

# Gypsy Summer (Acoustic)

## On My Honor

Spent a solid night  
Dodging sleep again  
A dirty garage littered with  
Smoke from pipes and pyramids of cans  
Scale one more roof  
For talks of friends estranged  
The heights that offer views  
Of times that earn our praise At times you have to dive  
Through sewage in this life  
That filthy creek where  
The purest parts reside  
At times you have to dive  
By filth you'll be baptized  
Oh, holy night  
Dive until the sunrise Eyes fixed on grey skies  
While we try to find our feet  
A downhill run in morning air  
Though we always swim upstream  
Asleep in the basement  
With dogs that live like me  
In the cold of the sounds we make  
In the warmth of loyalty At times you have to dive  
Through sewage in this life  
That filthy creek where  
The purest parts reside  
At times you have to dive  
By filth you'll be baptized  
Oh, holy night  
Dive until the sunrise A summer for gypsies  
Reviving books I try to read  
When my hands stop shaking  
In times when the daylight finally favors me A summer for gypsies  
Where I find my separate peace  
We left our clothes there  
In exchange for the things that we keep At times you have to dive  
Through sewage in this life  
That filthy creek where  
The purest parts reside  
At times you have to dive

By filth you'll be baptized  
Oh, holy night  
Dive until the sunrise

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