

One Summer Last Fall

Jets to Brazil

kid i held you with these arms that felt so hard
you kept your chin up and i held my guard
made a prison bed from a life i never led
let me correct these mistakes you delight in

God i hope i get it right I've been practicing tonight
kid i hope it holds soime fraction of its feeling
if you keep believing then ill keep on being
a ghost in his prison bed short sheeted and shook dead
looking at love he still hasn't made yet

that i couldnt make to you baby, i can barely move

kid you were wrong that wasn't me in that song
you write the lie you'd like to be
when your life feels like a book you wouldn't read

kid I've lived through others i made myself so mall
i lived through a record one summer last fall
the singer said something i could only feel
i saw him this morning he still looked real real

God i need him here tonight
i just know he'd get this right

kid I'm a mess
if it looked good you're seeing things i guess
i changed my mind so many times I'm a strobe light

flickering freak. the baby of the week

I'm starting to see someone i could never be

kid what went wrong? we had it all now its all gone
i blew my mind out now its your turn to find out

what we all need
what we all mean

I'm starting to see someone i don't want to be