

# 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 around 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 more Empty 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 more Hanging, 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 around Summer comes and goes and leaves you  
[You wanted more]  
It comes and goes and leaves you 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 more. Hanging on for more.

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