Summer of John Wayne

Tom McRae

A summer of John Wayne getting older, reel after reel, and playing old soldiers with old wounds, you know how that fee ls.

And a summer of searching the underworld, an arrow in my heel, and the winding down of days, and the speeding of time won't change.

But I know you say nothing good lasts forever. Some things burn bright, but burn themselves out to embers.

And these weather conversations and small talk, steal my hours away, and I gave away my best to strangers day after day, and the winding down of days, and the speeding of time won't change.

But I know you say nothing good lasts forever. Some things burn bright, but burn themselves out to embers.

Your love is a cold, cold place my dear the seasons change those ghosts appear and every sound is an echo of yesterday.

And suddenly I fall through the cracks in time and I'm standing here with your hand in mine and I turn around to see you there's no one there.

But I know you say nothing good lasts forever. You will forget but I will always remember, the time.