

Monkees, The

"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

And he thought he heard the echoes of a pennywhistle
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

With his travelogues of "maybe next year" places
As a trade-in for a name upon the door
And he pays for every year he cannot
Buy back with his tears when he finds out
There's been no one keeping score

And he thought he heard the echoes of a
Pennywhistle 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

Yes, he thought he heard the echoes of a
Pennywhistle 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

Fading through the door into summer...
Fading through the door into summer....

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