

Jet

Basement

Happy morning there's a night that's finished rising.
When I wake to share my ache, your eyes are closed and crying.
Up is down and in is out and you are lying.
Summer here is nothing dear, don't bore yourself with flying.

It was only for an hour
It was only for an hour
It was only for an hour
It was only for us

Put it on a shelf and carry on without it.
Fill your leaving back with drag and never stop to doubt it.
Smells of piles of ginger, honey you're allowed it.
Catch the sun and one by bun and cry because you found it.

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