



Don Henley

"Boys of Summer"

*Building the Perfect
Beast*

11/1984

Geffen

Anthem Against Summer

Ivy Grimes

Sun is poison.
Sand is spittle
from the infinite
dry coughs of
the sick ocean.

He says
he sees me
with the top down,
basking in the sun
like a satisfied reptile.

Lies.
I was born
walking fast
across a patch
of ice.

Drive past empty houses
all you like.
No bright shell
at water's edge ever
held my body.

Unless another
self is out there
warm and known
by summer's troubadour,
he's singing

for a show.
He is the gone one,
summer's child
whose song is foul
and fair.