Seekers, Two Summers

The blue sky grows dark now; You're gone, you're gone. The good times have gone with you; You're gone. No use in me wishing; you're far, far away, Far away, away, gone from me. Our love knew two summers, But now you're gone. The days pass to winter; You're gone. Yet often I've wished that time would stand still, Time would stand still, still; you're gone from me. Two summers, two winters, And the time between; Yes, those were the good years, The years of gold and green. Two summers, two winters, And the time between; Yes, those were the good years, The years of gold and green. The warm winds grow cold now;

You're gone.
You were wild as the wind and born to be free,
Born to be free, free,
And gone from me.
And gone from me.

You're gone, you're gone. My love couldn't hold you;