

Middle Of June

Chase Coy

A warm afternoon in the middle of June,
And you didn't know that I'd fallen for you.
The long nights we stayed up, excuses we made up,
And I didn't know that you felt this way too.

There's nothing as sweet as your voice is to me.
It's better than summer and spring.
The words that you speak bring such
Comfort to me when we're miles apart and I'm lonely.

And as I recall, it was
Presidents' Hall where I found you, a year had gone past.
The long days without you spent thinking about you,
And all of the memories they came flooding back.

There's nothing as sweet as your voice is to me.
It's better than summer and spring.
The words that you speak bring such comfort to me
When we're miles apart and I'm lonely.

And darling I won't ever let you go,
So I just thought that I'd let you know.

There's nothing as sweet as your voice is to me.
It's better than summer and spring.
The words that you speak bring
Such comfort to me when we're miles apart and I'm lonely