

"No, I don't," I tell her tongue  
I tell her, still I drink it all  
And now my head's so silver numb  
I guess she's crystal clear

Cuz she's all a blur, playing quarter songs  
And she keeps her eyes at the jukebox  
on the needle til it falls

Summer doll, my will's so low  
See her laughing on her own  
See her dancing all alone, again  
Tell my thoughts I will go home  
Singing like a drunken dove  
Dreaming like a bum in love again

Somewhere down her silver song  
I saw her turn and gently gave around  
My dumb eyes caught hers on me  
then she turned her heels

We'll never go, cuz we couldn't talk  
This silver date slips into the somber  
waitress' last call

Summer doll, my will's so low  
See her laughing on her own  
See her dancing all alone, again  
Tell my thoughts I will go home  
Singing like a drunken dove  
Dreaming like a bum in love again