

Seventeenth Summer

Chilliwick

In the seventeenth summer, she found fulfillment
She was soon to be a mother
And the love gave her warmth as anyone could see
But her ties to the earth had never let her go free

In the seventeenth summer, the black afternoons
Turned to white pebble days, a bed for the laughter
To free her heart from its nest
Of marigolds and bitter wishes and drowsy perfumes

Come on and sing, hey, by the sea shore where freedom is sweet
Fight hunger, find sea in the sinews

Remember to love her, she has no malice
Her lips are a gloss of a trust in devotion
And the tide of her truth, it fill a wide ocean
Of stones, salt and strange fishes

Come on and sing, hey, by the sea shore where freedom is sweet
Fight hunger, find sea in the sinews

In the seventeenth summer, she found fulfillment
In the seventeenth summer, she found fulfillment
Yes she even soon to be a mother
She was soon to be a mother
In the seventeenth summer, she had, she found fulfillment, she
had
She was soon to be a mother, a mother, mother
She was soon to be a mother
And the love gave her warmth as anyone could see
But her ties to the earth had never let her go free

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