

Summer Is Over

Fred Eaglesmith

Well, summer is over
The turnstiles are seized
The Ferris wheel turns by itself in the breeze
And the big diesel engines
Idle out on the lawn
Summer is over
And my baby's gone
And the roller coaster
Pulls at it's pins
The bumper boats drift out
And they drift back in
And the September breezes
Are bringing winter along
Summer is over
And my baby's gone
And the ring that she won me
Is broken in pieces
And I sat on the hat
Now it's got extra creases
And she didn't answer
The last time I called
To tell her they were scrubbing
Our names off the wall
But she left a message
And I should have known
Summer is over
And my baby's gone
Yeah, summer is over
And my baby's gone