

Sweet Summer

Alan Parker & Alan Hawkshaw

Oh, what a beautiful morning
Oh, what a beautiful day
I got a beautiful feeling
Every thing's going my wayHe had a freezer full of bomb pops
Push ups, drum sticks and dreamcicles
And a paint chipped change box
Full of sticky quarters, dimes and nicklesIt was automatic when we heard that song
Run home and get your money before he's goneLookin' underneath the Chrysler in the driveway
Hey, dad what ya doin'
In the smell of summer twilight
There's always somebody barbecuin'Truth or dare with the kids on our road
Hide and seek till your mama called you homeSweet summer, yeah, I remember that
Sweet summer, let me take you backBoth our mom's were best friends
She was the youngest of three daughters
An angel on a pink Schwinn, my first crush
To this day I've ain't forgotten herThose days were never too long and never too hot
Even though I was out of school I was learnin' a lotSweet summer, yeah, I remember that
Sweet summer, let me take you backThere's not a day that I don't remember
From the end of May to the first of SeptemberSweet summer, yeah, I remember that
Sweet summer, let me take you back
Let me take you backOh, sweet summer, yeah, I remember that
Sweet summer, let me take you backSweet summer
Sweet summer, let me take you back

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