

# Connie Dover, The Summer Before The War

All on a Saturday, bright as a bell  
Early and just for the ride  
We took a trip, cycling down to the sea  
You, and your lady, and I.

And oh, what a summer  
And oh, what a sun  
Right to the blue sky it clung.  
One day at Whitson  
The sea had the shore  
The summer before the War.

Warm summer places, where you could taste the country air  
Chasing our shadows, we'd fly  
Down through the narrow lanes, racing the slow trains  
And the last of an age going by.

And we had a good time  
And we had some fun  
There was time then when we were all young.  
One day at Whitson  
The sea had the shore  
The summer before the War.

Young hearts and young souls  
Young minds to unfold  
Knowing the untold, somehow.  
One day at Whitson  
The sea had the shore  
The summer before the War.

We found a small cove, by the sand and the water  
The salt air was brushing your skin.  
With your hand in her hand, there was nothing to say,  
Just watch the sea rushing in.

And oh, what a moment  
And oh, what a day  
We held it and it never slipped away.  
One day at Whitson  
The sea had the shore  
The summer before the War.

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