

Voxtrot, Future Pt 1

Late summer sky, two colors deep, three wide and a third all by
And set to try to take away the shadows from your eyes
You shift and sigh, do we live fully grown when we learn to cry?
This is why I never hold a grudge against you, love

But hey, this is the future
And we don't grow up like that
Oh we grow teeth and we grow nails
And we scratch to the bottle when we need
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One body bends, one body twists and breaks and the lifetime is
We rush to amend the situation but it happens all the time
I could pretend to think fondly of half the summer that I spent
In the wilderness, playing soccer and kissing girls

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And we learn to be ashamed of each other
And we learn to be ashamed of ourselves

One busy street, one flock of birds which scatters beneath my feet
All these simple things they stick to me like truth, like ice, like fire