

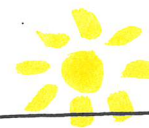

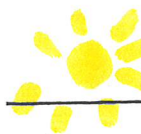








 Summer  




Summer, oh, Summer,  

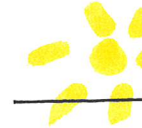
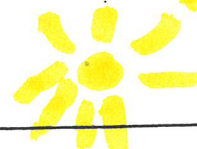

 You never end up like a summer, 



You are after spring  



 Then Fall you bring  



You come in good weather  



 and you flow in fabrics as  



 Smooth as leather  

Your sun is very bright  

 There is nothing with more light 

Summer, oh, summer  

 I will miss you when you go 

 So my last word is "cheerio" 


Moussie Blonim