

Summer in the City

[Regina Spektor](#)

Summer in the city means cleavage, cleavage, cleavage
And I start to miss you, baby, sometimes
I've been staying up and drinking in a late night establishment
Telling strangers personal things Summer in the city, I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely
So I went to a protest just to rub up against strangers
And I did feel like coming but I also felt like crying
Doesn't seem so worth it right now And the castrated ones stand in the corner smoking
They want to feel the bulges in their pants start to rise
At the site of a beautiful woman they feel nothing but
But anger, her skin makes them sick in the night
Nauseous, nauseous, nauseous Summer in the city, I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely
I've been hallucinating you, babe, at the backs of other women
And I tap on their shoulder and they turn around smiling
But there's no recognition in their eyes Oh, summer in the city means cleavage, cleavage, cleavage
And don't get me wrong, dear, in general I think I'm doing quite fine
It's just when it's summer in the city, and you're long gone from the city
I start to miss you, baby, sometimes When it's summer in the city and you're so long gone from the city
I start to miss you, baby, sometimes
I start to miss you, baby, sometimes
I start to miss you, baby, sometimes

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