

# No Avail, The Dry Ice Bomb Summer

I say there's something rare here  
That the winter has bitten but the summer will soothe  
They say, "There's nothing to fear"  
I can't help but agree when they're speaking of you

Not a cloud in the sky can shadow my love for  
The warmth of a friend in the eye of the storm  
And I don't know why I search for an answer  
When you're always there and you're always warm

I can see this boring mood's gone  
As the handle spun quickly and you entered the room  
Can you hear the deep dry ice bomb?  
And the patter of our feet with the deafening boom