

Pernice Brothers

"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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