

Puracane, Summertime Rolls

Fell into a sea of grass
And disappeared amongst the shady glades
The children all run over me
Screaming tag, you are the one

He trips her up
Her sandals fail
She says stop, I'm a girl'
Her fingernails are made of a mothers' pearl

Yellow buttercup
Helicopter
Orange buttercat
Chasing after the crazy bee
Mad about somebody oh no

Me and my girlfriend
Don't wear no shoes you know
Her nose is painted in a pepper sunlight

There was so much space
I could cut me a piece
With some fine wine
It brought peace to my mind
In the summertime
And it rolls

Summer oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Summertime rolls

Me and my girlfriend
We don't wear no clothes you know
Her nose is painted in a pepper sunlight
I love her I mean it's oh so serious
As serious as can be

Oh well...

She sing a song and I listen to what it says
And if you want a friend
Feed any animal oh oh oh

There was so much space
I could cut me a piece
With some fine wine
It brought peace to my mind
In summertime and it rolls

Oh oh oh
Summertime rolls