

Jason Collett "Almost Summer"

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Lemon gin, corn fields plowed under
Cigarettes, Southern Comfort
With your friends behind the bleachers
It's not this dance, he's gonna be there
In the high school gym

And it's almost summer
Almost warm enough to swim
Backyards are waiting

He's got your name
He's got your number
He's got your name
He's got your number

The sun sets across the parking lot
Walking cool with your friends
Before the ready cops
Even know you're innocent
The night is waiting

Here he comes
You're a little nervous
Here he comes
Well, you're getting up the courage, yeah

The music sucks
But he's your salvation
Cherry lip gloss
You know what he's tasting, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

You're 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 you're puking out the door
With your pants around your knees
But he's a nice boy
So he drops you on your street

You can't believe it, looks like you blew it

He's got your name
He's got your number
He's driving away
Oh, what a bummer, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

So you stumble home
But you don't quite make it
You wake up on the lawn
Of your next door neighbor's
The sun is warm
It's almost summer, yeah

It's almost summer, yeah
It's almost summer, yeah
It's almost summer, yeah
It's almost summer, yeah

It's almost summer, yeah
It's almost summer, yeah
It's almost summer, yeah
It's

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