

Marty Brown

"Summer's Gone"

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You packed and left with frost on the ground
Neath cold gray skies you headed for town
I work this land with sweat on my brow just to satisfy
you but there was no how
I swore that soon my day would come your restless
heart it longed to run
Summer's gone my fields are bare my heart is cold you
no longer care
The leaves bow down the nights are long just like you
summer is gone
[fiddle - mandolin]
I hang my head I start to cry as restless geese cross
southern sky
I long for you and warm summer rain will I ever see
summer will I see you again
Summer's gone my fields are bare...
Just like you summer is gone

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