

Flashlight Brown, This Year

He takes his time to serve the masses
While both awkward and revealing
We bitch and swerve around the obstacles
That keep us from believing

Forced myself to think about our future
Couldn't help but ask the question
Are we ever going to have this year again?

Novelty is one thing
He could never ask for in the morning
Rejected by a sense of pride
He ponders everybody's warning

Bring it on lonely star and wait your turn