

Summer's gone
I overslept and woke up to the chill of fall.

Overworked and now I'm all used up
This tv haze sucks me through
I watch the world from me inside
Overworked and now I'm all used up.

Final drag, fills my lungs and makes me high,
They fill up, as I bottom out,
Steering wheels, watch them driving
Driving with some place to go, i'd steer myself, but i don't have a route

Looking onto men, no ice cream man...
Or Beaches filled with sand
While the tv trays,
Wasted summer days slowly slipping away.

But you're so little help
when days are slow
and i'm down inside
i'll have to go
you're so little help
when mine's slow
when i'm down inside

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looking on to men, no ice cream man...
Or beaches filled with sand
While the tv trays, wasted summer days
Slowly slipping away

But you're so little help
when days are slow
and I'm down inside
I have to go...
You're so little help
when years are slow
when i'm down inside...

i'm down inside

i'm down inside

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