

Barzin

"Soft Summer Girls"

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I stole all her letters
I stole all those poems
They belong to a girl
I used to know
There's still music
On Queen Street
Where all the young girls go
I would rather be down there
Than to read these notes
I praise all these soft
Summer girls
They take me away
From the one I used to know
By the light of the kitchen
I've been reading your notes
I didn't notice
I had forgotten
The sound of your voice

Are you still the same girl
I used to know?
Do you still wake up early
To write your poems?
I praise all these soft
Summer girls
They take me away
From the one I used to know
I praise all these soft
Summer girls
All that's left now
Are summer girls

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