

All Hands And The Cook

The Walkmen

Broke my back
Out in the yard
If you don't like it
Won't you tell me?
Work all day
And all the night
Later on
Can I help it?
By the way
It won't last
Rain will come
The summer's passed
Three shots fired
To call us back
You were lost
When I found you
After all
You promised me
A broken nose
A twisted knee
Stop talking
To the neighbor's dog
I got a temper
When it's late
Break all the windows
In my car
Burn down the room
When I'm asleep
Break out the bottles
When I go
I'll dig a hole
For all your friends
If you don't like it
Won't you tell me
If you don't like it?
Never saw it coming
Never saw it coming
By the way
It won't last

Rain will come
The summer's passed

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>