

## 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