

## Permanent Ink

**"7:30"**

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If so and so was so delightful,  
Go ahead, don't waste your life.  
She'd it like a change of season.  
Letter sent from where the grass is greener.

Haven't been to sleep much lately.  
Words you never said that grate on me.  
Keep a secret flake of his life,  
Call it happiness.

It would have been nice to be someone.  
To have and to hold the only one.  
But when 7:30 come around,  
There's nothing there, just bitterness.

If so and so is so delightful,  
Go ahead, don't kiss your life away.  
She'd it like a change of season.  
Send a letter where the grass is greener.

It would have been nice to be someone.  
To have and to hold the only one.  
But when 7:30 come around,  
There's nothing there, just bitterness  
There's nothing there

Always the last to know and the first to cry.  
Our summer years are nothing  
As they're Freudian-slipping by

It would have been nice to be someone.  
To have and to hold the only one.  
But when 7:30 come around,  
There's nothing there, just bitterness.  
There's nothing there, just bitterness.  
There's nothing there...

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