

Chris Rea, Sweet Summer Day

I want to see the blue sky
I want to feel the breeze
I want to hear the summer wind
Singing in the trees
I want to touch forever
And drift into its soul
Put my troubles in my right hand
Hold them up
And let them go!

Sweet summer day
Talking about a sweet summer day
Take your troubles and let them fly away
I'm talking about a sweet summer day

So much time is wasted, pulling the line
For sure you are running faster
But you're only running blind
I want to touch forever
I want to really know
Put my troubles in my right hand
Hold them up and let them go

Sweet summer day
I'm talking about a sweet summer day
Take your troubles and let them drift away
Talking about a sweet summer day