

Autumn in March

GEORGE SICHERMAN

Slowly, with a swing

A cold wind blowing through last year's leaves, a cold rain wetting my jac - ket sleeves.

Spring may be coming, it's hard to be - lieve. It feels like au - tumn in March.

I used to go out and strut so grand, prancing and dancing to beat the band.

Now see me hobble, a cane in my hand. This feels like autumn in March.

Gen - tle spring breeze, birds in the trees, it seems so long a - go. —

Heart full of pep, spring in my step, what was that like? I don't know. —

My ba - by's sleeping, it's been three years. Just heard her voice now

in my ears. Good thing it's rain - ing, it hides my tears.

It feels like au - tumn in March, sure feels like autumn in March.

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