

The Blood Brothers "Summer Sequence"

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NARRATOR

THERE'S A FEW BOB IN YOUR POCKET
AND YOU'VE GOT GOOD FRIENDS,
AND IT SEEMS THAT SUMMER'S NEVER COMING TO AN
END
YOUNG, FREE AND INNOCENT, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A
CARE,
APART FROM DECIDIN' ON THE CLOTHES YOU'RE
GONNA WEAR.
THE STREET'S TURNED INTO PARADISE,
THE RADIO'S SINGING DREAMS
YOU'RE INNOCENT, IMMORTAL, YOU'RE JUST FIFTEEN.
AND WHO'D DARE TELL THE LAMBS IN SPRING
WHAT FATE THE LATER SEASONS BRING
WHO'D TELL THE GIRL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PAIR
THE PRICE SHE'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR JUST BEING THERE.

BUT LEAVE THEM ALONE, LET THEM GO AND PLAY
THEY CARE NOT FOR WHAT'S AT THE END OF THE DAY
FOR WHAT IS TO COME, FOR WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
LIFE HAS NO ENDING WHEN YOU'RE SWEET SIXTEEN
AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE WITH YOU TO TALK AWAY THE
NIGHT
OR UNTIL MRS WONG SWITCHES OFF THE CHIPPY LIGHT
THEN THERE'S ALWAYS THE CORNER
AND THE STREET LAMP'S GLARE
AN' ANOTHER HOUR TO SPEND, WITH YOUR FRIENDS,
WITH HER,
TO SHARE YOUR LAST CIGARETTE AND YOUR SECRET
DREAM
AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR...

... AT SEVENTEEN

IT'S JUST ANOTHER FERRY BOAT, A TRIP TO THE BEACH
BUT EVERYTHING'S POSSIBLE,
THE WORLD'S WITHIN YOUR REACH
AN' YOU DON'T EVEN NOTICE THE BROKEN BOTTLES IN
THE SAND
THE OIL IN THE WATER AND YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND
HOW LIVING COULD BE ANYTHING OTHER THAN A
DREAM

WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG, FREE AND INNOCENT...

... AND JUST EIGHTEEN.

AND ONLY IF THE THREE OF THEM COULD STAY LIKE
THAT FOREVER,
AND ONLY IF WE COULD PREDICT NO CHANGES IN THE
WEATHER
AND ONLY IF WE DIDN'T LIVE IN LIFE, AS WELL AS
DREAMS
AND ONLY IF WE COULD STOP AND BE FOREVER,
JUST EIGHTEEN.

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