

## Mic Harrison

### "Real Summer"

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I loll on the porch swing  
Tall mint julep in hand  
Listening to the beach boys  
- why don't they understand?  
This is not what I call summer  
Summer it's infinitely less than

We get one real summer  
Only one in our time  
Full of wine and wonder  
- you were mine  
We get one real summer  
Ridiculous and sublime  
Before we go under  
- you were mine

I may drive my woody  
Down to sandcastle beach

With my brave new boyfriend  
But love is out of reach  
Who lives in these crumbling castles?  
Summer's promise honored in the breach

So lost without you  
Haven't a clue what to do

Octagons fall from the sun  
As we run through the grass  
Let weathermen blether  
This forecast is o'ercast  
And the beach boys?  
Hell, they might as well play "winter wonderland"  
Summer, my ass

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