

Unknown Artist, Summer Rain

Old man walking by the sea is dreaming,
Dreaming of the days when he was young,
Hand in hand, a little boy beside him,
Hearing about those weekends under the sun...
"Ah most of all I remember
A little song we used to play,
It was about the English weat
her,
Always raining on a sunny day, and it went
Ah la la la, summer rain is pouring down again,
And it's getting wetter,
As a matter of fact it couldn't be better
For baby and me, sitting on my knee, (with baby on my knee)
Ah la la la, summer rain is
s falling down
On my umbrella above me,
The very first time she said she loved me
Was in the summer rain, and it's fine with me...
Walking with your great-grandfather's daughter,
Somehow we were always late for tea,
And small boys making mischief in the water,
Watch deck-chairs floating away out to sea
Ah but now the memory's fading
How the past just slips away
But every time that it starts raining
I can hear the band begin to play.
Ah la la la, summer rain is pouring down again,
And it's gettin
g wetter,
As a matter of fact, it couldn't be better
For baby and me, sitting on my knee, (with baby on my knee)
Ah la la la, summer rain is falling down
On my umbrella above me, (above me)
The very first time she said she loved me
Was in the summer rain, and it's fine with me-me la la la
Summer rain is fine with me...
Ah la la la, summer rain is pouring down again
And it's getting wetter,
As a matter of fact it couldn't be better
For baby and me, sitting on my knee (with baby on my knee)
Ah la la la..."