

Barry Manilow

"The Summer Of '78"

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It was one of those summers
lasting forever
making the winter wait.

A summer of music and passion
the summer of '78.

You appeared like the summer
sudden and perfect
and not a day too late.

I swear there was music
when I found you
that summer of '78.

It seemed we floated
through the days
and nights were always
filled with stars.

And it seemed every song
that they played on the
radio was ours.

It was one of those summers
only for lovers
touched by the hand of fate.

And now when winter's are long
I remember the summer of '78

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