

Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year

Julie London

Time heals all things
I musn't cling to this fear
It's nearly that spring
Will be a little late this year
A little late arriving
In my lonely world over here

You have left me
Where is our April of all
You have left me
And winter continues cold

As if to say
Spring will be
A little slow
To start
A little slow
Surviving this ache
That I feel in my heart

Time heals all things
I musn't cling to this fear
It's merely that spring will be
A little late
This year