

In the Summer

Finish Ticket

Oh I've been down this road for far too long,
and now these tired bones refuse to walk, to carry on
Loosen your grip and let the noise
Of these notes become your voice.
The shackles of your greed
Will rust away, they will recede

We were fine then we didn't mind back then
In the summer making our own plans.

Open your hand, admit you see,
and with time you'll understand me.
It's not right, these games we play
I want it all and you hide away

We were fine then, we didn't mind back then
In the summer making our own plans.

On we walk down the block to find it,
but we ain't gonna find it, not anymore.
Passing windows, look at the reflection
We walk in no particular direction anymore, not anymore.

We were fine then, we didn't mind back then
In the summer making our own plans.