

# Cruel Summer (Steve Picardi o-my-beat-mix)

## Bananarama

Hot summer streets  
And the pavements are burning  
I sit around  
Trying to smile but  
The air is so heavy and dry  
Strange voices are saying  
(What did they say)  
Things I can't understand  
It's too close for comfort  
This heat has got  
Right out of hand It's a cruel, (cruel), cruel summer  
Leaving me here on my own  
It's a cruel, (it's a cruel), cruel summer  
Now you're gone The city is crowded  
My friends are away  
And I'm on my own  
It's too hot to handle  
So I got to get up and go It's a cruel, (cruel), cruel summer  
Leaving me here on my own  
It's a cruel, (it's a cruel), cruel summer  
Now you're gone Gonna feel only it was It's a cruel, (cruel), cruel summer  
(Leaving me), leaving me here on my own  
It's a cruel, (it's a cruel), cruel summer  
Now you're gone It's a cruel, cruel summer  
Leaving me here on my own  
It's a cruel, cruel summer  
Now you're gone Gonna feel only it was It's a cruel, (cruel), cruel summer  
(Leaving me) leaving me here on my own  
It's a cruel, (it's a cruel), cruel summer  
Now you're gone Gonna feel only it was It's a cruel, (cruel), cruel summer  
(Leaving me), leaving me here on my own  
It's a cruel, (it's a cruel), cruel summer  
Now

Songwriters

JOLLEY, STEVE / SWAIN, TONY / FAHEY, SIOBHAN / WOODWARD, KEREN / DALLIN,

SARAH Published by

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