

# Wait Until the Summers Gone

## Zebra

The time is right but don't be critical  
The same could happen to you  
You know I'm not right and I can't be analytical  
About the things you're going through  
Look at me baby now you think I might be crazy  
But you just can't touch me now  
I know I'm not right and I really can't be lazy  
and I think I'm going home  
Look into my eyes The high is fine but don't be cynical  
The game is still the same  
If you're coming up light and you want some retribution  
Then believe in what I say  
Take a position where there ain't no superstition  
And just grab whatever's gold  
'Cause if you're coming up light on the day of testimony  
They'll just send you packing home  
They're gonna do it to ya! Look into my eyes  
Wait for the lies Wait until the summer's gone  
Waiting for the lines to fall  
Wait until the summer's gone  
Look into my eyes  
Wait for the lies...

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