

Uniform Motion

"The Summer Before The War"

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All on a Saturday, bright as a bell
Early and just for the ride
We took a trip, cycling down to the sea
You, and your lady, and I.

And oh, what a summer
And oh, what a sun
Right to the blue sky it clung.
One day at Whitson
The sea had the shore
The summer before the War.

Warm summer places, where you could taste the
country air
Chasing our shadows, we'd fly
Down through the narrow lanes, racing the slow trains
And the last of an age going by.

And we had a good time
And we had some fun
There was time then when we were all young.
One day at Whitson
The sea had the shore
The summer before the War.

Young hearts and young souls
Young minds to unfold
Knowing the untold, somehow.
One day at Whitson
The sea had the shore
The summer before the War.

We found a small cove, by the sand and the water
The salt air was brushing your skin.
With your hand in her hand, there was nothing to say,
Just watch the sea rushing in.

And oh, what a moment
And oh, what a day
We held it and it never slipped away.
One day at Whitson

The sea had the shore
The summer before the War.

One day at Whitson
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