

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