

Tracy Bonham

"Dumbo sun"

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As we play in the dumbo sun
We feel the love for everyone
Days burn down in the dumbo sun
We got off we got off we got off we got off
There was a man in a yellow thong
He was doing his yoga and doing it wrong
Down under the bridge for all to see
He got off he got off he got off he got off

Yeah, how I miss those days more than a little
Growing young in the dumbo sun

Me and Jo tried to change the world
But the world wasn't listening to two Brooklyn girls
So we started a band and we banged up our knees
We got off we got off we got off we got off
Life wouldn't take us too seriously
So we sang on the subway and sang out of key
To the isle of Manhattan promiscuously
We got off we got off we got off we got off

Yeah, how I miss those days
More than a little
Growing young in then dumbo sun

Washington slept here a tree it can grow here and i
Grow smaller and sleepless so high
Circling and circle line skies
Willowing wondering why can't
Tiffany's breakfast be mine?
Ask Truman Capote Truman Capote Truman Capote
And all of my homeys

Yeah, how I miss those days more than a little
Growing young in the dumbo sun
Growing young in the dumbo sun
Growing young in the dumbo sun

