

Butch Walker **"Summer Scarves"**

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Lying in the overgrown-up grass in the front yard
Water falling from the sky, so warm it feels hard
Trying to figure out just who you really are to me

And the summer scarves are all around me
And the sunburn grows around my neck
And the sum of her still remains a memory
Till the summer turns the day to black, yeah

Needle dropping on a record that you bought for me
And you traced my name inside the logo on the sleeve
You circled all the lines in the lyrics that you mean for
me
Yeah, yeah, yeah

And the summer scarves are all around me
And the sunburn grows around my neck
And the sum of her still remains a memory
Till the summer turns the day to black

Some wait their whole life just to feel something right
And it grips you like a wave you wish never goes away
Then it does

And the summer scarves are all around me
And the sunburn grows around my neck
And the sum of her still remains a memory
Till the summer turns the day to black

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