

## Summer Summer

The Almost

Walking around, looking down  
For something better  
There's nothing better  
Some old weird and familiar sound  
It's just you leaving town, my God  
August came around

Summer comes and leaves you with a fever  
That you caught  
When you were young  
Summer goes, makes you feel like life is real  
And hanging on for more

Empty streets, empty me  
Just call me vagabond  
Wondering in the sun  
This is getting sort of old  
Wandering aimlessly  
Is it empty streets or empty me?

Hanging, hanging  
Holding on for me, hoping, praying  
This will all start over  
Come back for me  
We will walk the streets  
Of this old town  
Make me a promise  
This will all come back around