Summertime

Josh Rouse

Here comes the summertime, the feelings in the air.
I remember cigarettes, tube socks, sun burns and long blond hair.
Here comes the summertime, yeah its coming soon.
I remember living upstairs, drinking iced-tea and swimming pools.And the feeling doesnt last that long.
Before you know it, its up and gone, oh yeah.
The things we doIn the summertime, yeah its coming soon.
I remember watermelon, finger banging, purple rain and being cool.
Here comes the summertime, the feelings in the air.
I remember drive-ins, soap operas, fireworks and county fairs.And the feeling doesnt last that long.
Before you know it, its up and gone, oh yeah.
The things we doIn the summertime.(x4)(end with scatting)

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