

In the summer of 68'
I fell in love with this girl
Didn't have all that much to say
My intentions they were good

63' those wild and smoky years
Living with no fear of fading away

69' we married in the fall
Always staying true to that peace and love

But in 72' I lost my job with a baby on the way
Once a man that could fade away had to be strong for a change

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I fell in love with this girl
Didn't have all that much to say
My intentions they were good

79' was working all the time
Blinded by this life I was fighting for

83' we'd forgotten love and peace and every single promise we couldn't keep

And in 89' she left me for this Robert st. Germain
He never loved her like I did
And I always tried to say...

I said...

In the summer of 68'
I fell in love with this girl
Didn't have all that much to say
My intentions they were good

My last day
I was buried underneath
A cherry blossom tree at the top of the hill

And a woman dressed in black, with flowers blue and green
She stood there at the top of the hill
She only said one thing...

"In the summer of 68' I fell in love with this boy
He didn't have all that much to say, his intentions they were good, oh he was good."