

Sting, Dienda

How like the fall
To be gone in a day
Just as the leaves had turned gold
I was drawn to the sound
That the wind carried down
From an open window pane
And oh, how like a song
Or a sad melody
To linger long after the end
And the harmony rings
With the promise of spring
On a Brooklyn street

How like the fall to be gone in a day
Just as the trees had turned gold
I was drawn to this sound
That some fingers had found
But now the winter seems to stay too long
How like a song
Or a sad melody
To linger long after it's gone
Though the window is closed
And the questions it posed
On a Brooklyn street

How like the spring
To return in a day
When everything seems to be new
But here's someone who's hoping
The window is open
On that Brooklyn street again
And oh, how like a song
Or a sweet melody
To linger long after it's gone
Let the harmony ring
With the promise of spring
On a Brooklyn street