

Abelha Kid**"Brighton"**

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Hoping it came in
The letter on the porch
He opened all the doors

To let out all the band wind
Blown out, last night while he waited
So long, he forgot to wake up
And he's missed the point completely

Kicking around some
In the same old bars
Where everything happened
But not anymore
Wish I could tell him that it's worthless

Used to be clever
Handsome and polite
But he got into fights
Cynical delights

As the enemies receded
Thought he'd found out all he needed
Catastrophic cutie pie
You make me cry
You make me cry

Kicking around some
In the same old bars
Where everything happened
But not anymore
Wish I could tell him that it's worth it

I cannot return the favor
The work is done when we finish the labor
It's cut off now
It's cut off now

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