Springtime comes
And the leaves are back
On the trees again
Snipers are harder to see
(My friends)
Weeding out the weekends

Summer comes
And gravity undoes you
You're happy because
Of the lovely way the sunshine bends
Hiding from your close friends
Weeding out the weekends

Candy left over from halloween
A unified theory of everything
Love left over from lovers leaving
Books they all know
They're not worth reading

It's not for the season

When autumn comes
You sit in your chair
And you stare
At the tv square
Hiding in the deep end
Weeding out the weekends

Winter comes
And the days all start late
There's motion on the boughs
Where the dark shapes prowl
Feeling all the feeling
Feeling out the feeling

Candy left over from halloween
A unified theory of everything
Love left over from lovers leaving
Books they all know
They're not worth reading

They're not worth reading