

# The Taste of Summer

KRISTINA OLSEN

FOR ME THE TASTE OF SUM-MER IS SALT WA-TER UP MY NOSE AND

SA-KE LATE AT NIGHT I WORKED AS A PRO-JECT-ION-IST IT WAS SO BLAST-ED HOT WHEN THE

CAR-BON ARCS WERE FIRED UP

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7 | 8

4. WE WOULD PLAY THE SEVEN SAMURAI AND GO LUNGING AT THE WAVES WITH ARMS AS FLAT AND FIERCE AS BROAD SWORDS

5. AND THEN IT'S FOUR AM AND THE EARLY MORNING FOG HAS GOT US CHILLED TO A SHAKING BLUE

6. SO WE PILE ON BACK TO MY PLACE HOT SAKE UNTIL DAWN WARMS US UP AGAIN

7. FOR ME THE TASTE OF SUMMER IS SALT WATER UP MY NOSE AND SAKE LATE AT NIGHT

1. For me the taste of summer  
Is salt water up my nose and  
sake late at night  
2. I worked as a projectionist  
It was so brutal hot when the  
carbon arcs were fired up  
3. So we'd hit the beach at two am  
You can't see the waves at night  
till you are inches from the big spill

4. We would play the seven samurai  
And go lunging at the waves with arms as  
flat and fierce as broad swords  
5. And then it's four am  
And the early morning fog  
has got us chilled to a shaking blue  
6. So we pile on back to my place  
Hot sake until dawn warms us up again  
7. For me the taste of summer  
Is salt water up my nose and sake late at night