

## Surrogate "Stay Out Of The Sun"

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I can't believe the weather this year  
I don't think nature can be trusted anymore  
She's got a taste for human blood and misery  
She won't be happy till we're gone, gone, gone

So don't push your luck  
Don't screw this up for me  
So don't push your luck  
'Cause we ran out of sympathy

I can't believe the weather this year  
Who'd have thought that we could screw this up so fast  
I kind of thought that you would live forever  
Ten years of separating trash won't satisfy her

So don't push your luck  
Don't screw this up for me  
So don't push your luck  
'Cause we ran out of sympathy

So don't push your luck  
Don't screw this up for me  
So don't push your luck  
'Cause we ran out of sympathy

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