

A "Fistral"

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I like the summer like you like your wife
Live in the "master" for the rest of my life
Every year since I was young
And always here and always fun
Distant places, staying faces
All I want, I understand is it's the summer

Over and over it's summer again
Fills up the sad hole in my head again
Several hours and passing faster
To lift their head down to the sand
Distant places, staying faces
All I want, I understand is it's the summer
And it's with it's flowers, and big huge skies
It gets high for hours, and then it dies

Ocean keeps me up all night
Sunshine makes my hair turn white
You know I hate the winter time
All because there's nothing quite like the summer

And it's with it's flowers, and breezes off shore
It gets high for hours, and then back for more

And it's with it's showers, and big big skies
It gets high for hours, and then it dies

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