

## Dumbo Sun

Tracy Bonham

As we play in the dumbo sun  
We feel the love for everyone  
Days burn down in the dumbo sun  
We got off we got off we got off we got off  
There was a man in a yellow thong  
He was doing his yoga and doing it wrong  
Down under the bridge for all to see  
He got off he got off he got off he got off

Yeah, how I miss those days more than a little  
Growing young in the dumbo sun

Me and Jo tried to change the world  
But the world wasn't listening to two brooklyn girls  
So we started a band and we banged up our knees  
We got off we got off we got off we got off  
Life wouldn't take us too seriously  
So we sang on the subway and sang out of key  
To the isle of manhattan promiscuously  
We got off we got off we got off we got off

Yeah, how I miss those days  
More than a little  
Growing young in then dumbo sun

Washington slept here a tree it can grow here and I  
Grow smaller and sleepless so high  
Circling and circle line skies  
Willowing wondering why can't  
Tiffany's breakfast be mine?  
Ask Truman Capote Truman Capote Truman Capote  
And all of my homies

Yeah, how I miss those days more than a little  
Growing young in the dumbo sun  
Growing young in the dumbo sun  
Growing young in the dumbo sun