



## I REMEMBER OSLO

The birds that flies to southern nests  
'mong fallin' leaves in windy sky  
reminds me of you and I

And how we walked, hand in hand,  
in autumn's dying land  
We were quite  
not a word or sigh

Yes, I remember you the way you smiled  
the sunset, the shadows in your face  
No promises but still I wonder why  
I ever let you go your way....

Now, every time I see a bird that fly to southern sky  
I will remember you and the autumn days

