

# 365 days (jerry folk remix)

## ZZ Ward

Your clothes out on the blacktop,  
Scattered suits on the street,  
Frames and broken pictures in the mid-September heat,  
We set these nights on fire,  
So hot, we bent it down,  
Now all that's left of us is ashes on the ground, I told you back in June  
You knew damn well what I would do 365 days, you've been making me wait,  
So keep your two-timing games,  
It's a lot of too late,  
The summer's over,  
Over, over,  
Over, over, over, Drop your keys from six stories,  
Shout out, It's raining green,  
Don't tell lies in heaven or an angel will get mean,  
Diamonds and white gold watches,  
Watch how fast they will soar,  
You always say you wanted to give back to the poor, I told you back in June  
You knew damn well what I would do 365 days, you've been making me wait,  
So keep your two-timing games,  
It's a lot of too late,  
The summer's over,  
Over, over,  
Over, over, over, I won't be your debutante  
Won't be the fool to your savant  
I can't fix your cracked-up dreams  
While the leaves fall off these trees  
I won't spend the winter nights  
Holding on to what ain't right  
You might break your words real fast  
But mine are made to last 365 days, you've been making me wait  
So keep your two-timing games  
It's a lot of too late  
The summer's over  
Over, over  
Over, over 365 days, you've been making me wait  
So keep your two-timing games  
It's a lot of too late  
The summer's over  
Over, over

Over, over, over now

Over now

Songwriters

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