

Summer Son

Texas

I'm tired of telling the story
Tired of telling it your way
Yeh I know what I saw
I know that I found the floor

Before you take my heart, reconsider
Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the door

Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you

I thought I had a dream to hold
Maybe that has gone
Your hands reach out and touch me still
But this feels so wrong

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Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the door

Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
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Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you

Here comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin
I wake again
I'm over you

Here comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over you

Here comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin
I wake again
I'm over you

I'm over you
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