

## When the Wind Was Green

Frank Sinatra

When the wind was green  
At the start of the spring  
When the wind was green  
Like a living thing

It was on my lips  
And it's kiss was fair  
You were there

When the wind was red  
Like a summer wine  
When the wind was red  
Like your lips on mine

It caressed my face  
And it tossed my hair  
You were there

Then came the fall and all of love  
Came tumbling, stumbling down  
Like leaves that lost to frost and found  
They were flying-crying  
In a brown wind dying

But the winter's come and we both should know  
That the wind is white like the swirling snow  
And we'll never see all the wonderful things to be seen  
When the wind is green