

# Summer... It's Gone

Grandaddy

Summer, it's gone and I don't know  
Where everyone went or where I'll go

Summer, it's gone and I don't know  
Which way is the best way to go  
In dreams I hear voices that say  
"Look this way"

But I can't see nothing  
So I turn away  
To head down roads  
Dead ends and holes

And crowds of fools  
With common colds  
And they live in cars  
And their cars don't run  
They fight with phones  
And despise the sun

The sun of summer  
It's gone and I don't know  
Where everyone went  
Or where I'll go  
Where I'll go

Summer, it's gone and now it's clear  
That no one is showing up here  
In dreams I hear voices that say  
"Look this way"

But it's all too lovely  
And so I turn away  
To head down roads  
Dead ends and holes

And crowds of fools  
With common colds  
They live in cars  
And their cars don't run  
They fight with phones  
And they despise the sun

The sun of summer, it's gone  
The sun of summer, it's gone  
The sun of summer, it's gone  
The sun of summer, it's gone

It's gone, it's gone  
It's gone, it's gone  
It's gone