

Mr. Summer

Prospect Reach

pick your head up son
I heard him shouting at me
He stood atop the bench
just where I'd fallen asleep
last night was such a dream

so then I figured his tone
the composition, you see
one part too loud
and ten parts so silly
he danced and sang
until I interject
what is your name
and where is this place

hold your questions please
you're making history
and we've got too much to cover already
I'm gonna scream!
from this excitement
so he got real close
his face touched my nose
and then he whispered in his tone

if you must know
if you must know, oh
if you must know
my name is

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so then I followed his coat tails
as they went street to street
he told me there was a list
of everybody I need to meet
he read them off to me

papa g and his water mellon pillow garden and
mayo bloomy with train conductor mr damon
the emerald merchants and paul the framer and licorice brothers

a kingdom of sea glass that rose up to the sky
with its great majesty a fat cat with crossed eyes
do, mo, po; the trouble making best friends
semore ace a shark tamer in his younger days
beevis armada, a father, just sits by his lonely cascade
day in and day out he tells them come in and stay out
that kooky old man

And yet among the atypical,
racy, and the difficult-
-to-understand, there's a man
who exceeds the others
for he's most off-color.

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Lyrics submitted by Prospect Reach.

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