

The New Cobweb Summer

Lambchop

Last thought that you think today
Has already happened
The link between profound and pain
Covers you like Sherwin Williams
Smokey Joe is broken
Drops into your lap
And the big red wasp
Makes a scan through my black pages
Last night, our boy was out there
Burning up his matches
Saw him in the afternoon
Sporting a black eye
The universal man
With a pistol or a bottle
Types with confidence
As we grow out of our bruises
Once I had a friend
Who had the knack of tossing
His mind around geography
Boy, you think, you have problems
The hunter is asleep
At least that's what I call him
In the afternoon of
The new cobweb summer

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