

The Optimist

New Young Pony Club

And then, we wake up in the morning
Now we've had our fill and the glass is empty
But when, I get down to the bottom
My mind has not forgotten
I'm an optimist, you're a clean slate, maybe

It's pale, the diary of forever,
And I'll know full stop for your flawless entry
Some fools, want to throw together
Like spectators making better
With the ground still hot when the shove is friendly

You have said, you have said
Your name is not for me
I try not to be
Disappointed
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