

Summer in the City

Regina Spektor

Summer in the city
Means cleavage, cleavage, cleavage And I started miss you, baby, sometimes I've been staying up drinking
In the late night establishments
Telling strangers personal things Summer in the city
I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely So I went to a protest
Just to rub up against strangers
And I did feel like coming
But I also felt like crying
And it doesn't seem so worth it right now And the castrated ones stand in the corner smoking
They want to feel the bulges in their pants start to rise
At the sight of a beautiful woman
They feel nothing
But anger
Her skin makes them sick in the night Nauseous, nauseous, nauseous Summer in the city
I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely I've been hallucinating you, babe
At the backs of other women
And I tap 'em on the shoulder
And they turn around smiling but
There's no recognition in their eyes Oh, summer in the city!
Means cleavage, cleavage, cleavage Don't get me wrong, dear
In general I'm doing quite fine It's just when it's summer in the city
And you are so long gone from the city I start to miss you, baby, sometimes When it's summer in the city
And you are so long gone from the city
I start to miss you, baby, sometimes Oh, I start to miss you, baby, sometimes

Songwriters

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