

The Sundays, Summertime

Some people wind up
With the one that they adore
In a heart-shaped hotel room
It's what a heart is for
The bubble floats so madly
Will it stay sky-high?
Hello partner, kiss your name bye-bye
Ooh sometimes

Romantic Piscean seeks angel in disguise
Chinese-speaking girlfriend, big brown eyes
Liverpudlian lady, sophisticated male
Hello partner, tell me love can't fail

And it's you and me in the summertime
We'll be hand-in-hand down in the park
With a squeeze and a sigh
And that twinkle in your eye
And all the sunshine banishes the dark...

Some people wind up
With the one that they abhor
In a distant hell-hole room
This third World War
But all I see is films where a colourless despair
Meant angry young men with immaculate hair
Ooh sometimes

"Get up" a voice inside says
"There's no time for looking down
Only a Pound a word
And you're talking to the town"
And how do you coin the phrase though
That will set your soul apart
Just to touch a lonely heart

And it's you and me in the summertime
We'll be hand-in-hand down in the park...
With a squeeze and a sigh
And the twinkle in your eye
And all the sunshine banishes the dark...

And it's you I need in the summertime
As I turn my white skin red...
Two peas from the same pod, yes we are
Or have I read too much fiction?
Is this how it happens...?

How does it happen?
How does it happen?
How does it happen?
Is this how it happens?

(Now, right now)