The Summer I Read Collette

Rosanne Cash

That was the summer that followed the spring
The sad anniversary of a thousand old things
I was letting them go
The words of Collette and a strange new perfume
The drenching my senses and filling the room
The heat from my body is the light in our eyes
Word is surrender and then we can fly
We were letting it goWe are blinded to the beauty in our own lives
The hours taken are all that we'll get
For five or six hours in the month of July
The summer I read ColletteThe time were align and we learnt how to crawl
The bones were prison and memory of old
A word from the past I feel nothing at all
And now I'm letting it go
It's more than survival the lesson I have learnt
When I found salvation quite a surprise
That was the summer that followed the spring
A new way of feeling a million and one thingsWe are blinded to the beauty in our own lives
The hours taken are all that we'll get
For five or six hours in the month of July
The summer I read ColletteI found Paris a hundred years late
Calling it sleeping in (.....)
My ear to the stone I can hear her sing (.....)
I sold my silver to get myself there
To a room with a candle up three flights of stairs
That was the summer I let it all go
Filling my body with my heart and soulWe are blinded to the beauty in our own lives
I was taking all I can get
For five or six hours in the month of July
The summer I read Collette

Songwriters
ROSANNE CASHPublished by
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