

Summer Rain

The Locust

Where are the flowers?
Where are the bees?
Where is the blossom that grows on the trees?
Fruits of the summer ain't as ripe as they ought to be
The grass in the park just ain't as green
Where are the people in sandals and shorts
Eating al fresco at sanchez d'amour?
Look at the clouds: they are black as the night
Sack the weatherman, 'cause he didn't get it right
In summer it's raining