Summer Summer

The Almost

Walking around, looking down
For something better
There's nothing better
Some old weird and familiar sound
It's just you leaving town, my God
August came around

Summer comes and leaves you with a fever
That you caught
When you were young
Summer goes, makes you feel like life is real
And hanging on for more

Empty streets, empty me
Just call me vagabond
Wondering in the sun
This is getting sort of old
Wandering aimlessly
Is it empty streets or empty me?

Hanging, hanging
Holding on for me, hoping, praying
This will all start over
Come back for me
We will walk the streets
Of this old town
Make me a promise
This will all come back around

Lyrics submitted by Annabelle.

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