

# The Grateful Dead, Weather Report Suite

Winter rain, now tell me why, Summers fade, and roses die.  
The answer came; the wind and rain.  
Golden hills, now veiled in gray, Summer leaves have blown away  
Now what remains? The wind and rain.

And like a desert spring, my lover comes and spreads her wings, Knowing,  
Like a song that's born to soar the sky, Flowing,  
Flowing 'til the waters all are dry, Growing, the loving in her eyes.

Circle songs and sands of time, and seasons will end in tumbled rhyme,  
and little change, the wind and rain.

And like a desert spring, my lover comes and spreads her wings,  
Knowing, Like a song that's born to soar the sky,  
Flowing, Flowing 'til the rivers all are dry, Growing, the loving in her eyes.

Winter gray and falling rain, we'll see summer come again,  
Darkness falls and seasons change (gonna happen every time).  
Same old friends the wind and rain, Summers fade and roses die,  
You'll see summer come again, Like a song that's born to soar the sky.