Last Days Of Summer In San Francisco

Matt Nathanson

We spent July in a Berkeley basement,
Half read books, and bold declarations.
There was so much I didn't believe in
And then, there was you.
You made me brave,
You made me stupid
Gave me this skin, that I could move in.
We're gonna leave them where they stand
Leave them where theyLove, no one cares
About the stories they're not in.
We'll fade out to whispers,
It's the last days of summer in San Francisco.The kitchens cold and the tea kettle whistles.
The J Church rolls and rattles our windows.
There's no nostalgia here it's just now,
Baby now.
I was a fire that you started
For once I knew everything that I wanted.
We're gonna leave them where they stand,
Leave them where theyLove, no one cares
About the stories they're not in.
We'll fade out to whispers,
It's the last days of summer in San Francisco
It's the last days of summer in San FranciscoLove, no one cares
About the stories they're not in.
We'll fade out to whispers,
It's the last days of summer in San FranciscoLast days of summer in San Francisco.

Songwriters
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