When Summer's Gone

This Day & Age

She cries at night
when the sun goes down.
She says "It's not fair,
he's never around."

She fakes a smile,
she's dying inside.
She's moving on out
with this pain
that she must hide.

Sometimes do you feel like I've wasted your time?
Looking back when you were mine?
But all the blame can't be on me,
just because we saw things so different.

He goes into each night,
just trying to fill this space.
He can't ignore
the fleeting glimpse of her face.

He'll always remember her smiles she would bring.
So this is how it feels
to be without the joy of one thing

Sometimes do you feel like I've wasted your time?
Looking back when you were mine?
But all the blame can't be on me,
just because we saw things so different.

It was a thousand years ago, today.
And I know things can never be the same.

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