

Bill Anderson "Summer Sun"

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SUMMER SUN

(Bill Anderson)

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On the last day of Christmas I start thinking about the
summer son

The beauty of the roses the sweet song of the robin

The warmth of the yellow summer sun

And the two of us together running through the
meadow

Laughing making mem'ries having fun

It's a long way back to winter and the plane that came
from Denver

Bringin' you to spend the summer son with your daddy
to spent the summer son

This year we're gonna catch that big ole fish we saw
swimming through the stream

We'll fly your kite and ride your bike maybe camp out
overnight

And I'll take you to a Big League baseball game

And hopefully we'll have some time to talk about what's
on your mind

And maybe I can even help you some

For I was once a boy your age and you're goin' through
that special stage

Where you need your dad a lot this summer son

And I'll be there just like the summer sun

Like so many single fathers I live just to see the
summer sun

Just being with my little man helpin' you to understand
Who you are and what you can become

Broken homes aren't easy but think about it this way

You've got two homes where you've loved instead of
one

So be a good boy don't you cry and tell your mama I
said hi

I can't hardly wait for the summer son oh it's gonna be
a wonderful summer son

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