Squirtgun, Another Sunny Afternoon

Another sunny afternoon
Mental pictures of you
Exposures you'll never see
Another sunny afternoon
Come on tell me the truth
Do you still think of me?

Nostalgia's in the air
Vacant clammy hand stare
Absorb the wet grass smell
But it's already over

Flashes of brilliance
A multi-textured dance
Moments of clarity
But it's already over

A flick of your lashes
Highlight all the clashes
A glimmer of tale hope
But it's already over

Pointless shopping cart dawn
Your thin-lipped void is gone
Sleepy-eyed final stare
But it's already over