

Urban Dance Squad, Temporarily Expendable

People come, friends go
Wonder for the reason
Summer is one season long

Dark days, storms ahead
Forces get you soakin' wet
Makes you longing for your bed, warm

Cycle's on, leaves drop dead
The ones you love,
Go instead
Yellow pictures paint your past gone
Last not least, not least but last
Can you laugh

Hihhi hahaha

Good times, man, it has been a bliss
Now it's strictly bizniz
Grab a coat
Can you kiss this off
Wish and be like busiek
Image that will surely last
Thoughts when the people lack soul

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Can you laugh