I just don't feel like going on anymore.
And yet I know it's more than worth the waiting for another chance to see the summer sun,
come on, shine on me.

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[Spring]

Open up your eyes and see the brand new day, the clear blue sky and brightly shining sun.
Open up your ears and hear the breezes say, "everything that's cold and gray is gone."
Open up your hands and feel the rain come down,
taste the wind and smell the flowers' sweet perfume.
Open up your mind and let the light come in, the earth has been reborn and life goes on.
Do you care what's happening around you? Do your senses know the changes when they come?
Can you see yourself reflected in the seasons? Can you understand the need to carry on?

Riding on the tapestry of all there is to see, so many ways and oh, so many things.
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(Derek, there were some good things in there...)