

Slo Burn

"July"

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So lay your dead
In our time rhyme
When it heat's on you.
And then you stand
With flowers dead,
I'm in your head.
Am I rain?
You can not say it,
July!
July!

If you try to be raised in pain,
It's an all-time high.
And I've cried the blocked out train,
We have no desire.
In the blink of a solid flame,
I can wash that pain aside.
And we know we're insane.
I'm coming right up riot.
July (ooh,)
July (ooh,)

Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Do you want it,
You need it,
You steal it,
Well, just to be there?

Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Do you want it,
You need it,
You steal it,
Just to be there?

Ah...
Now we live by the hope of the trade,
It's a fade-out scene.
Under sun cause the black your shade.
This is all I see.
As the contract spreads to dream
Solid heat will find it clean.

So the end of the ride is today.
Well, I fought the land cause today it's...

July! (Midnight above my ranch.)
Oh (She's a goner).
July! (She said, hold on; you got my life.)
Oh, oh. (What I want,)
July! (I said, you want my God.)

Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Do you want it,
You need it,
You steal it,
Well just to be there?

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