

# Michel Legrand, The Summer Of '42

The summer smiles the summer knows  
And un-ashamed, she sheds her clothes  
The summer smooths the restless sky  
And lovingly she warms the sand on which you lie

The summer knows the summer's wise  
She sees the doubts within your eyes  
And so she takes here summer time  
Tell the moon to wait and the sun to linger

Twists the world round her summer finger  
Let you see the wonder of it all  
And if you've learned your lesson well  
There's little more for her to tell  
One last care it's time to dress for fall