August

Bobby Sherman

august
i'll see you soon
under yellow moons
where i'll gather what's left of youand august
i'm on your side
or did i speak too soon?
now we've crossed the great dividesomeday we will meet beyond the stars
and it'll be away from here
someday we'll meet beyond the time and the bars
and it will be away from hereaugust
august of last year
before the leaves disappeared
told me you were not the oneaugust
something in your eyes
or was it that July
told me not to take it to heartsomeday we will meet beyond the stars
and it will be away from here
someday we will meet beyond the limits of who we are
and it will be away from heresomeday we will meet beyond the stars
and it'll be away from here
someday we'll meet beyond the land that you call miles away
away from here

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