

The Starting Line, The Drama Summer

We could wait for the wind to blow
Or give me a look so cold...It gives me chills
And ends the summer war
My eyes roll
Around and over and again
Falling down, dizzy with sun stroke
I'll be there
And i'll try to identify, try to look through the gray skies in your eyes..
I'll pick up everything you left behind
Cross your fingers, and pray for winter
I'll be there
Painting the town your favorite color.
Guess i'll call or see you around....yeah
Guess i'll call or see you around.
Guess i'll call or see you around....yeah
Guess i'll call or see you around.
I'll call, or see you around.
I'll call, or see you around.
I'll call, or see you around.
I'll call, or see you around.

...painting the town your favorite color.