

# Iscarabaid

## Sunny Day Real Estate

Now they're swerving when I give  
And now it's turning away from my impression at all  
It's cholerich months in baritone  
But waiting for the tide out  
Right in they're calling me Words at hiding are revoked  
But waiting for this I'll blend in the covering  
When it's tried, embarrass  
A late song in the late leaf  
Things will come anywhere Inside of me  
Outside of you  
Waiting closer to there  
I'd swear that goes with our dreams  
What's wrong with me  
Another side of you In every type a value  
But now it's turning away from my impression at all  
There was a time when running  
I went swimming  
And you pulled me to come back Long weeks hiding melody  
And now it's starting awake at my impression at all  
The clock strikes hope  
And time to bring  
But now it's turning into a beast like you I don't need them  
Light the way there  
Inside of me  
Outside of you  
Going closer to there  
And swear that you've seen better things  
Wipe the slate  
What am I to sing?  
Many clothes to borrow  
To quell that song

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