

P.Y.T.

"Country Scene"

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We sit and stare 'til it gets old
The summer heat drops to a cold breeze
My bare feet? in the grass
Content to stay here and watch time lapse

Dandelion growing in the cracks
My eyes fix just a past
The horizon where space and god all laugh
And it all shrinks to a view and then falls flat

Happy are we with them gospel songs
And a quiet place where we can watch the streetlights
turn on
An empty house filled up with a select few
And some stars

Now I'm hopin' that my car will start
Prolonged stars are not in the cards tonight
Perfect timing and a favourite window
And sleep right up ahead

Happy are we with them gospel songs
And a quiet place where we can watch the streetlights
turn on
An empty house filled up with a select few
And some stars

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