

Bellamy Brothers

"I Know Where The Summer Goes"

Visit "[I Know Where The Summer Goes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I know where the summer goes
When you're having no fun
When you're under the thumb
I know where the summer dwells
If your underarm smells
And your kitchen looks like hell
I know where the summer goes
If you're scraping a pot, and your head is hot
Put your head down, put your thumbs up
Girl with the smell of hot desk
And the glitter of your step
He was right, he's the upcoming guru of the city
No one told the city councillors
I know, you can tell me again
I've got my mobile phone
Full of silicon chips
No one likes a smart arse
But I've seen a pattern emerge
I will race you up the hill
Where the boy who made records out of postcard messages
And flowering cherries rain on kids like you
Look twice at the kid with the crimped
And overheated hair
They ran a book on his looks
Odds on was the noble pose and
The denim hard riff of the Irish troubadour
But the boy came from nowhere to steal the hearts of lassies in the lavvies of the club tonight

Visit [Bellamy Brothers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.