

# Sting, Dienda

How like the fall  
To be gone in a day  
Just as the leaves had turned gold  
I was drawn to the sound  
That the wind carried down  
From an open window pane  
And oh, how like a song  
Or a sad melody  
To linger long after the end  
And the harmony rings  
With the promise of spring  
On a Brooklyn street

How like the fall to be gone in a day  
Just as the trees had turned gold  
I was drawn to this sound  
That some fingers had found  
But now the winter seems to stay too long  
How like a song  
Or a sad melody  
To linger long after it's gone  
Though the window is closed  
And the questions it posed  
On a Brooklyn street

How like the spring  
To return in a day  
When everything seems to be new  
But here's someone who's hoping  
The window is open  
On that Brooklyn street again  
And oh, how like a song  
Or a sweet melody  
To linger long after it's gone  
Let the harmony ring  
With the promise of spring  
On a Brooklyn street