

## Spring

Tracy Chapman

There's a cloud  
There's a cloud  
A blue sky darkening  
That veils the light of the sun  
And foretells the rain  
But there's a bird  
There are birds  
And some are singing

To greet every new day that may come  
Like the first of spring

It is cold  
It is cold  
I've had the feeling  
At the heart and in the core  
The root of all things  
But there's a bud there's a bulb  
It will be blooming

To greet every new day that may come  
Like the first of spring

It is late  
It is late  
As I watch waiting  
It will go come turn away  
The cycle cycling  
There's a face with new eyes  
A baby crying

Who'll greet every new day that may come  
Like the first of spring  
Like the first of spring