

Status Quo, (April) Spring Summer And Wednesday

I can't leave, but I won't stay here
If I stay, I still won't be here
I am the grass upon which she lays
April spring summer and Wednesdays
I am the hand which feeds her always
I am the bed upon which she plays

Nah, na na nah, na na nah-ah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah-ah
Nah, na na nah, na na nah

I can't leave, but I won't stay here
If I stay, I still won't be here
I am the feathers in her pillow
Anywhere I hide, she knows, I know
I am the sunshine through her window
Anywhere I go, she goes, we go

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