

Zebra, Wait Until the Summer's Gone

The time is right but don't be critical
The same could happen to you
You know I'm not right and I can't be analytical
About the things you're going through
Look at me baby now you think I might be crazy
But you just can't touch me now
I know I'm not right and I really can't be lazy
and I think I'm going home
Look into my eyes
The high is fine but don't be cynical
The game is still the same
If you're coming up light and you want some retribution
Then believe in what I say
Take a position where there ain't no superstition
And just grab whatever's gold
'Cause if you're coming up light on the day of testimony
They'll just send you packing home
They're gonna do it to ya!
Look into my eyes
Wait for the lies
Wait until the summer's gone
Waiting for the lines to fall
Wait until the summer's gone
Look into my eyes
Wait for the lies...