

The Girls In Their Summer Dresses

The Airborne Toxic Event

It's so quiet on this wind swept day
The city's lights are golden rays
Of sunlight on a subway's tracks
Are you mad again?
If you like
I'll take it back
They're just your feelings
I wasn't looking at her hands
Oh, do you mean it?

It's so lonesome
In "this happens" stance
If you asked me?
Yes, I'd like to dance
Just show me a glove-covered hand
A perfumed dress is more than I can stand...
And you approach me with your hollow hearted hand
And you tell me:
"It's uncivilized
It's unfair to me
The blues, the grays, the olive greens"
I'll take you far away from me

The girls in their summer dresses see
Though you don't notice
They all look back at me
Is this on purpose?

Oh no, no, no...
Oh no, no, no...
Oh no, no, no...

May offer to you...
This, my olive branch?
It's not as though they're always so keen
And we're both just the victims of circumstance
Do you understand,
Do you know what I mean?

Oh no, no, no...
Oh no, no, no...
Oh no, no, no...
Oh no, no, no...

I'm a husband first
I'm a childless curse
I'm a faithful man
With a face that's blessed
I'll stay with you
Oh please don't sigh
I try to explain
But you would cry, and cry, and cry
And you hate me
When I asked the reason why
You'll trade me a dollar for some sense?
But don't blame me
I was only making sense

Oh I'm so sorry
I was only making sense