

Wilburn Brothers

"Not For The Season"

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Springtime comes and the leaves are back on the trees
again

Snipers are harder to see my friends

Weeding out the weekends

Summer comes and gravity undoes you

You're happy because of the lovely way the sunshine
bends

Hiding from your close friends

Weeding out the weekends

Candy left over from Halloween

A unified theory of everything

Love left over from lovers leaving

Books, they all know they're not worth reading

It's not for the season

When autumn comes you sit in your chair and you stare

At the TV square

Hiding in the deep end

Weeding out the weekends

Winter comes and the days all start late

There's motion on the boughs where the dark shapes
prowl

Feeling out the feelings

Feeling out the feeling

Candy left over from Halloween

A unified theory of everything

Love left over from lovers leaving

Books, they all know they're not worth reading

They're not worth reading

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