In the Hot, Hot Rays

Fleet Foxes

Heat, like a dead weight
Still coverin' the street outside
So heavy that the dogs can't hide
In the hot, hot raysOut on the sidewalk
It's a river where the children go
Out enjoying the arctic show
In the hot, hot rays
In the hot, hot raysIn the hot rays I get oldI could never know what the dead man sees
I could never know what the deaf man hears
Or know what the dead man fears
Even if you were incompleteBrother let it go
And I'll find my way
If you want to know indian summer
I will make it back here to you somehow
What have you ever thought
Underneath the fireI try to play god
Do my best to keep the heat at bay
Maybe that would make you want to stay
In the hot, hot rays
In the hot, hot rays
In the hon, hot rays

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