

90 Degrees

LAUNDRY DAY

I don't like the beach
So I'll sit in the grass
And I'll weep cause the clouds overhead
Don't look like the ones
In the picture books I used to read
So I'll sleep
And hope a dream finds me
And hope a dream finds me
Oh, and I pray, and I pray
There will come a day when it finds me

90 degrees
It's too much for me
I pretend I'm alright
But inside I can't breathe
90 degrees
I can't take the heat
I'll just stay in bed
Least I'm not at the beach
So it's alright

Try to ignore it
Can't be that important
But the look on your face
Tells me otherwise
Darling, is this our sweet demise?