

The Ballad of Bjorn Borg

Pernice Brothers

Sitting on the top of everything
Sweetly irritate what you can't leave alone

Hottest summer in a hundred years
Molten bulkhead burns your hands while you would sleep

All around her words were fading in like a cryptic dying
And we knew that what we had was nothing that we wanted
And the waves, they broke around her
And we killed the endless summer
Pray the season never ends
It slams headlong into the other one

Into the other one