

Brandtson, Summer In St. Claire

i've been waiting here for you for so long
and it's been several weeks since i last saw you there
if you had only come around again then i
might have said to you what i've been thinking of

she's more than beautiful at night
when all of her stars are out
and still sometimes when it's warm and quiet
i'll get thinking about
summer in st. claire

these days are getting shorter as october falls
and with it come the coldest memories i own
and like the leaves that fall from trees my dreams come slow
as if to say to me that i should let it go

she's more than beautiful at night
when all of her stars are out
and still sometimes i wonder why
she was crying her eyes out
and i guess i'll never know

lying in bed
wishing i was somewhere else instead
i've got to figure this one out
just between you and me and god
cuz everybody needs
some time to heal
and everybody needs
like everybody bleeds
can't we sit and talk
about all that we've loved and lost
and what it's cost
and i'll put on a show for you
pretending not to hurt
like nothing's ever wrong
and you'll see right through me
and i'll be there for you
and you'll be there for me
and i'll feign strong
and you'll see right through me
and you'll see right through me