

Lisa Loeb, Summer

why do you have to leave me now and go home?
summer, it starts when i see you.
my smile, it parts when i hear you talking to me.
my heart, it beats when it's me who i know you love,
and my mind, it just goes crazy
knowing i'm going to be with you always.

i ask you if you will hold my hand,
and you ask me if i'll kiss you.
you want to know how much i love you,
i say, "well, i guess i'll miss you."

well, i call you on the telephone
'cause you call me all the time,
'cause i need to know the same of you and you the same of me,
that you're still mine.
tell me a story about me and you
and i know how it will end-
happily ever after, just like it will begin.
and i'll show you a happy boy and girl
if you show me a picture of me and you.
when it's time to leave, i'll ask you what to do.

i ask you if you will hold my hand,
and you ask me if i'll kiss you.
you want to know how much i love you,
i say, "Well i guess i'll miss you."

well, i call you back on the telephone
'cause you call me all the time,
'cause i need to know the same of you and you the same of me,
that you're still mine.