

Cricket

Akron/Family

September nights when the dusk calls us outside
Crickets sing songs to bury the sunshine
And all we see is made of moonlight
Drifting from dream to dream
In the day time

A millions stars reflecting in our eyes
Trees sweetly sway and sing while a breeze travels across the s
ky
And all we see is made of moonlight
Drifting from dream to dream in the day time