

I Predict

John Pizzarelli

I predict Orion in the winter skies
I predict the crocus in the spring
I predict the sun in the month of July
And Autumn the duck upon the wind

I predict the ebb tide will rise again on high
And the crescent moon a harvest moon will bring
I predict the fledgling will learn how to fly
And the bobolink will find the song to sing

Day after day the earth goes round
Ruturning to the course it had begun
Year after year the frost on the ground
Breakes with the rays of the sun

I predict the smile that shortly will appear
With the sunshine that follows the rain
I predict the moment is drawing near
When we shall be lovers again
When we shall be lovers again