

## Seasons of My Heart

George Jones

The seasons come, the seasons go  
We get a little sunshine, rain and snow  
Just the way that it was planned to be  
But there's no seasons in my heart  
While you play the leading part  
'Cause the flowers will bloom eternally.

Your leaving, will bring autumn sorrow  
And my tears like withered leaves, will fall  
But spring, could bring some glad tomorrow  
And Darlin' we could be happy after all.

As it is in nature's plan  
No season gets the upper hand  
Oh, how I'll try to keep this fact in mind  
But see what bares the cold wet blow  
And by experience we should know  
That winters comes but the spring is close behind.

Your leavin' will bring autumn sorrow  
And my tears like withered leaves will fall  
But spring could come some glad tomorrow  
And, Darlin' we could be happy after all...