

August October

Robin Gibb

Autumn and Friday the winds blew

July, September I knew you.
Now as I sit on that sand - hill
I sing our song to the sea.

August, October the grass grew
The sky was blue and I want you.
Now as I look out my window
I see the world carry on.

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Mid April, November, May.
Beckoning hands made you fly
I cry it's curtains to day.