Covered Wagons

Surfer Blood

Say I won't forget something that no one knows, diffuse the day again.
Say that I'll be fine, I'll step on no ones toes
but every now and then.
The ribbons cut with rusty blades:
just a minor imperfection.
And what should be a golden age
starts to waver on its axis.
Crash, burn, don't fade away.
Those days are gone
we said so long.
Covered wagons carry on.
You'll never see a cloudy day,
crash, burn, don't fade away.
Say that I don't need you when I couldn't resist,
I'm underneath your spell.
Reaching for a place where you and I can exist
but only time will tell.
Far across the fertile plains
there's a golden age a brewin'.
Conestoga wagon train
prone to recklessness and ruin.
Crash, burn, don't fade away.
Those days are gone,
we said so long.
Covered wagons carry on.
Trojan horse; instant replay.
Crash, burn, don't fade away.
Those days are gone,
we said so long.
The check is in the mail, right on.
You'll never see a cloudy day.
Crash, burn, don't fade away.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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