

Taking Back Sunday, Summer, Man

Yeah!

I played dead, immersed in that
Technicoloured kind of black and white type
Counting one to seven through the roof
If my lady only knew how high
I am, I am tonight
I crack open the safe myself, now
Forty-five, twenty-two, June until September,
Three months 'til December.

The summer is over
And I doubt, I doubt
I'll be seeing you around.
I'll be seeing you around.
'Cause I ain't working for you anymore,
No, I ain't working for you anymore,
So go prove to the world
What you already proved
That you just couldn't do on your own.
Let's have a talk about the good times
Boy, you were always giving in
Let's have a talk about the good times
Boy, you were only giving in

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I'll be seeing you around.
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The summer is over
And I doubt, I doubt
I'll be seeing you around.
I'll be seeing you around.
Let's have a talk about the good times
Boy, you were always giving in
Let's have a talk about the good times
Boy, you were only giving in to...

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I'll be seeing you around.
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