

Ataris, In This Diary

Ataris
So Long, Astoria
In This Diary
Here in this diary,
I write you visions of my summer.
It was the best I ever had.
There were choruses and sing-alongs,
and not a spoken feeling.
I'm knowing that right now is all that matters.
All the nights we stayed up talking
and listening to 80's songs;
quoting lines from all those movies that we love.
It still brings a smile to my face.
I guess when it comes down to it...

Being grown up isn't half as fun as growing up:
These are the best days of our lives.
The only thing that matters
is just following your heart
and eventually you'll finally get it right.

Breaking into hotel swimming pools,
and wreaking havoc on our world.
Hanging out at truck stops just to pass the time.
The black top's singing me to sleep.
Lighting fireworks in parking lots,
illuminate the blackest nights.
Cherry cokes under this moonlight summer sky.
2015 Riverside, it's time to say, "goodbye."
Get on the bus, it's time to go.

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