

Burning Bridges

Freak Kitchen

The sun is kind of annoying
As I try to sleep in the back of my van
It is supposed to be autumn
Did someone mess with The Plan? Feels like my skin doesn't fit me
But it's one mother of a tan
Barbecued might be the right description
As I walk around in this frying pan Give me a damn good reason not to worry
Give me a damn good reason
'Cos I refuse to sit here on my ass and drown
When we burn our bridges down Now it's been a while since I last wrote
The ground has been just as green as before
The yesterday my street turned kinda arctic
Now I can't get out of my front door

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