

# 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're gone.  
My love couldn't hold you;  
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.