

Jets To Brazil

"In The Summer's When You Really Know"

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In the tall grass of a long sun a quiet repast and I'm
sweet nothings
Come hell, I'm your lover, your man, your friend, your
fair weather
It's a world stopped afternoon, passion legs your
wordless
All blue routes to your birth place, chalk white wincing
pretty in it

Summer dress, your hair's wet and gets into our kisses
Can you tell why my intentions wind up just near
misses?
There's a kindness in your smile, my sky plays fatal
music
There's the promise and the shell of great beginnings
seldom finished

In the laze of a barefoot afternoon, oh, what's a boy to
do?
Sunday eyes, am I losin' you? Is the summer really
through?

Straps down and overtired if I had a favorite picture
I'd call it right now, uncertain, braced for your disaster
Summer gown, were you sent down to wrestle me to
reason?
I'm a thrown fight in your favor, I'll do everything but
listen to you now

In the laze of an empty afternoon, it's all happenin' too
soon
Sunday eyes, am I losing you? Say, "It isn't true"

In the summer you really know
That it doesn't feel like summer so much anymore
I'll keep tryin' to find you somewhere smilin'
Over me, over you, over me

Summer girl, all summer long, you know the winter's
wrong
Southbound, motel towns, mend most broken
mornings

The citrus groves where no one knows, the fruit of truth
from evil
And a long walk on a short pier means nothing more
than swimmin' here

There's an end, we don't get to choose, we can only
lose
If I cried a river just for you
Would you swim in it some sunny afternoon?

In the summer, you'll really know
You're the only summer that I think I'll ever know
So I'll keep tryin' to find you somewhere smilin'
I'll keep tryin' to find you smilin' for me
Over you, over me

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