

1975

Billy Raffoul

I woke up to greeting cards
From people I don't know no more
I woke up to blue above
And blue below these wooden floors

This kind of thing, it can't be told
This kind of thing, it won't be done

I drove home on interstate
Wishing I had learnt to fly
She's my Canadian girl
On the fifth day of July

This kind of thing, it can't be told
This kind of thing, it won't be done

When she said time and time again
I wouldn't be alive
If it wasn't for the summer of 1975
And it'll never be
It'll never be the same
And everyone gets a moment when
It'll never be the same again

Someday I'll write down
If it's okay, I won't change the names
I don't know how the story ends
But I know that it began this way

And this kind of thing, it can't be told
This kind of thing, it won't be done

When she said time and time again
I wouldn't be alive
If it wasn't for the summer of 1975
And it'll never be
It'll never be the same
And everyone gets a moment when
It'll never be the same again

This kind of love, it can't be told
This kind of love, it won't be done

It'll never be
It'll never be the same
It'll never be the same again
It'll never be
It'll never be the same
And everyone gets a moment when
It'll never be the same again

When she said time and time again
I wouldn't be alive
If it wasn't for the summer of 1975