

Fine

Lemon Demon

One. Two. Three. Four??Today has a way of scarring your eyes
with negative light, but it's a disguise.

I put on my shades and see through the lies.

The convenient truth is:Light is on the way.

We'll be having a fun time.

It's such a lovely day.

We should pocket the sunshine

and never give it back

even if there's a heat wave

or terrorist attack.

It will just be a close shave, I know.I know... that every bomb has a silver lining, I know.

I know... it won't be long until everthing works out nice in the end.

The sun will marry the moon.

It'll be fine.

Why don't we sit back mellow again

and have a nice afternoon?

It'll be fine.I go for a walk.

The sidewalk is cracked.

I'm not superstitious,

but I made a pact with old Mother Earth:

She'd get off my back if I get off hers.Light is on the way.

We'll be having a fun time.

It's such a lovely day.

We should pocket the sunshine

and never give it back

even if there's a heat wave.

We're stalling on the track.

It will just be a close shave, I know.I know... that in a snap, all the birds will sing, I know.

I know... I'm full of crap, but still,everthing works out nice in the end.

The sun will marry the moon.

It'll be fine.

Why don't we sit back mellow again

and have a nice afternoon?

It'll be fine.Fine...

Fine...

Fine...

Everything is gonna be

Fine...

Fine...

Fine...

Everything is gonna beFine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.

Everything is gonna beFine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.Fine.

Everything is gonna be.....One. Two. Three. Four??

Everthing works out nice in the end.

The sun will marry the moon.

It'll be fine.

Why don't we sit back mellow again

and have a nice afternoon?

It'll be fine.Everthing works out nice in the end.(I know...)

(The sun will marry the moon.)

Works out nice in the end...(that every bomb has a silver lining, I know.)

Why don't we sit back mellow again(I know...)

(and have a nice afternoon?)Sit back mellow again...

(it won't be long until)Everthing works out nice in the end.

The sun will marry the moon.

It'll be fine.

Why don't we sit back mellow again

and have a nice afternoon?

It'll be fine, fine, fine, fine.

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