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Kathy Mattea "Summer Of My Dreams"

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In the shade of this old tree In the summer of my dreams By the tall grass, by the wild rose Where the trees dance and the wind blows

As the days go oh so slowly And the sun shines oh so holy On the good and gracious green In the summer of my dreams

By the banks of this old stream In the summer of my dreams By the deep pool where the fish wait For the old fool with the wrong bait

There's a field of purple clover There's a small cloud passing over And then the rain comes washing clean On the summer of my dreams

See the raindrops on the grass now Just like diamonds lying there By the old road where I pass now There's a twilight in the air

And as the sun sets down before me I see my true love waiting for me Standing by the back porch screen In the summer of my dreams

In the shade of this old tree In the summer of my dreams By the tall grass, by the wild rose Where the trees dance as the beans grow

As the days go oh so slowly As the sun shines oh so holy On the good and gracious green In the summer of my dreams

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