I would like to think about it Not just take a glimpse around it You know just what I mean If you've got another minute It would be nice to be in it Why would we move so fast Even with the best of reasons You still can't go changing seasons And autumn leaves are changing hue And if you're home I'll pick you up sometime We'll go out driving and see the sights and sounds and way it u sed to be Its always nice to hear an oldie Turn to putty but that's the old me The new is hard as rock How can we judge if your summer was better than mine And how can we tell if the moment is in its prime And words flow like wine And everyone's taking their time To see what I mean, lean, furious machine There is never a dull conclusion Just a good friendly ending protrusion Into the state of affairs