

I loll on the porch swing
tall mint julep in hand
listening to the beach boys
- why don't they understand?
this is not what I call summer
summer it's infinitely less than

we get one real summer
only one in our time
full of wine and wonder
- you were mine
we get one real summer
ridiculous and sublime
before we go under
- you were mine

I may drive my woody
down to sandcastle beach
with my brave new boyfriend
but love is out of reach
who lives in these crumbling castles?
summer's promise honored in the breach

so lost without you
haven't a clue what to do

octagons fall from the sun
as we run through the grass
let weathermen blether
this forecast is o'ercast
and the beach boys?
hell, they might as well play "winter wonderland"
summer, my ass