

# Drive-by Summer

## Bell X1

It's a drive-by summer at the end of March  
Sees more than it's pound of flesh  
City comes alive in the sunshine  
All loved-up, everyone flashing smiles But oh it gives and it taketh away  
Reset to one of those shades of grey  
Shackles ring on through the ages  
Shaping all of our many faces Still they gazed and still their wonder grew  
When it's gone sure who'd be looking at you  
Who'd be looking at you Laughing at the people in the garden centre  
My barber says they must all be mental  
All this shit will be dead week  
Cos no good things last, haven't you seen? What is this, taking of pleasure  
In others misfortune and misadventure?  
Gets parked for this summer surprise  
All lifted by the rising tide Still they gazed and still their wonder grew  
When it's gone sure who'd be looking at you  
Who'd be looking at you

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