The Summer Sends Its Love

Sherwood

The summer sends its love to you,
the same as every year.Across my floor I leave a shadow twenty-five feet long.
The farther down, the less specific I become.
And so with you, the country miles overcast our love.
Oh mountain range, your hills are hard to overcome.Oooo Oooo Oooo.The summer sends its love to you,
the same as every year.
But this year I will send mine too,
and wish that you were here.The central coast is not the same now
the same without you here,And late night calls
are only daylight souvenirs.
And think of me tonight
when everyone leaves and you're alone,
Think of me tonight,
I'm counting the days until you come home.The summer sends its love to you,
the same as every year.
But this year I will send mine too,
and wish that you were here.The summer sends its love to you,
the same as every year.
But this year I will send mine too,
and wish that you were here.

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