

The Summer of Boats

Local H

And you're allowed to change, you have permission to try
You're movin' off to Salt Lake and no one will ask why
Movin' off in June, not a day too soon
It all seems so perfectly strange
Break it all in two and you'll be orphaned too
It's all just so perfectly strange

And I'm allowed to break when my shit's wrapped too tight
And though it all seems strange, this compulsion to die
Shovin' off from shore, can't take any more
It all seems so perfectly lame
Liftin' up on four, breakin' down the doors
It's all just so perfectly lame

Life was perfectly sad, it's perfectly sadder now

And I'm allowed to break, a simple catch in the throat
Was it all that great back in the summer of boats?

You're allowed to change you don't need permission to try
You're movin' off to Salt Lake and no one will ask why
Break it all in two, do what you have to do
It all seems so perfectly plain
I'll make a shrine for you and you can burn that, too
It's all just so perfectly, perfectly

Life was perfectly sad, it's perfectly sadder now