

Last Summer's Rain

Skyclad

Red flags, poor man's grenade
Cool blows, blue serenade - remember?
Comrades we said we'd stay - forever
We used to gad about, getting smarter
We used to wrangle with Marx and Sartre
We used to live with inflated egos
As for the state of the party - God knows?
The ghosts on your wall
They come to haunt you again
But they're hard to recall
Just like last summer's rain

Past thoughts, new memories
Loud words on summer breeze - surrender
So far from yesterday - remember
We used to live with the day glow people
We used to go and see Mott The Hoople

We used to lounge "a la continental"
And now you say I'm just #sentimental
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