



On that hot summer's day by the cross,
we ate fruit, drank cold water and talked.

An old legend stood there, that day, with his
booming voice. We thought we would never see
him again. He had moved away.

We had made the journey before, and it was long
and treacherous, but on this day sentiment filled
the air. We ran, my friends and I, up hills,
through valleys, smiles displayed on our faces.

I did not want to go back on that day
the end drew nearer with every step.
The river flowed marvelously beside us,

on that hot summer's day by the cross
we ate fruit, drank cold water and talked.
It was the end of an era, my friends would
change paths, and we would split.

on that hot summer's day by the cross
we ate fruit, drank cold water and talked,
The two dogs yapped at our feet. And
we could not fathom that it would stop.

