

We Will Wait In The Fog

The Dangerous Summer

I am taken in the moment,
cross out everything I want,
in the basement of the memory
where I'm tracking down that thought.

If you're angry, will you stop it?
I know that I was wrong.
I'm just crazy with emotion;
the reason I write songs.
You wont let go of it,
but I know you can.
Put down your argument
before we feel it taking over.

We will wake by the time you forget it.
I'll pretend you never opened up that door.
We will wait in the fog 'till you're ready
to tell me that you're sorry from before.

You arrange me, 'cause I lost it.
Yeah, we need those working parts.
But just lately you go off it,
and you knock me down that hole.

You be reactive,
tell me the problems I ignore.
Maybe I'm passive,
maybe you're right to get angry with it.
Feeling of static, fear of remorse.
I wouldn't go there anymore than we had to.