Popsicles

Emily Kinney

Indian summer, how much more can I take?
I'm begging for the heat to break
My throat is parched, my skin is red
Fan blowin' on my face in a sweat-soaked bedFall is a daydream from when I was young
Backpacks, bonfires, cool in the sun
Crickets and kisses beneath the moon
Sneaking upstairs to my bedroomIf I could take back just one thing
I'd rewind to the last day of spring
You held my hand and squeezed it hard
We walked until the streets got dark
Gave me some new book to read
Sayin' I hope you find what you need
And just like that we're the broken-hearted
Just like that my fever startedAnd the green grass turned to sand
The sky filled with a haze
We thought we wanted freedom
But what we got were these dog days
And our lonely hearts are lazy
Sipping a stranger's salty kiss
Begging for a body
We'll take anything we can getLabor Day weekend, 90 degrees
A bottle of beer between my knees
A smoke, a sigh, a sideways glance
He's not the type to ask me to dance
Not the type to hold my hand
But he once played in some famous band
An empty pool, we both take a dive
We leave that party for a driveBut his hands are like sandpaper
His eyes are dark and dull
Months of dehydration have really taken their toll
And our tangled torsos tighten
As we're movin' out and in
He leaves before the traffic
And I'm burning up againAnd I'm angry when he leaves me
I love, they love me not
Popsicle to my temples
I'm so fucking hotAnd I'm frustrated forever
About the air that hangs around
Waftin' around my apartment

I can't cool downIndian summer, how much more can I take?
Just waiting for...
The heat to break

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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