

Summer Sun

Jukebox the Ghost

My heart has been my teacher and I've learned quite a lot
Listened while I could and tried not to get caught
In the boom badum, badum, badum, badum

My heart is bound in the leather like the book you sent
I filled it with words and I'll pen them again
Drip, by drip, by drip, by drip, by drip

Do yourself a favor, find a way to get away

Hit me with your car, hit me with your best shot
I'll be standing there on the sidewalk waiting to see
What it is that you got

Do yourself a favor, find a way to get away

And when the summer sun comes you might shape up
Go back to being yourself and to the ones you love
And when the summer sun comes you might just say
"I gotta find a way to get away"

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