

Bird of the Summer

A Fine Frenzy

You came with the season,
As the first swallow song
A brown headed stranger,
With a five-letter name
doodoodoo

We planted our kisses
Where the wild berries grow
My feet sprouted wings
And I flew all the way home
doodoodoo

My cheeks red like fire engines racing
Straight to the heat of your skin
And I know our days are numbered,
Early bird of the summer you'll fly south
Just as the fall begins

The leaves changed their colors
And the schoolyards were filled
My coat with the patches
Barely keeps out the chill,
doodoodoo

You sent me a postcard
From a town out of state
I wish it were warmer
And I hope you're the same
doodoodoo

The fields where we wandered were golden
Now only muddy my boots
And I know I should recover,
You're a bird of the summer,
I was wrong to try and capture you

Flight.. Flight..
Flight.. Flight..

I met someone walking
Out on the park by the lake
They don't fly any greater
But they don't fly away
doodoodoo

Gone is the pale hand of winter
Here is the first flush of May
And soon I will discover whether
Birds of the summer
Fly in circles or
Just fly away