

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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