

## Summer Clothes

Freedy Johnston

Her favorite coat  
Lets in the wind  
Her favorite shoes  
Are flat and thin  
Walking home all alone  
It's 4 a.m. and the bars are closed

They say they love you  
But they never do  
She turns around  
And picks up her shoe  
He might be out, you never know  
But its 4 a.m. and she's really cold  
Armed with a broken heart

She walks against the lights  
Uptown fifteen blocks  
In the winter night  
She remembers longer days  
The red of a rose  
In the winter rain  
Still wearing her summer clothes

Her favorite dress  
Is nothing at all  
It's wearing out  
And getting small  
He might be where you used to go  
But its 4 a.m. and it's a long way home