

St. Summernight

Futurebirds

Friend of mine
Called up on the phone
Said he was cooking food
If I wanted to join
So I found my shoes
Put em' on my feet
Walked a couple of beers
Up and down the street

The keys outside
Spending with pretty girls
I know they're waiting downtown
Looking like bros
But then the time will find
Em' out in the heat
For now it's just a
Click and clackin' off my feet

It's pretty must best
Though I haven't seen the rest
No luck in six
Cause they need a ride for the rest
Happy as a pile of plants
Stuck together
Stuck forever on St. Summernight

After people here no longer dream
But they knowingly of inferno flame
Cause they found their little
Pieces you used to say
And every morning
They're blowing in a lake
And there some deep inside those
Seated dreams
And every morning
They're blowing in a lake

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Happy as a pile of plants
Stuck together
Stuck forever
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