

# Cricket's

## Alien Ant Farm

Dog day afternoon  
I can see your face  
I know you'll get here soon  
And we'll leave this place  
I would just lay in the mustard seed  
And watch you climb the trees  
Look for fool's gold in the scary creek  
Splash you, cold, and hear you scream

No one's here to see us  
I'm kinda liking you too  
No one's here to believe us  
And I don't wanna share you

Years gone by and this creek's all dried  
Funny little things never work out  
Years gone by and this creek's all dry  
Funny little things never work out

Monday's came to soon  
And you went away  
Lord knows I think of you  
Every single day  
We would just lay in that beat up car  
And laugh until we cried  
We took our shoes off and went a bit too far  
I see it in your eyes

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