

Kind Of

Lambchop

It's the kind of day you never wake up from
A summer's day has come to mind in autumn
Eyes are heavy, nights are long forgotten
In every place and every heart

Branches bare the moon's not misbegotten
Was it hesitant from the start
Some people say that when you're feeling rotten
In a kind of way
In a kind of way

Lying still you listen to the noises
Roll your heads and rub your noses
Cupboards bare you lack of further choices
Who of us now knows where the time goes
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is
a sin
Speak now love to me of your return
It's not how much you make but what you earn
Put your petals in a pile and watch them burn
In a kind of way
In a kind of way

Come what may
In a kind of way
Desperate days
Are mixed with those that aren't
In a kinder way

On holidays I swear I hear an echo
You hold tight to it then you simply let go
Sure as you let those feelings show
They let you know that you are not alone

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Put your petals in a pile and watch them burn
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