

## Local H

# "May : The Summer Of Boats"

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And you're allowed to change, you have permission to try  
You're movin' off to Salt Lake and no one will ask why  
Movin' off in June, not a day too soon  
It all seems so perfectly strange  
Break it all in two and you'll be orphaned too  
It's all just so perfectly strange

And I'm allowed to break when my shit's wrapped too tight  
And though it all seems strange, this compulsion to die  
Shovin' off from shore, can't take any more  
It all seems so perfectly lame  
Liftin' up on four, breakin' down the doors  
It's all just so perfectly lame

Life was perfectly sad, it's perfectly sadder now

And I'm allowed to break, a simple catch in the throat  
Was it all that great back in the summer of boats?

You're allowed to change you don't need permission to try  
You're movin' off to Salt Lake and no one will ask why  
Break it all in two, do what you have to do  
It all seems so perfectly plain  
I'll make a shrine for you and you can burn that, too  
It's all just so perfectly, perfectly

Life was perfectly sad, it's perfectly sadder now

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