In the Summer's When You Really Know

Jets to Brazil

In the tall grass of a long sun a quiet repast and I'm sweet nothings
Come hell, I'm your lover, your man, your friend, your fair weather
It's a world stopped afternoon, passion legs your wordless
All blue routes to your birth place, chalk white wincing pretty in itSummer dress, your hair's wet and gets into our kisses
Can you tell why my intentions wind up just near misses?
There's a kindness in your smile, my sky plays fatal music
There's the promise and the shell of great beginnings seldom finishedIn the laze of a barefoot afternoon, oh, what's a boy to do?
Sunday eyes, am I losin' you? Is the summer really through?Straps down and overtired if I had a favorite picture
I'd call it right now, uncertain, braced for your disaster
Summer gown, were you sent down to wrestle me to reason?
I'm a thrown fight in your favor, I'll do everything but listen to you nowIn the laze of an empty afternoon, it's all happenin' too soon
Sunday eyes, am I losing you? Say, "It isn't true"In the summer you really know
That it doesn't feel like summer so much anymore
I'll keep tryin' to find you somewhere smilin'
Over me, over you, over meSummer girl, all summer long, you know the winter's wrong
Southbound, motel towns, mend most broken mornings
The citrus groves where no one knows, the fruit of truth from evil
And a long walk on a short pier means nothing more than swimmin' hereThere's an end, we don't get to choose, we can only lose
If I cried a river just for you
Would you swim in it some sunny afternoon?In the summer, you'll really know
You're the only summer that I think I'll ever know
So I'll keep tryin' to find you somewhere smilin'
I'll keep tryin' to find you smilin' for me
Over you, over me

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