

Summer Home

Typhoon

I promised you I'm never giving up,
Never giving up, never giving up,
I won't give in
But now that my body's giving up,
My legs are giving out my head is throwing up its hands
It's asking
Can we wait for the summer again?
Can we hold out for summer again?
Can we ever be whole again?

It's how we start over
Starting over
It's how we start, how we start over
It's how we start over
Starting over
It's how we start, starting over

My old house, my childhood's tomb
It is a failing light, but it will come back soon
A candle burns in your old room
And before it goes out, I swear I will find you

My little sister, I was two,
The year that you were born and Ben came after you
And we all three shared gentle youth
Our mother combed our hair, our father cleaned our wounds

Then a small thing happened, or sunk it's tooth
And I was left behind, in different shapes you move
In my peripheral sight I reach out for you
But when I turn my head I'm in an empty room

A faceless clock, the hands unmoved
But for a layer of dust, a cobweb or two
In a broken mirror I see my broken truths
Now when I comb my hair, I pull the gray ones loose

My old house, my childhood's tomb
It is a failing light, but it will come back soon
In the backyard, birds, a dogwood blooms
I will come back home, I will wait for you

I will wait for the summer
I will hold out for summer
I will wait for the summer
I will hold out for summer
I will wait, there's a promise-land
In every man's heart there's a summer