

This Ain't the Summer of Love

Blue Öyster Cult

Feeling easy on the outside
But not so funny on the inside
Feel the sound, pray for rain
For this is the night we ride

This ain't the garden of eden
There ain't no angels above
And things ain't like what they used to be
And this ain't the summer of love

Lock all your doors from the outside
The key will dangle by the inside
You may begin to understand
That this is the night we ride

This ain't the garden of eden
There ain't no angels above
And things ain't like what they used to be
And this ain't the summer of love

On the night we ride...this ain't the summer of love.

This ain't the garden of eden
There ain't no angels above
And things ain't like what they used to be
And this ain't the summer of love
This ain't the summer, this ain't, this ain't
This ain't the summer of love