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 gymAnd its almost summer
Almost warm enough to swim
Backyards are waitingHes got your name
Hes got your number
Hes got your name
Hes got your numberThe sun sets across the parking lot
Walking cool with your friends
Before the ready cops
Even know youre innocent
The night is waitingHere he comes
Youre a little nervous
Here he comes
Well, youre getting up the courage, yeahThe music sucks
But hes your salvation
Cherry lip gloss
You know what hes tasting, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeahYoure 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 anticipationAnd 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 itHes got your name
Hes got your number
Hes driving away
Oh, what a bummer, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahSo 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, yeahIts 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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