

The Divine Comedy, The Summerhouse

Do you remember the way it used to be?
June to September in a cottage by the sea
Distant cousins local kids, we climbed every tree together
And it never ever rained 'til we got back on the train that would take us so far away
from the village and the bay
And the summerhouse where we found new games to play

Do you remember sunday lunch on the lawn?
Daring escapes at midnight and costumeless bathes at dawn
You were only nine years old, I was barely ten
It's kind of weird to be back here again

Do you remember?
The Summerhouse
My Summerhouse
Our Summerhouse