

## Stuck in the Fall

The Copyrights

Everyone confirms that it hasn't been that bad  
But they seem to agree that we've all been had  
So what can we do 'til the cavalry comes?  
Should we stockpile our drugs or stock up on guns?

These October nights can't figure themselves out  
Leaves fall onto the street like words from my mouth  
No point, no destination, they just hang around  
And I turn the heater on  
Then you say with a yawn, "Summer's over"