

## The Summer

Josh Pyke

If I could bottle up the sea breeze I would take it over to your house  
And pour it loose through your garden  
So the hinges on your windows would rust and colour  
Like the boats pulled up on the sand for the summer  
And your sweet clean clothes would go stiff on the line  
And there'd be sand in your pockets and nothing on your mind

But every year it gets a little bit harder  
To get back to the feeling of when we were fifteen  
And we could jump in the river upstream  
And let the current carry us to the beginning where  
The river met the sea again  
And all our days were a sun-drenched haze  
While the salt spray crusted on the window panes

We should be living like we lived that summer  
I wanna live like we live in the summer

And I'll remember that summer as the right one  
The storms made the pavement steam like a kettle  
And our first goodbye always seemed like hours  
In the car park in between my house and yours  
And if the summer holds a song we might sing forever  
Then the winter holds a bite we'd never felt before

But time is like the ocean  
You can only hold a little in your hands  
So swim before we're broken  
Before our bones become  
Black coral on the sand