

# Summer Son – Texas

I'm tired of telling the story  
Tired of telling it your way  
Yeh I know what I saw  
I know that I found the floor  
Before you take my heart, reconsider  
Before you take my heart, reconsider  
I've opened the door  
I've opened the door  
Here comes the summer's son  
He burns my skin  
I ache again  
I'm over you  
I thought I had a dream to hold  
Maybe that has gone  
Your hands reach out and touch me still  
But this feels so wrong  
Before you take my heart, reconsider  
Before you take my heart, reconsider  
I've opened the door  
I've opened the door  
Here comes the summer's son  
He burns my skin  
I ache again  
I'm over you  
Here comes the summer's son  
He burns my skin  
I ache again  
I'm over you  
Before you take my heart, reconsider  
Before you take my heart, reconsider  
I've opened the door  
I've opened the door  
Here comes the summer's son  
He burns my skin  
I ache again  
I'm over you

Here comes the winter's rain  
To cleanse my skin  
I wake again  
I'm over you  
Here comes the summer's son  
He burns my skin  
I ache again  
I'm over you  
Here comes the winter's rain  
To cleanse my skin  
I wake again  
I'm over you  
I'm over you



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych