Chris De Burgh, 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 the weekends under the sun... "Ah most of all I remember,
A little song we used to play,
It was about the english weather,
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 knees, (with baby on my knee)
Ah la la la, summer rain is 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,
Watching 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 getting wetter,
As a matter of fact it couldn't be better,
For baby and me, sitting on my knees, (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 knees, (with baby on my knee)
Ah la la la ..."