There is a time for love and laughter
the days will pass like summer storms
the winter wind will follow after
but there is love and love is warm

*There is a time for us to wander
when time is young and so are we
the woods are greener over yonder
the path is new the world is free*

There is a time when leaves are falling
the woods are gray the paths are old
the snow will come when geese are callin'
you need a fire against the cold