

Summer Clothes

Meg & Dia

I quit smoking come July.
Sun was too strong in my lungs.
Fog like sea foam in the night.
Headlights safely took me home.
Bodies steaming up the windows.
You told me you didn't know how.
I said, "I will wait for you to grow.
I don't wanna take your youth from you now."
You gave me all your summer clothes.
They had grown too small for you.
You were itching to see the world.
I had nothing left for you.
My last summer, my last summer with you.

Heavy nights under the moon.
The stars and interrupted beehive.
Love so simple no one understood.
Carved our names with your pocketknife.
You gave me all your summer clothes.
They had grown too small for you.
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