

Polar Bear Summer

I Hate Myself

The sun is shining on me, finally. Finally.
And you walk so gracefully.
Why don't you walk with me?

Things are turning green and changing, and it smells sweet.
Birds have come from out at sea, and they sing for you and me.

Time here is always so slow, but summer's fast. Let's make it last.
Maybe this year you could stay, and we'll wake together every day.

Sometimes it gets so lonely up here on the top of the world.