

Racoon, Autumn Tunes

Summer turned it's back too soon
Now we're playing autumn tunes again
As we're waiting in this dressingroom
The backstage door is closed but it will open soon
People grey and dusty minds
I feel like running down the hill hoping to settle there
But running's just a waste of time
You see, the more we run the more we seem to get nowhere

Today I had a strange feeling
it started off so well you say
Today I had a strange feeling
It started off so well but it went slowly down the drain

Cuddle in your moodswing season. Role around in selfpity there
Go ahead cry without a reason. Don't believe I don't care

It's so funny how it turned out she said
You see the winter always makes me grab for cigarettes
Both my shoes are full of led
From now on things can only jolly up I guess

Chorus

Maybe it's true
Bullshit stories people tell about me, they're all true
Well today's over. Tomorrow's coming through