

Jebediah, October

I'm telling you
This is too good to be true
When the most we have to do is open windows

So just let your worries down
In a smile man loose that frown
Yeah we'll both still be around come the morning

When summer ends
She just wants to be friends
Her mind's mixed up
Got a year to go til next october
To make sure the season's not over
Get me straight and get me sober again

Are you joking
We got almost everything
You don't pay that bird to sing out the daytime

And the sun sets on the beach
I could swear it's trying to reach
With two golden hands as if to try and touch you