

spring

every year around this time I catch me smiling to myself  
thinking here we go again, thinking here we go again

I haven't found the words to describe what makes me smile each year  
'course it's something with no sound and words would still be sound

now you can't hear it  
but you can feel it  
it is all in the air  
it's around you  
and above you  
and it's down in the ground

still the very core of it, the feeling of it's essence  
it's soft and unheard off, it's like a memory of a whisper

I can only tell you what it does to me, I can only tell you how it feels  
but you have to go out alone, to see the beauty it evokes

now you can't hear it