

Thursday, Standing On The Edge Of Summer

In this room I'm sitting by your side.

'Cause it rains for hours and the phone is off its hook.

Standing on the edge, casting lots to set me up before you knock me down,
off the summer's edge and drown me.

We're betting on our own lives, making up for all the time we lost.

In this house of cards we're all holding hearts and spades

(one breath, one step could knock it all down)

but you lead with your eyes and you give it away

(decide, design to cut from the clouds).

When the people you love get lost in the shuffle,

(when you leave, you leave nothing but broken heart)

you let it go and then you fold.

So we stay on the open road.

We drive for hours and still no end in sight at all.

Driving in your car, miss the stop sign, fall in love, just to get knocked out.

Pull your punches and burn with your cigarettes.

Pulled like a punch and burnt like a cigarette?

forever.