

# Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Summer Wind

The summer wind, came blowin' in - from across the sea  
It lingered there, so warm and fair - to walk with me  
All summer long, we sang a song - and strolled on golden sand  
Two sweethearts, and the summer wind

Like painted kites, those days and nights - went flyin' by  
The world was new, beneath a blue - umbrella sky  
Then softer than, a piper man - one day it called to you  
And I lost you, to the summer wind

The autumn wind, and the winter wind - have come and gone  
And still the days, those lonely days - go on and on  
And guess who sighs his lullabies - through nights that never end  
My fickle friend, the summer wind