# 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 schools out feeling
I feel it creeping in every day and on weekends and I'm drowning in the freedomBlame 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 summerI'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 leavingBlame 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 summerOoh 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 badBlame 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 summerWhy 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 girlsKissing 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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