

Abra Moore, Summer's Ending

Summer's ending
And when it does, all my flowers will fall
And when they fall the colors will fade
And it could leave me anywhere

Picture-boxed movie stars in stereo
Paperbacks and radio have taken his place
The pull of the ferris wheel, the sound of the train
And it could take me anywhere
And it could leave me anywhere

Listen can you hear them fall
They're falling down, a hundred flowers
I can't count them all
They're falling down a thousand times
I can't catch them all
And it could leave me anywhere
It could take me anywhere

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And when they fall the colors will fade
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