

Summer Of My Dreams

Kathy Mattea

In the shade of this old tree
In the summer of my dreams
By the tall grass, by the wild rose
Where the trees dance as the wind blows

As the days go, oh, so slowly
As the sun shines, oh, so holy
On the good and gracious green
In the summer of my dreams

By the banks of this old stream
In the summer of my dreams
By the deep pool where the fish wait
For the old fool with the wrong bait

There's a field of purple clover
There's a small cloud passing over
And then the rain comes washing clean
On the summer of my dreams

See the raindrops on the grass now
Just like diamonds lying there
By the old road where I pass now
There's a twilight in the air

And as the sun sets down before me
I see my true love waiting for me
Standing by the back porch screen
In the summer of my dreams

In the shade of this old tree
In the summer of my dreams
By the tall grass, by the wild rose
Where the trees dance as the beans grow

As the days go, oh, so slowly
As the sun shines, oh, so holy
On the good and gracious green
On the summer of my dreams