

## The Summer I Read Collette

Rosanne Cash

That was the summer that followed the spring  
The sad anniversary of a thousand old things  
I was letting them go  
The words of Collette and a strange new perfume  
The drenching my senses and filling the room  
The heat from my body is the light in our eyes  
Word is surrender and then we can fly  
We were letting it go

We are blinded to the beauty in our own lives  
The hours taken are all that we'll get  
For five or six hours in the month of July  
The summer I read Collette

The time were align and we learnt how to crawl  
The bones were prison and memory of old  
A word from the past I feel nothing at all  
And now I'm letting it go  
It's more than survival the lesson I have learnt  
When I found salvation quite a surprise  
That was the summer that followed the spring  
A new way of feeling a million and one things

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I found Paris a hundred years late  
Calling it sleeping in.....  
My ear to the stone I can hear her sing.....  
I sold my silver to get myself there  
To a room with a candle up three flights of stairs  
That was the summer I let it all go  
Filling my body with my heart and soul

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I was taking all I can get  
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