

Mayonaise

Brown Rainbow

Fool enough to almost be it
Cool enough to not quite see it doomed
 Pick your pockets full of sorrow
Run away with me tomorrow, June
 We'll try and ease the pain
But somehow we'll feel the same
 Well, no one knows
 Where our secrets go
 I send a heart to all my dearies
When your life is so, so dreary, dream
I'm rumored to the straight and narrow
While the harlots of my perils, scream
 And I fail
 But when I can, I will
 Try to understand
 When I can, I will
Mother weep the years I'm missing
 All our time can't be given, back
Shut my mouth and strike the demons

That cursed you and your reasons
 Out of hand and out of season
Out of love and out of feeling, so bad
 When I can, I will
 Words defy the plan
 When I can, I will
Fool enough to almost be it
And cool enough to not quite see it
And old enough to always feel this
 Always old, I'll always feel this
No more promise, no more sorrow
 No longer will I follow
 Can anybody hear me?
I just want to be me
 When I can, I will
 Try to understand
 When I can, I will

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