Summer Son (Truth & Soul Session)

Texas

I'm tired of telling the story
Tired of telling it your way
Yeh I know what I saw
I know that I found the floorBefore you take my heart, reconsider
Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the doorHere comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over youI thought I had a dream to hold
Maybe that has gone
Your hands reach out and touch me still
But this feels so wrongBefore you take my heart, reconsider
Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the doorHere comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over youBefore you take my heart, reconsider
Before you take my heart, reconsider
I've opened the door
I've opened the doorHere comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over youHere comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin
I wake again
I'm over youHere comes the summer's son
He burns my skin
I ache again
I'm over youHere comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin
I wake again
I'm over youI'm over you

Songwriters
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