

Hanging my head in the sun (when the sun's gone)

There's a brain pit  
Where my memories sit  
I can't recall but I'm sure they got a name for it  
A pit where pictures sit and voices come in stereo  
It's not so bad it's not the worst case scenario

But the real fact  
And the prospect  
Are not as pink as they will look like back in retrospect  
And I keep skipping back to eight summers ago

And then I fake those memories and let them tease me till I'm done

It's like I'm hanging my head in the sun when the sun's gone  
Hanging my head in the sun when the sun's gone

On a Monday  
Psychotherapy  
Tells me that I'm not as young as I'm supposed to be  
Which is really not a smart recognition at all

I let my heart sink  
To another drink  
It's much easier to drink than to stop to think  
Helps me wash away the happy sunny summer days

And then I fake those memories and let them tease me till I'm done

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