

# Stroke 9, Tail Of The Sun

This is the summer that'll never come  
It's like someone's holding on to the tail of the sun  
I wanna waste time and walk the line  
From any beat routine to where I'm feeling alright  
I can't holdout, I don't care about offending  
The world's decending...

I know it's way too short, it rarely lasts too long  
I'm finding the floor, but when I look down, it's gone

This is the way it should be  
I've never had the propensity to work, breed and die  
I prefer to spend mine on the fly  
The be'ers got to be and the flee'ers got to flee  
But as for me, well...don't worry about me

I know it's way too short, it rarely lasts too long  
I'm just finding the floor but when I look down, it's gone  
I know it's way too short, it rarely lasts too long  
I'm finding the door, but when I turn around  
When I turn around it's gone

It seems like today I'm looking back  
Well maybe tomorrow I'll see further  
Than my little head allows me to  
I'll be cruising then I'll crack  
Oh something better happen to these feelings  
That I'm going through