

Into the Summer Sky

Smoking Popes

When we were innocent and young.
Before our song had yet been sung.
The music started and our new born hearts got lost in this way.
So we sang out as if we knew.
To stop the world and melt with you.
Was going to be the end of both of us some unhappy day.

The love we knew was true, it did not die.
It only grew into a butterfly.
So let it fly...
Into the summer sky.

We took the treasure that we found.
And drove it deep into the ground.
To mark the loss we made across there out of two sticks and string.
And as we dreamed in different beds.
Without the soil over our heads.
Without a single clue to what the light of morning might bring.

The love we knew was true, it did not die.
It only grew into a butterfly.
So let it fly...
Into the summer sky.

Into the summer sky.
Oh, oh oh
Ohhhhh
Ohhhhh
Ohh, ohh

The place we chose to lay our tomb.
Was not a grave but a cocoon.
We filled the years with hopeful tears
Until we could sing our song once more.

And so the creature we became
with colored wings as bright as flame
Is more amazingly alive now than we ever were before.

The love we knew was true, it did not die.
It only grew into a butterfly.
So let it fly...
Into the summer sky.

Into the summer sky.
Ohh, ohh
Into the summer sky.
Ahh, ahhhhh