

(UB)	
Summer Son by Texas	•

i'm tired of teiling the story
Tired of telling it your way
Yeah 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 (1) you
I thought I had a dream to hold
Maybe (2) has gone
Your hands reach out and touch me still
But this (3) 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 (4) my skin
I (5) again
I'm over you
Here comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin

I wake again

Fill in the gaps

I'm (6) 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 sor
He (7) 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 sor
He (8) my skin
I ache again
I'm over you
Here comes the winter's rain
To cleanse my skin
(I (9) again)
(I'm (10) you)



- 1. over
- 2. that
- 3. feels
- 4. burns
- 5. ache
- 6. over
- 7. burns
- 8. burns
- 9. wake
- 10. over

Fill in the gaps