

## 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

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So sick of always sighing  
My posters, my CDs  
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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