

Summer Girls

Ralph McTell

This summer will be different I will move across the town
Promenade above the beach until my face turns brown
With my hands in my pockets and a casual stroll from the town beach to the dock
The girls they walk in two's and three's, their pretty cotton frocks teased by the breeze.
And I will find a long-limbed summer girl for me.

I will assume the accent of some Yankee sailor boy
Stranded between merchant ships with some time to enjoy.
A week or two down by the bay with tupp'ney ice-cream cones
And petticoats and sandy kisses, breasts smooth as stones washed by the sea
And I will find a long-limbed summer girl for me.

And her name will be Pam or Ruth, so I'll be Chuck or Wayne,
And we will know and love each other, then I will explain
Why I haven't found a ship and that I live in town
Before we share that cigarette, in waves of love, we'll drown down by the sea,
My long-limbed salt-teared summer girl and me.

She won't cry for my leaving, she will cry because I stay
She will cry for my deceiving that we can meet every day
This love affair it grew so strong because we'd have to part,
And now we will do anyway and she will take my heart and I'll be free
To find another summer girl who'll give it back to me.