

The Last Days Of Summer

Gino Vannelli

The trees are full and green
The garden sweet and lush
The warmth of the sun belies September
A truth to which I must surrender
The hours are numbered
These last days of summer

Her sundress, pink and white
An orchid in her hair
As lovely a sight as ever to me
Were I a stranger, would she woo me
I can't help but wonder
These last days of summer

Thinking the unthinkable
Chased with lemon tea
Thoughts that never crossed my mind
When I was twenty-three
Too busy being me
A ship once hailed unsinkable
Is floundering in the deep
A boy who once prayed to his God
For his soul to keep
Would settle for a good night's sleep

My father warned of the waning years
What every man goes through
I thought him weak and too fraught with fears
To see his tragic point of view
It's a sad cliché
But ever since he's passed away
He's ever more present to me
Looking past my prime
Waging war on Father Time
Dad, I think I understand, finally

Strange that my eyes should gain more sight
As the days begin to lose the light
Winter looms on my horizon
Look at me in my summer wear
Completely unprepared

We wrestle in the grass
He's grown so tall so quick
I struggle to get the better of him
Just how much I truly love him
This I've discovered
These last days of summer
Just how much I truly love them
These last days of summer