

# Summer's Gone

Dabin

I lay in my bed  
Staring at the ceiling  
Searching for a reason not to cry  
There's ten minutes left  
'Til the clock hits midnight  
'Til I'll never be myself again

In this moment  
I can't get used to this

I really hate that good things are good because they end  
The summer came and went  
I wish it wasn't getting colder  
Good things are good left in the past  
My birthday never lasts  
I'm too old to cry on your shoulder

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I stay in my head  
Hoping it was last year  
Wishing I could stay there for a while  
Maybe I misread  
That we'd be kids forever  
Guess we'll never be that young again

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(Again)  
(I can't get)  
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(I can't get)