

## Our Summer

All About Eve

(..) might have passed you by now  
And it's a cold December  
In the heat of next July (now)  
Will you or won't you remember

Our summer  
Will come again  
Our summer  
Will melt the ice again

Gypsy whispers with her wild eyes  
(So heavy-handed with the heather)  
She says a change of heart lies  
With a change in the weather

Our summer  
Will come again  
Our summer  
Will melt the ice again