

323-1000
Breezes of spring

The breezes of spring, now there's a lark
At least up here where it's cold and dark
But down in texas when those breezes blow
And thunderstorms begin to grow
The warmth and damp are like the dew
That shimmers in the morning hue
And the jet that brings the breezes forth
From the Gulf they meander north
This is really spring you see
When green explodes from every tree
And true to season march begins
With breezes warm and sultry winds
But not in my new hampshire home
Where the snows in equinox still roam
And the icy wind still chills the bone
April fools the frost condones
So to those who think spring is grand
And hail its coming, strike up the band
You'd better move to San Antone
Or paddle up the rio grande
For spring breezes ne'er arrive
Where winter 6 months does contrive
To make a mockery of spring
Hang on for june, oh what a thing