

# Sweet Summer Day

[Chris Rea](#)

I want to see the blue sky  
I want to feel the breeze  
I want to hear the summer wind  
Singing in the trees I want to touch forever  
And drift into its soul  
Put my troubles in my right hand  
Hold them up and let them go Sweet summer day  
Talking about a sweet summer day  
Take your troubles and let them fly away  
I'm talking about a sweet summer day So much time is wasted, pulling the line  
For sure you are running faster  
But you're only running blind  
I want to touch forever I want to really know  
Put my troubles in my right hand  
Hold them up and let them go Sweet summer day  
I'm talking about a sweet summer day  
Take your troubles and let them drift away  
Talking about a sweet summer day

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