

# Ass Ponys, Calender Days

When hope is gone  
We drag the pond  
And try to look beyond  
The dead end of summer  
There's a haze hanging over the town

So hide your eyes  
Ignore the flies  
And try to act surprised  
It's the dead end of summer  
When all of the grass has gone brown

Oh, I've been x'ing out calendar days  
There's a pattern to our time apart

Do I still exist  
In the bottomless pit of your heart

Thrown or fell  
It's hard to tell  
The baby's in the well  
At the dead end of summer  
You better prime the divining rod

We'll drink unitl  
We drink our fill  
There's all this time to kill  
At the dead end of summer  
With the bugs singing louder than god