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