

## Summer, Highland Falls

Peter, Paul and Mary

They say that these are not the best of times  
But they're the only times I've ever known  
And I believe there is a time for meditation  
In cathedrals of our own  
Now I have seen that sad surrender in my lover's eyes  
And I can only stand apart and sympathize  
For we are always what our situations hand us,  
It's either sadness or euphoria...sadness or euphoria.

So we'll argue and we'll compromise and realize  
That nothing's really changed.  
For all our mutual experience our separate conclusions  
Are the same.  
Now we are forced to recognize our inhumanity  
Our reason co-exists with our insanity  
And though we choose between reality and madness  
It's either sadness or euphoria...sadness or euphoria.

How thoughtlessly we dissipate our energies  
Perhaps we don't fulfill each other's fantasies  
And so we stand upon the ledges of our lives  
With our expected similarities...it's either sadness or euphoria.

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