

The Divine Comedy

"The Summerhouse"

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Do you remember the way it used to be?
June to September,
In a cottage by the sea.
Distant cousins, local kids -
We climbed every tree together,
And it never ever rained
'Til we climbed back on the train
That would take us so far away
>From the village and the rain,
And the summerhouse
Where we found new games to play.
Do you remember Sunday lunch on the lawn?
Daring escapes at midnight,
And costumeless bathes at dawn.
You were only nine years old,
And I was barely ten -
It's kind of weird to be back here again...
Do you remember
The summerhouse?

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