

summer is gone

Ron Pope

Cigarettes and innocence are scattered on the floor
It's the first of October and the summer is gone
You can't walk away and try claim that none of this was real
Sometimes autumn is confusing and I know exactly how you feel

And somewhere you want to go from here
Well I'd rather learn to sleep alone
And I swear I die inside some nights as the winter comes on
'Cause the summer is gone

Children's games
Freezing rain
And Carolina nights get confused out in Brooklyn where promises
die
You can contemplate and half explain
And justify yourself to anyone who wants to listen
If your answers seem heartfelt

And somewhere you want to go from here
Well I'd rather learn to sleep alone
And I swear I die inside some nights as the winter comes on
'Cause the summer is gone

No one believes all the truth that you have while you dream
And no one believes
And no one believes so please just stop screaming at me
Won't you please just stop screaming at me
Won't you please just stop screaming at me
Won't you please just stop screaming at me
Won't you please just stop screaming at me

Wherever you want to go from here
Well I hope you learn to sleep alone
And I pray you die inside some nights as the winter comes on
'Cause the summer is gone

Oh
The summer is gone
Oh
The summer is gone
Oh
The summer is gone