

# k.d. lang, Summer Fling

(Piltch/Lang)

Early morning mid-july  
Anticipation's making me high

The smell of sunday in our hair...  
You ran on the beach with kennedy flair

Sweet, sweet burn  
Of sun and summer wind  
And you my friend  
My new fun thing  
My summerfling

Laugh...oh how we would laugh  
At anything  
And so pretend  
Forsake the logic  
Of perfect plans...  
A perfect moment  
Slipped through our hands

Sweet, sweet burn  
Of sun and summer wind  
And you my friend  
My new fun thing  
My summerfling

Strange...  
The wind can change so quickly  
Without a word of warning  
Rearrange our lives  
Until they're torn in two