

Pulp, David's Last Summer

We made our way slowly down the path that led to the stream,
swaying slightly,
drunk on the sun, I suppose.

It was a real summer's day.

The air humming with heat whilst the trees beckoned us into their cool green shade.
And when we reached the stream I put a bottle of cider into the water to chill,
both of us knowing that we'd drink it long before it had the chance.

This is where you want to be,
there's nothing else but you and her,
and how you spend your time.

Walking to parties whilst it's still light outside.

Peter was upset at first but now he's in the garden talking to somebody Polish.

Why don't we set up a tent and spend the night out there?

And we can pretend that we're somewhere foreign,
but we'll still be able to use the fridge if we get hungry, or too hot.

This is where you want to be,
there's nothing else but you and her,
and how you use your time.

We went driving.

This is where you want to be,
there's nothing else but you and her,
and how you use your time.

The room smells faintly of sun tan lotion
in the evening sunlight and when you take off your clothes,
you're still wearing a small pale skin bikini.

The sound of children playing in the park comes from faraway,
and time slows down to the speed of the specks of dust
floating in the light from the window.

Summer leaves fall from Summer trees.

Summer grazes fade on Summer knees.

Summer nights are slowly getting long.

Summer's going so hurry soon it'll be gone.

So we went out to the park at midnight one last time.

Past the abandoned glasshouse stuffed full of dying palms.

Past the bandstand down to the boating lake.

And we swam in the moonlight for what seemed like hours,
until we couldn't swim anymore.

And as we came out of the water we sensed a certain movement in the air,
and we both shivered slightly and ran to collect our clothes.

And as we walked home we could hear the leaves curling and turning
brown on the trees,

and the birds deciding where to go for Winter.

And the whole sound,

the whole sound of Summer packing it's bags and preparing to leave town.

Oh but I want you to stay.

Oh please stay for a while,

oh I want you to stay,

oh I want you to stay.