

Ass Ponys, Dried Up

hang dog you sitting and counting nameless stars
and when you look down you're beginning to fall away

you dried up like an august creekbed
i mounted in an album
with some photos of your summer friends
i can't tell what the note on the back said
you're moving like a poem
and it hurts to see you going

i recall the smell of summer on your skin
we were seventeen
and everything was pounding and it wouldn't stop
it's hard to put to words what i was thinking then
i don't know, we were alive or something

browned off sitting amidst the endless cars
and when you stall out
they're beginning to pull away

you dried up like an august creekbed
i mounted in an album
with some photos of your summer friends
i can't tell what the note on the back said
you're moving like a poem
and it hurts to see you going

i remember licking ice cream off your chin
we were seventeen
and everything was pounding and it wouldn't stop
it's hard to put to words what i was thinking then
i don't know, we were in love or something

i recall the smell of summer on your skin
we were seventeen
and everything was pounding and it wouldn't stop
it's hard to put to words what i was thinking then
i don't know, we were alive or something