

## **Jet Set Roger**

### **"Summerday Sands"**

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I once met a girl with the life in her hands  
And we lay together on the summerday sands.  
I gave her my raincoat and told her, "Lady, be good!"  
And we made truth together, where no one else would.  
I smiled through her fingers and ran the dust through  
her hands,  
The hour-glass of reason on the summerday sands.

We sat as the sea caught fire.  
Waited as the flames grew higher in her eyes,  
In her eyes.  
We watched the eagle born  
Wings clipped, tail feathers shorn, but we saw him rise,  
We saw him rise over summerday sands.

Came the ten o'clock curfew.  
She said, "I must start my car.  
I'm staying with someone I met last night in a bar."  
I called from my wave top: "At least tell me your name!"  
She smiled from her wheelspin and said, "It's all the  
same."  
I thought for a minute, jumped back on dry land  
Left one set of footprints on the summerday sands.  
I once met a girl with the life in her hands  
And we lied together on the summerday sands.

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