

Oh! September

Mirah

Do wop do wop
Do wop do wop
Do wop do wop
Do wop do wop

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Do wop do wop
Do wop do wop
Do wop do wop

I said wouldn't it be nice
Give me a mountain paradise
We'll leave our sheets out in the rain
And listen to the lonesome train
Summer slowly turns to fall
Tomatoes ripe, we eat them all
Tangling vines around our shoes
We conquer everything we do

One seat belt around us two
Windows rolled down, 70s sounds and doo wop tunes
Shown the secrets of metal by accordian friends
In fact we might have to learn how to shred
The picture's made us change our view
We sleep on blankets in the living room
It's our work, we're so involved
Sorry, we turned the phone off, if you called

Meet me at the back shack, baby
You'll bring your little ukulele
I'll take up reel, make it alright
Let's make a song on the eight track tonight

Pack up the patch cords
Look back on the last one
In the beginning we made up rules
We thought we'd jam first thing every morning
But we let some goals slip to the side
Sleeping late, letting our bodies decide
Now we'll head back home
Oh! September, where did you go?

Meet me at the back shack, baby
You'll bring your little ukulele
I'll take up real, make it alright
Let's make a song on the eight track tonight
Meet me at the back shack, baby