

Iowa

Dar Williams

The summer ends and we wonder where we are
And there you go, my friends, with your boxes in your car
And you both look so young
And last night was hard, you said
You packed up every room
And then you cried and went to bed
But today you closed the door and said
"We have to get a move on.
It's just that time of year when we push ourselves ahead,
We push ourselves ahead." And it was cloudy in the morning
And it rained as you drove away
And the same things looked different
It's the end of the summer
It's the end of the summer,
When you move to another place And I feel like the neighbor's girl who will never be the same
She walked alone all spring,
She had a boyfriend when the summer came
And he gave her flowers in a lightning storm
They disappeared at night in green fields of silver corn
And sometime in July she just forgot that he was leaving
So when the fields were dying, she held on to his sleeves
She held on to his sleeves And she doesn't want to let go
'Cause she won't know what she's up against
The classrooms and the smart girls
It's the end of the summer
It's the end of the summer
When you hang your flowers up to dry And I had a dream it blows the autumn through my head
It felt like the first day of school
But I was going to the moon instead
And I walked down the hall
With the notebooks they got for me
My dad led me through the house
My mom drank instant coffee
And I knew that I would crash
But I didn't want to tell them
There are just some moments when your family makes sense
They just make sense So I raised up my arms and my mother put the sweater on
We walked out on the dark and frozen grass
The end of the summer

It's the end of the summer

When you send your children to the moonThe summer ends and we wonder who we are

And there you go, my friends, with your boxes in your car

And today I passed the high school, the river, the maple tree

I passed the farms that made it

Through the last days of the century

And I knew that I was going to learn again

Again, in this less hazy light

I saw the fields beyond the fields

The fields beyond the fieldsAnd the colors are much brighter now

It's like they really want to tell the truth

We give our testimony to the end of the summer

It's the end of the summer,

You can spin the light to gold.

Songwriters

DAR WILLIAMS

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