

## Sunset Arcade

Superchunk

This place is make believe  
No one has any parents  
And nobody ever leaves  
They've all made special arrangements  
Sheesh [?]

There's dust on your freckles  
Freckles on your cheeks  
I met you this morning  
But it seems like weeks

And that's the way  
The summer gets made  
At the sunset arcade  
The sunset arcade  
At the sunset arcade, yeah

You musta been born here  
You break all the rules  
By the pinball and the old pier  
But your eyes are so blue  
Maybe you're faking it too

Now the summer's all dried up  
Jellyfish on the beach  
I ask if you want a soda  
But that's just a figure of speech

Secretly I am happy  
Until the quarters run out  
Leave the quarters where I don't belong  
With some shadow thrashing about

And that's the way  
The summer gets made  
At the sunset arcade  
The sunset arcade  
At the sunset arcade  
Sunset arcade, yeah