Fields

Sicko

August night swelters roll back the covers
and I remember a long lost summer
when you and I were a whole lot better friendsIn skyclad fields we came together
hard to hold in moonlit heather
get off me boy, you're breaking my back againAnd a mouth full of broken words
was all I had and all she heard
as the sun set down to disappear
into the haziest sunset of the yearSo we drove for days and talked about nothing
as the fields rolled by an American discussion
do you remember whenDo you recall the place that you're from
who do you like and who do you love
who do you hate and who's your favorite bandIsn't it weird how things can change
in a year and some you look so strange
and you don't look at me half as dear
as you did sometime late last year...goodbye

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