

# *Then It Will Be Spring*

*(Richard Lamplough)*

*Like we all feared; like it all seems kind of weird,  
To get your letters and four letters have just disappeared.  
But how strange still that they call it time to kill,  
It's time for living, time for living,  
And not for forgiving us calling it what we will.  
Why bleed wounds through headlines?  
I need tunes through headphones.  
And we all could believe in God just like we should,  
But it's better, you say it's better, to believe in good.*

*Let your faith fill your soul; let the pain take its toll,  
Let my love be your everything.  
Let the wind hum and blow; let the winter come and go.  
Then my love... then it will be spring.*

*I feel so cold; feel it's time I should be told,  
This is special, real special, and it gleams like gold.  
But I'm so tired and the man I so admired,  
Has just left me; he has left me;  
He's left me inspired to show such youth and colour.  
So much truth and treasure.  
So I'll shine through; look in awe at all you do.  
And keep singing, I'll keep singing this tune for you...*

*Do what you want,  
I'll just do what you want*