

Dashboard Confessional, Warmth Of The Sand

Relax and stand in the warmth of the sand
the day is long
and here for us to take for granted.
We find ourselves to our knees
Water clear, a tender breeze upon our faces
as we bask in our good graces
Yeah, we all are golden here.

And summer, and summer,
where night belongs to lust and lovers.
And summer, and summer,
and I am here to win you over.
You will be mine this year. (this year that's right this is the one this year, this year)

The sun is set and the moon is high,
The night is long and here for you and I to capture (it's for us)
And flood ourselves to the gills with icy drinks
With bolstering wills and we are braver for the moment
Yeah, we all are golden here

And summer, and summer,
where all the girls bare olive shoulders,
and summer, and summer,
and I am here to win you over.
You will be mine this year. (this year)

The courtyard where the garden stands,
Behind the beach, in crystal and sands, we shed our clothes,
And felt romantic, tinted by the moon fantastic.
Bright and warm, and hours alone absolve us of the sins we own.
And from one year into another I think of you when I feel summer.

And summer, and summer, where all the girls bear olive shoulders
And summer, and summer, where all you hope for is another
And summer, and summer, where night belongs to lust and lovers
And summer, and summer, and I am here to win you over
You will be mine this year. (This year)