

Just two days after the first of June  
A pine with arms brushing off the dew  
Unlike a sky copious with death  
Precipitation of heart and head  
Should wash the rest of her youth away  
And carry on with it as she may  
But something's pending curvaceously  
'Cuz sunburned skin won't agree with me

It should've been me...

The pleasure's good as the pleasure's sound  
My chin held shut so my heart can talk louder  
I was a mess just like the pool  
Our days spent crossed out of Sunday school  
July has always been shy of June  
Some monsoon, monsoon, monsoon  
Come heavy of a golden hue  
My monsoon, monsoon, monsoon  
Monsoon, monsoon...

It should've been me...