

North

Joan Baez

Where icicles hung the blossoms swing,
but in my heart there is no spring.
You were my spring, my summer too,
it's always winter without you.

The flocks head north and the lilacs bloom,
at night they scent my moonlit room.
You were my spring, my summer too,
I'm going north to look for you.

Like a windblown bird my heart goes forth,
sent by the spring to the shining north.
You are my spring, my summer too,
and I won't rest till I find you.