

# 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.