

# Incubus, Summer Romance

I'm home alone tonight.

Full moon illuminates my room, and sends my mind aflight.

I think I was dreaming up some thoughts that were seemingly possible...with you.

So I call you on the tin can phone.

We rendezvous at a quarter-two, and make sure we're alone.

I may have found a way for you and I to finally fly free.

When we get there, we're gonna go far away.

Making sure to laugh; while we experience anti-gravity.

For years, I kept to myself.

Now potentialities are bound, and sleeping under my shelf.

Simply choose your destination from the diamond canopy,  
and we'll be there.

So I call you on the tin can phone.

We rendezvous at a quarter-two, and make sure we're alone.

I may have found the way for you and I to finally be free

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