

The 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

CHORUS:

And he thought he heard the echo 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

Well, it's travel onto "maybe next year" 's places
As a trade-in for a name upon the door
And he pays for every year he cannot buy back with his
tears
As he finds out there's been no one keeping score

CHORUS...

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