

Summer, Man

Taking Back Sunday

Yeah

I played deaf, immersed
In that technicoloured kind of
Black and white type
Counting one to seven through the roof
If my lady only knew how high I am, I am tonight

I crack open the safe myself now
Forty-five twenty-two
June until September
Three months 'til december

The summer is over and I doubt
I doubt I'll be seeing you around
I'll be seeing you around

'Cause I ain't working for you anymore
No, I ain't working for you anymore
So go prove to the world what you already proved
That you just couldn't do on your own

Let's have a talk about the good times
But you were always giving in
Let's have a talk about the good times
Boy, you were only giving in

The summer is over and I doubt
I doubt I'll be seeing you around
I'll be seeing you around
The summer is over and I doubt
I doubt I'll be seeing you around
I'll be seeing you around

So let's have a talk about the good times
But you were always giving in
Let's have a talk about the good times
Boy, you were only giving in to (me)

The summer is over and I doubt

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