

In The Summer's When You Really Know

Jets to Brazil

in the tall grass of a long sun a quiet repast and i'm sweet no
things
come hell i'm your lover your man your friend your fair weather
it's a world stopped afternoon passion legs your wordless
all blue routes to your birth place chalk white wincing pretty
in it

summer dress your hair's wet and gets into our kisses
can you tell why my intentions always wind up near misses
there's a kindness in your smile but my sky plays fatal music
there's the promise and the shell of great beginnings seldom fi
nished

in the laze of a barefoot afternoon. what's a boy to do?
sunday eyes, am i losing you? is the summer really through?

straps down and overtired if i had a favorite picture
i'd call it right now, uncertain, braced for your disaster
summer gown were you sent down to wrestle me to reason
i'm a thrown fight in your favor i'll do everything but listen
to you now

in the laze of an empty afternoon. it's all happening too soon.
sunday eyes, am i losing you? say it isn't true.

in the summer you really know
that it doesn't feel like the summer so much anymore
but i keep trying to find you somewhere smiling
over me over you over me

summer girl all summer long you know the winter's wrong
southbound those motel towns can mend most broken mornings
there's citrus groves where noone knows the fruit of truth from
evil
and a long walk on a short pier means nothing more than swimmin
g here

there's an end but we don't get to choose. we can only lose.
if i cried a river just for you
would you swim in it some sunny afternoon?

in the summer you'll really know
you're the only summer that i think i'll ever know
so i'll keep trying to find you somewhere smiling
over me over you over me