

One Summer Last Fall

Jets to Brazil

kid i held you with these arms that felt so hard
you kept your chin up and i held my guard
made a prison bed from a life i never led
let me correct these mistakes you delight in God i hope i get it right ive been practicing tonight
kid i hope it holds some fraction of its feeling
if you keep believing then ill keep on being
a ghost in his prison bed short sheeted and shook dead
looking at love he still hasnt made yet that i couldnt make to you baby, i can barely move kid you were wrong
that wasnt me in that song
you write the lie youd like to be
when your life feels like a book you wouldnt read kid ive lived through others i made myself so small
i lived through a record one summer last fall
the singer said something i could only feel
i saw him this morning he still looked real real God i need him here tonight
i just know hed get this right kid im a mess
if it looked good youre seeing things i guess
i changed my mind so many times im a strobe light flickering freak. the baby of the week im starting to see
someone i could never be kid what went wrong? we had it all now its all gone
i blew my mind out now its your turn to find out what we all need
what we all mean im starting to see someone i dont want to be

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