

Cursive, When Summer's Over Will We Dream O

A safe position -- a back against the wall
A simple shrug to shurg the questions off
When there's no action, there's no reaction
Curb the dead, avert the consequence
So if no one moves, and no one speaks a word
We could act OK

(We must standstill -- we must honor the stalemate)
And we must slumber... have we ever been awake?
Have we done a thing?
When summer's over will we dream of spring?
Safety can be disabling
A crippled history as an absentee

A safe position -- turn off the phone
Hang the blankets over the windows
'Cause if no one's home, then there's no one responsible
There's no response for disappointed eyes
To see through you -- well, they can't see you anymore

(We must standstill -- we must honor the stalemate)
Until we're pawned off... have we ever been present?
Are we too past tense?
When summer's over will we face autumn?
Safety is disabling
A crippled history
Crippled history
A crippled history...

Absentee... absentee... You're safe with me
Curb the deed, avert the season
Absentee... absentee... You're safe with me
When summer's over will you dream of your crippled history
Crippled history
Crippled history
Crippled history
Absentee... When summer's over will you dream of your crippled history
Crippled history
Crippled history
Crippled history
Absentee...