

## **Peter Ostrowski**

### **"Je Suis Un Soir D'ete"**

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In the old city hall  
The tables are laid  
At the lord mayor's banquet  
We're served orangeade  
And tepid champagne  
With the dazed glassy eyes  
Of the gloomy young girls  
Who wait on us tonight

I am a summer evening

With the windows wide open  
The families who dine  
Push back their plates  
And look out at the night  
Where the last light of day  
Is not yet quite dead  
And brush  
The tablecloth crumbs  
Off the balcony's edge

I am a summer evening

The terraces fill  
People take drinks outside  
And speak of their work  
And the joys of their lives  
It's hard to remember  
The cold winter days  
In the sweet summer air  
And in alcohol's haze

I am a summer evening

By the bank of the river  
Two girls take a walk  
In soft voices they talk  
Of the soldiers they miss  
While the black waters splash  
And lap on the stone  
While the river boats drone  
Where reflected lights flash

I am a summer evening

By the fountains the old men  
Sit with their sticks  
With eyes bright reminisce  
How it was different then  
They laugh toothless laughs  
Then are silent again  
And watch the girls  
And young men  
Dancing under the stars

I am a summer evening

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