

Tilting Summer In

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C Dm7 Em7 G Am G Am G7
C Dm Em G Dm7 F G C
G Em Dm7 C Am Dm7 G
G Em Dm7 C Dm7 F G C

And there, row upon row, with the soft gleam of flowers opened at morning,
with the light of this June sun glowing through a faint skin of dust, would
stand the dandelion wine. Peer through it at the wintry day - the snow melted to grass,
the trees were reinhabitated with bird, leaf, and blossoms like a continent of butterflies
breathing on the wind. And peering through, color sky from iron to blue.

Hold summer in your hand, pour summer in a glass, a tiny glass of course,
the smallest tingling sip for children; change the season in your veins by raising
glass to lip and tilting summer in."

-- Ray Bradbury, Dandelion Wine