

Seekers, The Sad Cloud

What am I to you?
What am I to do?
Now summer's almost through in September.
For love has come and gone,
Didn't stay for long;
One thing I will always remember.
When the green, whispering leaves had called your name,
The gentle, sighing winds, they did the same.
Now the sun has left the sky,
And for no reason why,
A sad cloud is crying tears of rain.
We stood and watched the rain;
Perhaps we will again,
For no one knows what's coming tomorrow.
One day you may find
That I am close behind;
Wherever you may go I will follow.
And the green, whispering leaves will call your name;
The gentle, sighing winds will do the same.
Now the sun is in the sky,
And for no reason why,
The sad cloud is crying itself away.
And the green, whispering leaves will call your name;
The gentle, sighing winds will do the same.
Now the sun is in the sky,
And for no reason why,
The sad cloud is crying itself away.