Summer Summer

Andy Pratt

Walking around, looking down
For something better
There's nothing better
Same old weird and familiar sound
It's just you leaving town, my God
August came aroundSummer comes and
Leaves you with a fever
That you caught
When you were young
Summer goes, makes you feel
Like life is great
And hanging on for moreEmpty streets, empty me
Just call me vagabond
Wondering in the sun
This is getting sort of old
Wandering aimlessly
Is it empty streets, or empty me?Summer comes and
Leaves you with a fever
That you caught
When you were young
Summer goes, makes you feel
Like life is great
And hanging on for moreHanging, hanging
Holding on for more, hoping, praying,
This will all start over
Come back for me
We will walk the streets
Of this old town
Make me a promise
This will all come back aroundSummer comes and goes and leaves you
[You wanted more]
It comes and goes and leaves youSummer comes and
Leaves you with a fever
That you caught
When you were young
Summer goes, makes you feel
Like life is great
And hanging on for more.Hanging on for more.

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