

# Things Mean a Lot

## Red House Painters

There's my favorite roller coaster  
Next to the blue water  
The one only sissies ride  
There's the sun going down  
Creating that florescent glow, reminding me  
I'll never be able to relive this day  
Except in memory  
There's those big barking fish  
In the concrete stream  
Growling for dog food  
Bulging dead eyes that gleam  
Where's dad?  
And where is mom?  
Looks like from here on out  
It's me and you  
Looks like from here on out  
It's just me and you

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