

# The Last Days Of Summer

Gino Vannelli

The trees are full and green  
The garden sweet and lush  
The warmth of the sun belies September  
A truth to which I must surrender  
The hours are numbered  
These last days of summer

Her sundress, pink and white  
An orchid in her hair  
As lovely a sight as ever to me  
Were I a stranger, would she woo me  
I can't help but wonder  
These last days of summer

Thinking the unthinkable  
Chased with lemon tea  
Thoughts that never crossed my mind  
When I was twenty-three  
Too busy being me  
A ship once hailed unsinkable  
Is floundering in the deep  
A boy who once prayed to his God  
For his soul to keep  
Would settle for a good night's sleep

My father warned of the waning years  
What every man goes through  
I thought him weak and too fraught with fears  
To see his tragic point of view  
It's a sad cliché  
But ever since he's passed away  
He's ever more present to me  
Looking past my prime  
Waging war on Father Time  
Dad, I think I understand, finally

Strange that my eyes should gain more sight  
As the days begin to lose the light  
Winter looms on my horizon  
Look at me in my summer wear  
Completely unprepared

We wrestle in the grass  
He's grown so tall so quick  
I struggle to get the better of him  
Just how much I truly love him  
This I've discovered  
These last days of summer  
Just how much I truly love them  
These last days of summer