

# Wooly Mammoth

## Local Natives

In the summer, vicious summer  
This is nothing  
Like I thought it would look

You say, "Who am I to blame?"  
"Who am I to blame?"  
Spill yourself at her feet  
Stamp me out flickering

You remind me  
Which are the ones that sting  
They all look the same to me,  
Look the same to me

Spill yourself at her feet  
Stamp me out flickering  
There's a sun rising  
Steady now  
Comfort me

Big Sur swallowed, swallowed me alive  
You say, "Who am I to blame?"  
"Who am I to blame?"

Spill yourself at her feet  
Stamp me out flickering  
There's a sun rising  
Steady now  
Comfort me

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