

Sean Watkins, Summer's Coming

you build it up to tear it down
and give it almost all you have
and keep the most important piece
so failure won't have all its sting

summer's coming winter's running
keep her near you, don't kill the fear

it's afternoon on 101
floor heat on and windows down
the sun has two more hours of life
before its last dying breath

she is smiling, salty air is
filling our lungs, life is open

she leaned over and whispered to me
so softly, wouldn't it be nice

it's almost more than i can stand
it's hard to take all of it in
i'm trying to find the monkey's hand
to keep the beauty from ten

and say maybe someday i'll be lucky
it's not my fault i'm still stuck here
summer's coming, winter's running
keep her near you, don't kill the fear