

## Two Weeks Last Summer

Sandy Denny

The dancing flames grow low  
Burning embers start to glow  
Pictures soon will fade  
Pictures that the flames have made  
Your hazy wistful face  
Suddenly is gone without a trace

Summer days all float downstream  
Wondering where the day has been  
Boats that sail away at night  
Come the day have sailed far out of sight

Reminiscing, summer walks  
Empty glances, moonlit talks  
Candy floss and ice cream cones  
Discotheques and rolling stones  
Passing fancies fly away  
Empty shadows on a sunlit bay

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