

No-Man, Streaming

the musics changed,
its getting louder.
by next weekend,
youll be gone.

the summer days
are nearly over now,
the DJ plays
a summer song.

the good-time crowd
is looking older,
their cartoon laughter
seems unkind.

the summer days
are nearly over now,
the summer rave
counts the hours and marks your time.

the summer rays
are streaming from the evening sky.
the summer says,
Itll work out fine.