

July, August or Yesterday

I don't know
How to change
Change the wind
The way that it blows

I'm a leaf
I am blown
By rhyme
By ripples of time

July, August or yesterday

And there are days that are true
There are months that fly by
One of these years I will be
Right where I want to be

Despite all the days I am sad
All of the months that fly by
One of these years I will choose
To be where I want to be

I want support not money
I need an arm not a purse
I need a friend not a car
Some-things I'll never have

See all the green changing hands
All of the fists up in the air
Can't beat the sound of a tune
That won't change anything