

*On the Slopes of Mount Summer*

Well I first saw your face in the bright mountain sunshine,  
The slopes of Mount Summer, where wildflowers grow.  
And I first held your hand as we walked over streambeds,  
The blue glacier water, that fell from the snow,  
And we stood by lakes of aquamarine—  
They showed us the heavens and mountains between,  
And when we said goodbye, promised we'd meet again,  
On the slopes of Mount Summer, so long long ago.

Well we had to go back to our old busy lives,  
In sleepless gray cities, so far from the sun,  
And we had to pretend we were happy alone—  
That we had all we wanted, and needed no one,  
And I had no time to think of you—  
I told myself that, but it just wasn't true,  
'Cause without you my life has no color at all.  
Want to go back and tell you, but life can't be undone.

But there is still time  
For once, to follow my heart—  
If we meet again,  
It's worth all those long years apart.

So one day every year in the sun, rain, or snow,  
Look for me at Mount Summer—that's where I will be.  
Looking out from the cliffsides or under the pines;  
Maybe one day I'll see you, just waiting for me,  
And we'll walk up to the mountaintop,  
See all of the beauty in a world that's so flawed,  
But if a lifetime goes by, and we don't meet again,  
Bury me at Mount Summer, and I'll be at peace.