

Seven Mary Three, Summer Is Over

Every season has a lesson to be learned.
When all the love is piled, pushed aside, and is burned.
No more driving with the top pulled down or laying on the beach.
When your winter comes you're so out of reach.
Summer is over.
Leaves have all changed.
Good people hiding themselves again.
I have been burned by the sun.
Cold weather run.
Everybody has a friend to drive them home.
When all the bars have closed and ice is in bloom.
I could almost see your breath.
When you pulled away, stationwagonesque, wood-paneling pain.
Stare at the sun as it's passing you by and changing your life just means changing your mind.
Are you changing your mind?