

Song Of The Summer

Remo Drive

He said he sells an escape
With an hour forty of projected scripted goodness
A brand new moral revelation
For anyone who's hungry to believe it, eat it

My lungs are so tired
So sick of always sighing
My posters, my CDs
Are breaking my heart when they shouldn't be

And to think he wore his cape till he had to leave
And oh, all these villains play the heroes on TV

All these perverts in my headphones
Talked to me when I was young and listening to them
Now their prose sounds clumsy
Like they're trying to be anything but honest often

My lungs are so tired
So sick of always sighing
My posters, my CDs
Are breaking my heart when they shouldn't be

And to think he wore his cape till he had to leave
And oh, all these villains play the heroes on TV

No trust for the song of the Summer, baby
No trust for the song of the Spring
The tune is stuck in my head
But now I can't just get it to leave

Oh, what a horrible feeling listening
Oh, to someone who just doesn't