

Summerhouse

Better Than Ezra

Down by the dock, hot blood in the sun
The body lays up against the weeds
The locals said the man had it comin'
And it's time someone put him six feet in the ground
Where did she go that night
Where did she sleep when the morning came
To the summerhouse (cha!) Mrs. showed up to ID the body
Then shed a tear, as she hid a smile
The sergeant laughed and smiled in frustration
One life is lost, while another one is found
Where did she go that night
Where did she sleep when the morning came
To the summerhouse
To the summerhouse (cha!) (cha!)

Songwriters

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