

## 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