

Summer... It's Gone

Grandaddy

Summer, it's gone and I don't know
Where everyone went or where I'll go

Summer, it's gone and I don't know
Which way is the best way to go
In dreams I hear voices that say
"Look this way"

But I can't see nothing
So I turn away
To head down roads
Dead ends and holes

And crowds of fools
With common colds
And they live in cars
And their cars don't run
They fight with phones
And despise the sun

The sun of summer
It's gone and I don't know
Where everyone went
Or where I'll go
Where I'll go

Summer, it's gone and now it's clear
That no one is showing up here
In dreams I hear voices that say
"Look this way"

But it's all too lovely
And so I turn away
To head down roads
Dead ends and holes

And crowds of fools
With common colds
They live in cars
And their cars don't run
They fight with phones
And they despise the sun

The sun of summer, it's gone
The sun of summer, it's gone
The sun of summer, it's gone
The sun of summer, it's gone

It's gone, it's gone
It's gone, it's gone
It's gone