

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