

The End of the Summer

Frank Black

A house is made of mortar and wood
Yet sinks in the mud to decay
A house becomes a ghost in the heart
Of those who have gone far away

A town is born of silver and stone
And beaten to sand by the tide
A town becomes a mark on the soul
Of those who will cross that divide

Come unto me, we'll lie in the grass
We won't be ashamed, summer will pass
Felling a tree to hide from the wild
Weaving the reeds to cover our child

Save me, the ghost in my heart
Save me, the mark on my soul
Save me, the end of the summer
Save me, I'm not feeling whole

A clan is made of marriage and blood
The journey is our only prize
And if a clan is rent into two
You still have her lips and his eyes

Save me, the ghost in my heart
Save me, the mark on my soul
Save me, the end of the summer
Save me, I'm not feeling whole

This place is made of water and rock
Yet burns in the pyre of the stars
My love for you is stronger than that
I'll find you wherever you are

A house is made of wood
The town is born of stone
A clan is made of blood