

I would like to think about it
Not just take a glimpse around it
You know just what I mean
If you've got another minute
It would be nice to be in it
Why would we move so fast
Even with the best of reasons
You still can't go changing seasons
And autumn leaves are changing hue
And if you're home I'll pick you up sometime
We'll go out driving and see the sights and sounds and way it u
sed to be
Its always nice to hear an oldie
Turn to putty but that's the old me
The new is hard as rock
How can we judge if your summer was better than mine
And how can we tell if the moment is in its prime
And words flow like wine
And everyone's taking their time
To see what I mean, lean, furious machine
There is never a dull conclusion
Just a good friendly ending protrusion
Into the state of affairs