

Lost the Summer

The Jayhawks

You're lying there
Hating everything that you cannot control you roll around, push
it down
Light it up, smoke another bowl

You're knee deep in the thick of it
Taken all the shit you can
Wound up tight, it's hard to fight the urges so you hatch your
plan

Lost the summer in my head
Lost the summer in my head

Freedom to believe in something
That you cannot understand
Freedom to cradle a pistol
In the palm of your hand

Lost the summer in my head
Lost the summer in my head

One in the top drawer,
Why not it's the good old u.s.a
I got friends in the government
Got friends in the spca

Lost the summer in my head
Lost the summer in my head
Lost the summer in my head
Lost the summer in my head