

British Summertime

Everything But the Girl

Leaving at dawn to beat the traffic, do you remember that too?
Curled asleep on the back seat, do you remember that too?
The soundless dark, the empty road, do you remember that too?
And that child asleep, only eight years old, do you recognise as you?

June, July, September, stretched ahead and out of view.
The whole world seemed a safe place, and never ending too.
But it was never as simple as you thought, there were just things you never knew,
and up ahead your parents bore the weight of all their worries and yours too.

Windows down on the coast road, wanting to be first to see the sea.
The whole world seemed a safe place, temporarily.
But it was never as simple as you thought, and you found out as you grew,
that up ahead your parents had borne the weight of all their worries and yours too.
All their worries and yours too.