

Summer for Capricorns

Horse Feathers

I can't bear the beat of a different drum
It holds me down and won't help me none
When the heat begins to fade
I know it's the time for which I've been made
My blood it runs, cold in the vein
I'm left empty-handed with every rhythm change

Autumn
Do what you need
I've had my fill
Summer, please concede

Autumn
Hold your tongue, lose your leaves
Winter's coming give me bare trees

I can't bear the beat of a different drum
It holds me down it won't help me none

I can't bear the beat of a different drum