

## August October

Robin Gibb

Autumn and Friday the winds blew

July, September I knew you.  
Now as I sit on that sand - hill  
I sing our song to the sea.

August, October the grass grew  
The sky was blue and I want you.  
Now as I look out my window  
I see the world carry on.

August October

Mid April, November, May.  
Beckoning hands made you fly  
I cry it's curtains to day.