

Summerlea

Fred Eaglesmith

Nighttime's falling on the Summerlea
And supper's getting cold
It's the second time in as many weeks
That he hasn't shown
He's probably chasing some old steer
Across some prairie storm
But when she asks him he'll just shrug
And say that's the way things go
But he only gets into town twice a month
And he gets out as fast as he can
And he don't have a phone so she can't call him up
And she never knows where he is
He smells like horses and he chews tobacco
And he cusses and he spits
She's been in love a couple of times before
But never quite like this
Next month it'll be those damned old rodeos and fairs
And he'll be gone for six weeks straight
To God only knows where
And he won't win any money
And worst than that, he won't care
When she asks him, he'll just smile
He had a really good time out there
But he only gets into town twice a month
And he gets out as fast as he can
And he don't have a phone so she can't call him up
And she never knows where he is
He smells like horses and he chews tobacco
And he cusses and he spits
She's been in love a couple times before
But never quite like this
Well, he stops his horse to get a light
And the water pours off his hat
He's been out in the rain most of the night
And he ought to be getting back
He's been thinking about the colour of her hair
And the touch of her hand
And the way she quietly smiles
Whenever she looks at him
But he only gets into town twice a month
And he gets out out as fast as he can
And he don't have a phone so he can't call her up
And he never knows where she is
She smells like flowers and perfume
And tobacco and gin
He's been in love a couple of times before
But never quite like this
He's been in love a couple times before
But never quite like this
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