

# Summer Son

Texas

I'm tired of telling the story  
Tired of telling it your way  
Yeh I know what I saw  
I know that I found the floor

Before you take my heart, reconsider  
Before you take my heart, reconsider  
I've opened the door  
I've opened the door

Here comes the summer's son  
He burns my skin  
I ache again  
I'm over you

I thought I had a dream to hold  
Maybe that has gone  
Your hands reach out and touch me still  
But this feels so wrong

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Here comes the summer's son  
He burns my skin  
I ache again  
I'm over you

Here comes the winter's rain  
To cleanse my skin  
I wake again  
I'm over you

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He burns my skin  
I ache again  
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Here comes the winter's rain  
To cleanse my skin  
I wake again  
I'm over you