

k.d. lang, Summer Fling

(Piltch/Lang)

Early morning mid-july
Anticipation's making me high

The smell of sunday in our hair...
You ran on the beach with kennedy flair

Sweet, sweet burn
Of sun and summer wind
And you my friend
My new fun thing
My summerfling

Laugh...oh how we would laugh
At anything
And so pretend
Forsake the logic
Of perfect plans...
A perfect moment
Slipped through our hands

Sweet, sweet burn
Of sun and summer wind
And you my friend
My new fun thing
My summerfling

Strange...
The wind can change so quickly
Without a word of warning
Rearrange our lives
Until they're torn in two