

# Summer, Man

## Taking Back Sunday

Yeah!

I played dead, immersed in that  
Technicoloured kind of black and white type  
Counting one to seven through the roof  
If my lady only knew how high  
I am, I am tonight

I crack open the safe myself, now  
Forty-five, twenty-two, June until September,  
Three months 'til December.

The summer is over  
And I doubt, I doubt  
I'll be seeing you around.  
I'll be seeing you around.

'Cause I ain't working for you anymore,  
No, I ain't working for you anymore,  
So go prove to the world  
What you already proved  
That you just couldn't do on your own.

Let's have a talk about the good times  
Boy, you were always giving in  
Let's have a talk about the good times  
Boy, you were only giving in

The summer is over  
And I doubt, I doubt  
I'll be seeing you around.  
I'll be seeing you around.  
The summer is over  
And I doubt, I doubt  
I'll be seeing you around.  
I'll be seeing you around.

Let's have a talk about the good times  
Boy, you were always giving in  
Let's have a talk about the good times  
Boy, you were only giving in to...

The summer is over  
And I doubt, I doubt  
I'll be seeing you around.  
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The summer is over  
And I doubt, I doubt  
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I'll be seeing you around.