

Almost Summer

Jason Collett

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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