

# Summertime Love

[Harry Belafonte](#)

Many times I've been told by the wise and the old  
Something good I'm supposed to remember  
If my first love I'll found in, in the warm of July  
It'll cool in the, in the nip of September  
Now they point to the skies  
To the old and wise  
And they speak of a chill in the air  
But I don't care  
Oh, still I love my summertime love  
Still I love the kissing and the coddling  
Still I love my summertime love  
With a heart still summertime true  
Still I love my summertime love  
Still I want her walking close beside me  
Still I love my summertime love  
Let the seasons change as they do  
Oh, still I love my summertime love  
Still I love the kissing and the coddling  
Still I love my summertime love  
With a heart still summertime true

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