

# Summer In St. Claire

[Brandtson](#)

i've been waiting here for you for so long and it's been several weeks since i last saw you there if you had only come around again then i might have said to you what i've been thinking of she's more than beautiful at night when all of her stars are out and still sometimes when it's warm and quiet i'll get thinking about summer in st. claire these days are getting shorter as october falls and with it come the coldest memories i own and like the leaves that fall from trees my dreams come slow as if to say to me that i should let it go she's more than beautiful at night when all of her stars are out and still sometimes i wonder why she was crying her eyes out i guess i'll never know lying in bed wishing i was someone else instead i've got to figure this one out just between you and me and god everybody needs some time to heal everybody needs like everybody bleeds can't we sit and talk about all that we've loved and lost and what it's cost and i'll put on a show for you pretending not to hurt like nothings ever wrong and you'll see right through me and i'll be here for you and you'll be there for me and i'll feign strong and you'll see right through me

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