

4.ILSE.BLUE WIND

ILSE

Spring and summer every other day
Blue wind gets so sad
Blowin' through the thick corn
Through the bales of hay
Through the open books on the grass
Spring and summer

Sure, when it's autumn
Wind always wants to
Creep up and haunt you
Whistlin' it's got you
With its heartache, with its sorrow
Winter wind sings and it cries

Spring and summer every other day
Blue wind gets so pained
Blowin' through the thick corn
Through the bales of hay
Through the sudden drift of the rain
Spring and summer