

The Ames Brothers

"Summer Sweetheart"

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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

Oh, let me hear you say though
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We found love that never will be old
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