

World Without Sundays

"Tea In July"

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Several years have gone by
And the palm trees are hanging their heads
They're still mourning the passing of the good old days
I must have bumbled the rendezvous
cause I don't think that destiny sees me
Believe me, Ive been out here way too long
So have a drink on your dear old dad
And some free advice son
Things are always worse when they're looking this bad
I said thanks dad, thanks dad
And there was one that got away and the last thing she
said was
She wont drink coffee or tea in july
I never quite knew what she meant by
So I put on the color of blood
Left the print of my foot in the ashes
Of the bridge that I burned behind me
After I walked across
And I sit on the doorstep of love
Just to hear you say life isn't easy
Well believe me
As soon as the rain stops Im going to catch the bus
And have a drink on my dear old dad
And some free advice son
Things are always worse when they're looking this bad
I said thanks dad, thanks dad
And there was one that got away and the last thing she
said was
She wont drink coffee or tea in july
I never quite knew what she meant by
I don't know what to call it but I feel it all around

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