

# White Town, A Week Next June

You're crying 'cause I've spilt your paints again  
But in a few short years  
You'll understand true life pain  
When those baby eyes of yours  
Have turned the brightest blue  
And boys fall into them  
You just won't know what to do

And I can see you trying  
To make him understand  
And I can see him ask why  
He can't be your man

Now winter's around us  
And your kisses keep me warm again  
But when the spring brings the flowers  
Will they wash away with the rain?  
And when the land is wrapped in white  
We're as happy as kids could be  
I'll let you win every snowball fight  
If you'll only stay with me

And I can see you trying  
To make him understand  
And I can see him ask why  
He can't be your man

I see you're leaving  
Has March really come so soon?  
I don't want to pressure you  
But can we make a date a week next June?  
And I never understand  
Why you run away  
Because I know he's waiting for you  
Every sunny, cloudless day

And I can see you trying  
To make him understand  
And I can see him ask why  
He can't be your man  
And I can see me trying  
To make you understand  
And I can see me ask why  
I can't be your man