

# 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  
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