

The Door into Summer

The Monkees

With his fool's gold stacked up all around him
From a killing in the market on the war
The children left King Midas there, as they found him
In his counting house where nothing counts but more

And he thought he heard the echos of a penny whistle band
And the laughter from a distant caravan
And the brightly painted line of circus wagons in the sand
Fading through the door into summer

With his travelogues of "maybe next year" places
As a trade-in for a name upon the door
And he pays for every year he cannot buy back with his tears
As he finds out there's been no one keeping score

And he thought he heard the echos of a penny whistle band
And the laughter from a distant caravan
And the brightly painted line of circus wagons in the sand
Fading through the door into summer

Yes he thought he heard the echos of a penny whistle band
And the laughter from a distant caravan
And the brightly painted line of circus wagons in the sand

Fading through the door into summer
Fading through the door into summer
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