

## 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