

Coma

"Summer Weaving"

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And when it comes right down to it
We're really all alone
Unless we want someone to own
And run the life we live, oh me

To write a lonely night into a poem
Weave me a summer flight into a music
That I've loved and haven't known
Weave me a summer night into a winter fire
For I'm very far from warm

And when it comes right down to it
I'm happily alone
'Cause I don't want someone to own
And run the life I live, oh me

To walk a night into a day that has no reason
Walking past the house of someone else's season
Gazing at the light on the rim of a tightly closed door
Weave me inside before the winter and I wouldn't ask
for more

And when it comes right down to it
We're really quite alone
Unless we want someone to own
And run the life we live

Repeat

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