

Sunspot, Summer Day

The purposelessness of a summer day,
well I dont know where the road will lead me next,
I asked my old man what will become of me and he said,
Nothing is all you do and its all youll ever be.

It might make you sad that this is my home,
it might seem too bad that this is all I know.

A purposelessness for a summer day,
nothing is all I do and its all I have to be.

Its all Ill be

A driftless waste of space,
another welfare case,
you cant make me grow up.
I wont waste my time,
on your assembly line,
you cant make me grow up.

A lazy lawn chair and an ice cold drink,
why on earth would I ever want to change?
Ambition falls away as I drift to sleep,
this moments gone but it was mine to keep.

It might make you sad that this is my home,
youre just like my dad what do you know?

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