

The Starting Line, Drama Summer

We can wait for the wind to blow
or give me a look so cold
It gives me chills
and ends the summer war
My eyes roll
Around and over and again
Falling down,
Dizzy with sun stroke

I'll be there
And I'll try to identify
Try to look through the grey skies in your eyes
And pick up everything you left behind

Cross your fingers
and pray for winter
I'll be there
Painting the town your favourite colour

Guess I'll call or see you around (yeah)
Guess I'll call or see you around
Guess I'll call or see you around (yeah)
Guess I'll call or see you around

I'll call or see you around
I'll call or see you around
I'll call or see you around
I'll call or see you around

Painting the town your favourite colour