Found

Heather Russell

Andrew Russell

The sil – ver‿ leaf sweeps-'cross the mos‿sy‿ ground‿‿ The

Yel – low broom waves in‿ the cool spring breeze‿‿ The days‿ go round

go round Green-buds grow in‿ the sun of‿ the
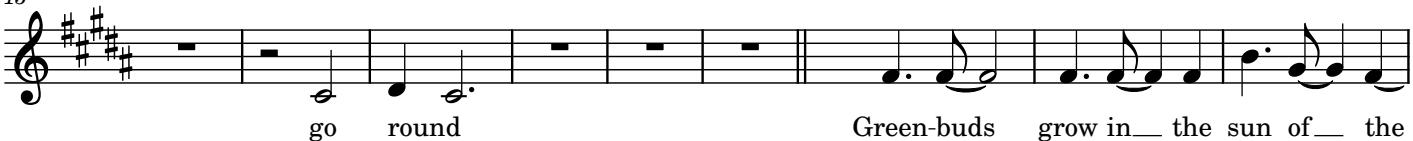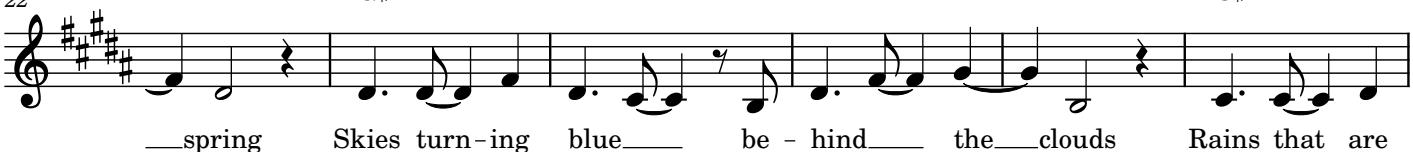
‿spring Skies turn-ing blue‿‿ be – hind‿‿ the‿clouds Rains that are

pass-ing In‿ the warm of day‿ Cross‿‿ at the

wil – low Say‿‿‿‿what you want‿‿‿‿ The days that were

lost are days that were found‿