

The Copyrights "Stuck In Summertime"

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Going deaf from your empty threats
You can shout it from roof tops all day
If that's how you want it now

Amplified three stories tall cause you know
That's the highest place in town
If that's how you want it now

Confessing to these empty streets
Summertime brings ghosts to cardondale
That's how we want it now

Heat kills all pathetic words
This town is dead but life goes on
Even when you're gone

Note to self
Try to hang around a little more
Be around a little more
Be seen, not heard
A note to you
Try to let your guard down some
Take it easy some we know you're here

How long will the summer last
Under a magnifying glass
Ask you to help us along
When we can't make it through a song

Getting bored of these empty streets
I can sleep all night on 51
That's not how I want it now

Heat kills all pathetic dreams
Our hopes shot down
But life goes on even when you're gone

And you know you're getting old
When you're wishing for the cold
And you start missing all your peers
You didn't like when they were here
How long will the summer last

Under a magnifying glass

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