

# L.O.L.A.

Bernard Fanning

It's summer's first swallow calls  
Brought back the heat of the sun  
Who could say the summer's begun  
One of these days  
We're along in the back seat  
Strung out in a numb so deep  
Spirit is willing  
The flesh is weak  
Who could say the summer's begun

L.O.L.A do you still spinning on that wheel?  
(Still running up that hill)  
Trying to catch yourself a better deal  
(Still running up that hill)

Who'd ever thought you'd be the one  
Making me feel this way  
(Straining around in the back throne)  
(He's going when you hold me close)  
When you hold me close

When along in the blackest sleep  
Strung out in a numb so deep  
Spirit is willing  
The flesh is weak  
One of these days  
What a rising in the great un-freeze  
Drip drying in a fifth full breeze  
Well who could say the hands are clean these days  
Who could say the summer's begun

L.O.L.A do you still spinning on that wheel?  
(Still running up that hill)  
Trying to catch yourself a better deal  
(Still running up that hill)

Who'd ever thought you'd be the one  
Making me feel this way  
(Straining around in the back throne)  
(He's going when you hold me close)  
Oh, when you hold me close

L.O.L.A do you still spinning on that wheel?  
(Still running up that hill)  
Trying to catch yourself a better deal  
(Still running up that hill)

Who'd ever thought you'd be the one  
Making me feel this way  
(Straining around in the back throne)  
(He's going when you hold me close)  
(Straining around in the back throne)  
(He's going when you hold me close)  
(Straining around in the back throne)