

Spirit Of The West, July

January follows December with a month of rain
February waits for March to spring back again
April, May remove your clothes so go expose your skin
June comes on putting colour back into your skin

July lays a hint of blond straight through your hair
August may insist it's time we kiss before we disappears

September is here let the real New Year begin
October wears the colour of a rusting piece of tin
November we remember pin a poppy over your left breast
But December is a battleground for those of us who get depressed

But July throws a hint of blond right through our hair
And August may insist it's time we kiss before it disappears
We disappear...

And summer runs a hand of blond all though my hair
And August will insist it's time we kiss before it disappears