

Wheeler Cheryl, Summer's Almost Over

Summer's almost over and I'm crying but I don't know why
Sentimental old fool, weeping for this blue, blue sky
And the way the cat is sleeping and the way the garden grew
Wagging dogs who lick my face and the way I feel for you

Paddling in the kayaks, with my sister, through the quiet creek
Moon upon the water and the river breeze upon my cheek
And the way my Father shuffles with his courage and his cane
And the way September bluffs and feints till autumn falls again
Oh summer's almost over and I'm crying but I don't know why

A party for my birthday and a tractor for my 50 years
Swallows at their bird play spin and dive above the new mown fields
And a week in Colorado reading books with my best friend
And the thing I knew I couldn't do and now I know I can

Who could help but welcome autumn and the promise of the winter snow?
Still there's something sweet and wistful as I watch this lovely summer go
But the sun is sinking sooner and the weeds have won at last
With the berries on the bushes and the crickets in the grass
Oh summer's almost over and I'm crying but I don't know why