

## Green Years

Charles Aznavour

You would lie by my side on the grass of the river bank  
Looking up at the sky as I whispered your name  
And your hair, all untied, on the green of the river bank  
Almost looked through my eye like a river of flame

Now the green years are gone  
And they'll never return again  
Where the innocent kiss  
And the easy, young tears  
Yes, the green years are gone  
Summer scents will not burn again  
Now the winter winds ease  
With the sounds of our fears  
Oh, how much we shall miss  
Those lovely green years

You would hold up your things to the wing of the summertime  
Unaware that you stirred up a storm in my heart  
I remember the grace of that long ago summertime  
With a look and a word, we then clasp hands and part

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