

Chris Rea, Distant Summers

Sweet serenade, in your shade
May I rest
Just for a while, won't stay long
I'll do my best
To help you help me to find some friends
That I have lost
Who lie in lands where memories
And dreams are lost

The breeze that blew around her hair that day
The timeless dress that flowed in endless sway
I almost touched her shoulder, she almost turned to face me
A thousand distant summers... away