

# Single for the Summer

Sam Hunt

The new year's getting older, the February roses are withered away  
The sun keeps getting closer, sinking a little slower everyday  
Ooh it's getting louder at the lights, music clashing in the street,  
Moon shining on the parking lot dolls  
Tanned legs in the night, sliding out of the sea, stilettos at the crosswalk  
I graduated but every year in May I get that school's out feeling  
I feel it creeping in every day and on weekends and I'm drowning in the freedom  
Blame it on the bikinis, party girls, and martinis and the sunshine  
Private school daughters that never go underwater keeping their hair just right  
I know in September, I'm gonna remember how much I loved her  
I'm single for the suh uh uh single for the summer I've gone off the deep end, company I'm keeping is messing me up  
The good girls at home sleeping, while I'm out creeping 'til the sun comes up  
Ooh I've got my phone faced down, and my hair combed back,  
Riding round getting good at the game  
Saying the wrong things right, chasing midtown girls holding hands and forgetting their names  
I graduated but every year in May I get that school's out feeling  
So I wanna leave and pretend that I'm not a cheater and I can't help leaving  
Blame it on the bikinis, party girls, and martinis and the sunshine  
Private school daughters that never go underwater keeping their hair just right  
I know in September, I'm gonna remember how much I love her  
I'm single for the suh uh uh single for the summer Ooh ooh  
All of these pretty young thangs (Pretty young thangs)  
Can make you forget a goodbye set (Pretty young thangs)  
Trying to make a good guy bad Blame it on the bikinis, party girls, and martinis and the sunshine  
Private school daughters that never go underwater keeping their hair just right  
I know in September, I'm gonna remember how much I love her  
I'm single for the suh uh uh single for the summer  
I'm single for the suh uh uh single for the summer Why do I love all of these city girls  
Why do I love all of these city girls  
Why do I love all of these city girls with pretty eyes  
Down on the money and broken hearted rich girls, the debutantes, the small town runaways  
All dolled up at the bar, with debit cards, they don't know how pretty they are  
City girls, city girls Kissing in the daylight  
Oh  
Kissing in the daylight  
Daylight, kissing in the daylight  
Kissing in the daylight

Kissing in the daylight

Songwriters

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