Chris Knight, Summer Of 75

In the lamp light on Locust Street, with the party far behind
No sound but the beat of her heart and mine
The smell of her hair was my first breath, and her lips were my first kiss
And my first step was a headlong dive
I couldn't keep myself from falling, so she taught me to fly
And I was born in the summer of '75
In the morning light she wore my coat, and all I wanted to know
Was she trembling from the feeling or the cold
As the sleepy small town came to life, I saw the answer in her eyes
And knew I'd always have her hand to hold
Now somethings don't need saying, you just feel 'em deep inside
The way I felt in the summer of '75

Now all that seems like yesterday, how the time slips away
The blinding speed will leave you feeling cold
So when I feel the hands of time tugging at this life of mine
I reach for the warmest thing to hold
A light still shines on Locust Street, somewhere back in time
And I wake up to the beat of her heart and mine
And I reach out and touch her hair, just to know that she's still there
And the dream I had is still by my side
I might not make church on Sunday, but I thank the Lord each night
That I was born in the summer of '75
Yeah, I was born in the summer of '75