

# 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