

Fire Theft, The "Summertime"

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When we roam
faded rumors that outlast the century
crazy heros all painted in glass
which way to the stars?
I'll be home
in the landscape of a new century
crazy millions have long since past
their way to the stars
oh, summertime
its like the veil that hides you and me
I can run,
buried rumors all traced in the past
faded mirrors all aging with cracks
which way and how far?
i will try
to reach the landscape of where you begin
of the reflection of where you pretend
oh summertime
its like the veil that hides you and me
oh summertime
its like the veil that hides you from me
in my opinion
oh summertime.
so I'll carry on.
faded rumors that outlive their destiny
crazy millions have all long since passed
their way to the stars
and it shines in the summertime
its like the veil that hides you and me
summertime
its like the veil that hides you and me.

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