

Sandy Denny, Carnival

The Summertime's escaping, and the carnival's away,
And the sunshine is awaiting for another sunny day.
Breakers whisper to the shells upon the shore,
And hear the seagulls they cry for more.
And hear the gulls they cry for more.
Good day to you sweet Autumn, so gently you appear.
Why I never even realised those rustic times were near.
The moment's changing from a dusty green to gold,
The Summer fair she has grown old.
The Summer fair she has grown old.
And away in the blue of the skies and over the trees
How the carnival flies on the wings of a breeze.
You've had your time and now it's mine for me to go,
These colder days they move too slow.
These older days they move too slow.
So the Summertime is leaving, and the carnival's away,
So the sunshine is relieving us of all our sunny days.
But I'll be waiting for to greet your fleeting calls,
So come back soon the carnival.
So come back soon the carnival.
Come back soon.