

Summers

The Sunday Drivers

I remember summers
I'll pretend it's summer around
Red light in the sky at the beginning of nights
When I held you naked
But spring is later this year
Why this sense of loss at the beginning of fall?
Now any place will do
To be again out of place without you

I remember faces
I remember kisses and more
More things that have turned
To be just things in the past
Now any place will do
To be again out of place without you

I'm in the mood to do
Anything you'd like to do
I'm morning-after man
But it's summertime

I remember summers
I remember colours and smells
I know that it was
The day you started to love