

Mondo Rock

"Summer Of '81"

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Gonna write you a letter
Gonna mail it today-ay
So you won't escape from
These things I wanna say

I wanna thank you for the privelege
I-I wanna thank you for the pain
I'll be handin' you the ashes
I wanna thank you for-or the game

We stood on the balcony
And we watched it toge-ether
We were modern men and women
Who changed like the wea-eather

We were one day goin' hot, the next day goin' cold
One day growin' restless, the next day growin' old

Waiting for the countdown, in the summer of '81
Sign up or go underground, in the summer of '81

There's no time for leather
And there's no one on the floor
So I'll pretend that we're together
I don't want to go alone, no-no-no-no

We stood on the balcony
And we watched it toge-ether
We were modern men and women
Who changed like the wea-eather

We were one day goin' hot, the next day goin' cold
One day growin' restless, the next day growin' old

Waiting for the countdown, in the summer of '81
Sign up or go underground, in the summer of '81
We were waiting for the countdown, in the summer of
'81
Sign up or go underground, in the summer of '81
Well we were waiting for the countdown in the summer
of '81

Waiting for the countdown in the summer of '81
Waiting for the countdown in the summer of '81
Waiting for the countdown, in the summer of '81

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