

The Heat

Surface To Air Missive

Ahhhhhhh

I feel the heat beaming on me All the kids are leaving town
and I leave when the time is coming to us
I think what we'd find
would be so much better than that
so hard to divide
the difference between here and there and the heat comes and lacerates me
be reduced to a [?] mark
I request to be kept in your mind
same as the sand right in front of you now
wasting the time
saw me feeling so fine
I've got something else in mind they say it's time
you woke up to
drink enough water to drown summer's beginning to drift
I wish all these kids would get out of my town
I can finally have some peace and quiet oh oh

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