

Ronnie Day

"Summer Dreams"

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The walls in this old place are so familiar
and with the windows they will filter
all the thoughts that lost their minds
and all the thoughts that challenge times.

With her black hair in her eyes she's disconnected.
She's deflected their main objective.
She's out of line; she's doing fine
as she defines her own design.

If you close your eyes
you can almost see her--
see her just the way she is--
and if you listen right
you just might believe her, believe me.

Summer days have gone away,
but summer dreams are here to stay
and she's sending her heart to California.
While all her family sits and waits
and all her friends anticipate
a time when they'll find
that she's come back to join the
world outside of California.

She's barely hit 16 and she is dying,
she's defying the hand that's trying
to wake her up, to raise the stakes,
to show her what steps she must take.
As the doctors dose her up she's on the boardwalk
with the "Tick-Tock" of heels on flip-flops.
She loves the rides that flow like tides,
that go so high they touch the sky.
They touch the sky.

She's where the nights are warm and the days are
long,
and when the day is gone the night lives on.
She tells me she needs to fly.
And her hair looks right in the coastal wind,
and when the fog sits light and her curls set in

she tells me she needs to fly.
She tells me she needs to fly

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