

# Almost Summer

## Tamir Hendelman

Lemon gin, corn fields plowed under  
Cigarettes, Southern Comfort  
With your friends behind the bleachers  
It's not this dance, hes gonna be there  
In the high school gym And its almost summer  
Almost warm enough to swim  
Backyards are waiting Hes got your name  
Hes got your number  
Hes got your name  
Hes got your number The sun sets across the parking lot  
Walking cool with your friends  
Before the ready cops  
Even know youre innocent  
The night is waiting Here he comes  
Youre a little nervous  
Here he comes  
Well, youre getting up the courage, yeah The music sucks  
But hes your salvation  
Cherry lip gloss  
You know what hes tasting, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah Youre in his car getting high  
Pair of fuzzy dice by the dashboard light  
Super toke, gets smoke in his eye  
Your head is swimming  
With the anticipation And suddenly youre puking out the door  
With your pants around your knees  
But hes a nice boy  
So he drops you on your street  
You cant believe it, looks like you blew it Hes got your name  
Hes got your number  
Hes driving away  
Oh, what a bummer, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah So you stumble home  
But you dont quite make it  
You wake up on the lawn  
Of your next door neighbors  
The sun is warm  
Its almost summer, yeah Its almost summer, yeah  
Its almost summer, yeah

Its almost summer, yeah  
Its almost summer, yeahIts almost summer, yeah  
Its almost summer, yeah  
Its almost summer, yeah  
It's

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