

Fine

Lemon Demon

One. Two. Three. Four??

Today has a way of scarring your eyes
with negative light, but it's a disguise.
I put on my shades and see through the lies.
The convenient truth is:

Light is on the way.
We'll be having a fun time.
It's such a lovely day.
We should pocket the sunshine
and never give it back
even if there's a heat wave
or terrorist attack.
It will just be a close shave, I know.

I know... that every bomb has a silver lining, I know.
I know... it won't be long until

everything works out nice in the end.
The sun will marry the moon.
It'll be fine.
Why don't we sit back mellow again
and have a nice afternoon?
It'll be fine.

I go for a walk.
The sidewalk is cracked.
I'm not superstitious,
but I made a pact with old Mother Earth:
She'd get off my back if I get off hers.

Light is on the way.
We'll be having a fun time.
It's such a lovely day.
We should pocket the sunshine
and never give it back
even if there's a heat wave.
We're stalling on the track.
It will just be a close shave, I know.

I know... that in a snap, all the birds will sing, I know.
I know... I'm full of crap, but still,

everything works out nice in the end.
The sun will marry the moon.
It'll be fine.
Why don't we sit back mellow again
and have a nice afternoon?
It'll be fine.

Fine...
Fine...
Fine...
Everything is gonna be
Fine...
Fine...

Fine...
Everything is gonna be

Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.
Everything is gonna be

Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.
Everything is gonna be.....

One. Two. Three. Four??
Everthing works out nice in the end.
The sun will marry the moon.
It'll be fine.
Why don't we sit back mellow again
and have a nice afternoon?
It'll be fine.

Everthing works out nice in the end.

(I know...)
(The sun will marry the moon.)
Works out nice in the end...

(that every bomb has a silver lining, I know.)
Why don't we sit back mellow again

(I know...)
(and have a nice afternoon?)

Sit back mellow again...
(it won't be long until)

Everthing works out nice in the end.
The sun will marry the moon.
It'll be fine.
Why don't we sit back mellow again
and have a nice afternoon?
It'll be fine, fine, fine, fine.