

Best Coast

"Magic Sticks In December"

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It's sad to know your summer's gone
Worse to know your fall is coming
Call your friends we'll talk about it
Call your friends let's talk about it...

We said we'd write it down because half of the time we
tend to forget
All the little things we plan and plant so deep inside of
our heads
Take my word that feeling's gone
All hands on deck our weapons are drawn
We sing the night to sleep this time, the last time
Just like the last time

Go, you'll never have to ask it slowly
Won't, hold long enough for you to believe

That was fast lets slow it down to hear the winds that
wake this town
Or stone rabbits that come to life when 2am tends to
strike twice
The jockey waits at your front door with water like a
hidden sore
Strike the bell it's time to go if you're reading this
We said we're sorry

I would never tell if you never ask me,
You could never ask if you don't know
PS- We'll be back for more

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