**Summerlea - written by Fred Eaglesmith**
****
**[Am]** Nighttime’s fallin’ on the summerlea, and **[G]** supper’s gettin’ cold
It’s the **[Am]** second time in as many weeks **[G]** he hasn’t shown
He’s **[F]** probably chasin’ some old steer a-**[Am]**cross some prairie storm
And **[G]** when she asks him, he’ll just shrug and say **[Am]** “That’s the way things go.”

**{c:refrain:}**But he **[Am]** only gets in to town twice a month and he **[G]** gets out as fast as he can
He **[Am]** don’t have a phone so she can’t call him up and she **[G]** never knows where he is
He **[F]** smells like horses and he chews tobacco and he **[Am]** cusses and he spits
She’s **[G]** been in love a couple of times before, but **[Am]** never quite like this

**[Am]** Next month it’ll be those damned old **[G]** rodeos and fairs
And **[Am]** he’ll be gone for six weeks straight to **[G]** God only knows where
And he **[F]** won’t win any money and, **[G]** worse than that, he won’t care
And **[G]** when she asks him, he’ll just smile, he had a **[Am]** real good time out there

**Repeat {c:refrain:}**
Well he **[Am]** stops his horse to get a light and the **[G]** water pours off his hat
He’s been **[Am]** out in the storm most of the night and he **[G]** ought to be gettin’ back
He’s been **[F]** thinkin’ about the colour of her hair and the **[Am]** touch of her hand
And the **[G]** way she quietly smiles whenever **[Am]** she looks at him

**{c: 2nd refrain:}**But he **[Am]** only gets in to town twice a month and he **[G]** gets out as fast as he can
He **[Am]** don’t have a phone so he can’t call her up and he **[G]** never knows where she is
She **[F]** smells like flowers and perfume and **[Am]** tobacco and gin
He’s **[G]** been in love a couple of times before, but **[Am]** never quite like this