

The Honey Wind Blows

The Brothers Four

(Fred Hellerman - Fran Minkoff)

The honey wind blows
And the warm days dwindle
The butterfly spins a silk cacoon
On a silvery spindle.

The petals fall
From the last red rose
The last red rose
When the honey wind blows.

The petals fall
And the summer goes
The summer goes
When the honey wind blows.

--- Instrumental ---

The honey wind blows
And the days grow colder
Somehow the world and I have grown
Just a little bit older.

I sit alone
Where the fire glows
The fire glows
And the honey wind blows.

I sit alone
And the good Lord, knows
I miss you so
When the honey wind blows...