

Calender Days

Ass Ponys

When hope is gone
We drag the pond
And try to look beyond
The dead end of summer
There's a haze hanging over the town
So hide your eyes
Ignore the flies
And try to act surprised
It's the dead end of summer
When all of the grass has gone brown
Oh, I've been x'ing out calendar days
There's a pattern to our time apart
Do I still exist
In the bottomless pit of your heart
Thrown or fell
It's hard to tell
The baby's in the well
At the dead end of summer
You better prime the divining rod

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