

## The Dictators

### "Summer"

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And you know that it's summertime  
When the days grow long and it smells sweet outside  
Sit on the steps with some things to spare  
Chat with Chomes about the things in our future

And you know that we go crazy

And you know that it's summertime  
When it stings so hot you can't sleep at night  
All our trouble, it's still all the same  
But in summertime it just don't seem that way

How do you feel? Do you feel unreal?  
Things aren't what they seem in this summer dream  
Trouble just can't steal a feeling so unreal

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