

## Fred Eaglesmith

### "Summer Is Over"

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Well, summer is over  
The turnstiles are seized  
The Ferris wheel turns by itself in the breeze  
And the big diesel engines  
Idle out on the lawn  
Summer is over  
And my baby's gone  
And the roller coaster  
Pulls at it's pins  
The bumper boats drift out  
And they drift back in  
And the September breezes  
Are bringing winter along  
Summer is over  
And my baby's gone  
And the ring that she won me  
Is broken in pieces  
And I sat on the hat  
Now it's got extra creases  
And she didn't answer  
The last time I called  
To tell her they were scrubbing  
Our names off the wall  
But she left a message  
And I should have known  
Summer is over  
And my baby's gone  
Yeah, summer is over  
And my baby's gone

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