

# Cursive, When Summer's Over Will We Dream O

A safe position -- a back against the wall  
A simple shrug to shurg the questions off  
When there's no action, there's no reaction  
Curb the dead, avert the consequence  
So if no one moves, and no one speaks a word  
We could act OK

(We must standstill -- we must honor the stalemate)  
And we must slumber... have we ever been awake?  
Have we done a thing?  
When summer's over will we dream of spring?  
Safety can be disabling  
A crippled history as an absentee

A safe position -- turn off the phone  
Hang the blankets over the windows  
'Cause if no one's home, then there's no one responsible  
There's no response for disappointed eyes  
To see through you -- well, they can't see you anymore

(We must standstill -- we must honor the stalemate)  
Until we're pawned off... have we ever been present?  
Are we too past tense?  
When summer's over will we face autumn?  
Safety is disabling  
A crippled history  
Crippled history  
A crippled history...

Absentee... absentee... You're safe with me  
Curb the deed, avert the season  
Absentee... absentee... You're safe with me  
When summer's over will you dream of your crippled history  
Crippled history  
Crippled history  
Crippled history  
Absentee... When summer's over will you dream of your crippled history  
Crippled history  
Crippled history  
Crippled history  
Absentee...