

## **Monkees**

# **"The Door Into Summer"**

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With his fool's gold stacked up all around him  
From a killing in the market on the war  
The children left King Midas there as they found him  
In his counting house where nothing counts but more

And he thought he heard the echoes of a penny whistle  
band  
And the laughter from a distant caravan  
And the brightly painted line of circus wagons in the  
sand  
Fading through the door into summer

With his travel logs of 'maybe next year' places  
As a trade-in for a name upon the door  
And he pays for it with years he cannot buy back with  
his tears  
As he finds out there's been no one keeping score

And he thought he heard the echoes of a penny whistle  
band  
And the laughter from a distant caravan  
And the brightly painted line of circus wagons in the  
sand  
Fading through the door into summer

Yes, he thought he heard the echoes of a penny whistle  
band  
And the laughter from a distant caravan  
And the brightly painted line of circus wagons in the  
sand  
Fading through the door into summer

Fading through the door into summer  
Fading through the door into summer  
Fading through the door into summer

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