

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