

FINNEAS, Cleats

It's a little touch and go
You could be the crutch that she holds
Got herself a sprained ankle
If you know you know
Bad things always come in threes
When you broke your thumb, you lost your keys
She plays for a different team
Scrapping her knees
But it's all the same to you
When she's standing in your room
On an endless afternoon
And the summer's over soon

Maybe she's a late bloomer
Or maybe it's a fake rumor
But you've got the same sense of humor
As her
She's always at the wheel
You're often on her street
You don't know how to feel
You don't know how to sleep
Like it'll never heal
Your heart's still in the weeds
Straight off the soccer field
She's still wearing her cleats

But it's all the same to you
When she's standing in your room
On an endless afternoon
And the summer's over soon

If it's all a waste of time (all a waste of time)
If it's all been silver lined (all been silver lined)
If it's all a warning sign (all a warning sign)
If she's always on your mind (always on your-)

Nothing you can do either
Old crush on the new teacher
Wave as soon as you see her
From the bleachers