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A Nice, Cold Glassa Lemonade

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A Nice, Cold Glassa Lemonade

by Paul Swietek

Lazing in the sultry summer shade,
Ignoring obligations I have made;
I need a nice, cold glass of lemonade
To ease my mind.

The hammock swaying softly in the breeze,
Lends an air of effervescent ease.
I need a nice, cool sip; give me a squeeze;
My throat's bone dry.

These are the days of summer haze:
I'm dreary, dazed;
I try my best to shake this feeling of malaise.

The clouds up in the sky don't wonder why
A sombre sigh
Should pass the lips of such a listless fool as I,
But still, I sigh.

Lazing in the sultry summer shade,
With ardent apathy my stock and trade.
Bring me a nice, cold glass of lemonade
To ease my mind
Before I die
To ease my mind;
My throat's bone dry,
But still I sigh.
Before I die,
I sigh.