

Paul Weller, Amongst Butterflies

The sunny sand we ran along, every day began upon
The summer's kiss of love and adventure
And every dune that we fell into left a mark upon us too
Etched forever as a moment we'd remember, oh and we'd remember

The empty woods where we played, every hour of every day
The holidays went on forever
And in the woods was a soldier's tomb, the ghost of which looked over you
And God was there amongst the trees, we felt his whisper as the summer's breeze
And every night and every day I learned to love it in a special way
As I remember, what it's like to walk amongst butterflies