

Summertime

Citizen Cope

From the hot to cold, spring to the fall
You and I was meant to be together in love
Something 'bout a wound down in my soul
Something on my mind easy be told

3 steps, 3 steps behind these 2 hands
These 2 hands of mine
You've got that 1 thing that can make a man blind
And grow in my past fame

In the summertime, in the wintertime
You talk to us, you talk to us
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