

All About Eve, Our Summer

How cruel am I to pass you by now?
And it's, a cold December,
In the heat of next July now,
Will you or won't you remember?

Chorus:

Our summer, will come again,
Our summer, melts the ice again,
Our summer, will come again,
Our summer, melts the ice again.

Gypsy whispers with her wild eyes,
So heavy-handed with the heather,
She says a change of heart lies,
With a change, in the weather.

Chorus x2

Chorus x 3