The American Tragedy "Summer Sweatheart"

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Tell me that you love me Say I'm not a summer sweetheart Left to cry when summer Laughter's gone

And tell me that you need me Say I'm not a summer sweetheart Left alone with winter coming on

And tell when the beach umbrellas
Are no longer on the sand
When leaves fall on the tennis court
We'll still be hand in hand

Oh, let me hear you say though
We began as summer sweethearts
We found love that never will be old
The summer love that never
Will grow cold

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