

Waterdown, At The Waterfront

this is not true nothing
that i write is true
just a drunken teenage memory
that will never replace you
the moon shines brighter
than an october sun tonight
waving hands that tell a forever goodbye
meet me at sundown here to say goodbye
meet me at sundown there
summer
another wednesday morning
is tearing me apart
i should stop drinking that much
this is not my summer, not my thrill
it haas never been and never will