One Summer

2 Skinnee J's

Chorus
One for the corner
Two for the train
Three for the kids with the beats on their brains
Four for the sunshine that's blazing hot
It's all we got to give, so we give it all we gotIt's the best of times, it's the worst of times
So we got the Gatorade for your thirsty minds
The flows you breathe in like O2
That go to your head and get you trippin' like toadstools
So you know you be in competent hands
Like a veteran QB who be throwing balls to the stands for the fans
The band gets you out of your seat
I get you out of your brain astroplaning the street
'cause you gotta pay rent, you gotta make friends
You gotta stay sane, so when the day ends
You wanna find yourself where you can lose yourself
Lookin through yourself so you can prove yourself
You wanna love a little and laugh a lot
You wanna be higher than an astronaut
You never wanna ever have to come up for air
So we're taking you half way thereCHORUSIn a field of broken dreams I put my stakes down
Where pens, amps, mics and strings all come to break ground
To chase down the great crown of great sounds
To build upon our life or likely break down
We race round the playground way up to way down
day up to day down stay up to lay down
Tracks and beats, from the front to the back of your seats
That's got you back on your feet
You'll be singing for the night, singing for the day
Singing for the joy of life, singing for our pay
Listen up kids 'cause we've got something to play
And we'll have good times, good times

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