

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

"Casiotone For The Painfully Alone In A Green Cotto"

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i gave back the t-shirt that you'd always wear
i went by your work & just left it there
all the leaves are brown
& it's autumn now

it was a summer fling
don't take it personal or anything
you can wear your heart on your sleeve
but pull your sweater over

no more kisses under shooting stars
no more rides on the handlebars
no more drive-ins
in the back seat of your parents' car

it was a summer fling
& it didn't mean anything
& you can cry your eyes out on the phone
oh yeah

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