

Airborne Toxic Event

"The Girls In Their Summer Dresses"

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It's so quiet on this wind whirl day
The city's lights, it's golden rays
Sunlight on a subway's tracks
Are you mad again??
If you like
I'll take it back
They're just your feelings
I wasn't looking at her hands
Oh do you mean it??

It's so lonesome
In "this happens" stance
If you ask me..
Yes, I'd like to dance
Just show me a glove-covered hand
A perfumed dress is more than I can stand..
You are poetry with your hollow hearted hand
And you tell me:
"It's not silver lights
It's not fair to me
The blues, the grays, the olive greens"
I'll take you far away from me

The girls in their summer dresses see
Though you don't notice
They all look back at me
Is this on purpose??

Oh no, no, no..
Oh no, no, no..
Oh no, no, no..
May offer to you
This, my olive branch
It's not as though they're always so keen
And we're both just the victims of circumstance
Do you understand,
Do you know what I mean??

Oh no, no, no..
Oh no, no, no..
Oh no, no, no..
Oh no, no, no..

I'm a husband first
I'm a childless curse
I am faithful man
With a face that's rich
I plan to stay with you
And please don't sigh
I try to explain
But you would cry,
And cry, and cry, and cry
And you hate me
When I ask the reason why
You'll trade me a dollar for some sense
But don't blame me
I was only making sense
Oh I'm so sorry
I was only making sense

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