

The Antlers

"Summer Song"

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Long Island sun
It wakes me up,
Sneaks from the east into my window up above
And I wish it were you
Crawling through that pane
For that I'd trade this sunshine
For a week of rain

It's a small world, or so they so
But mostly it feels large
When we walk through these deserts of sorrow
Waiting for the next mirage

On Southern Parkway,
There's a traffic jam
Thousands of cars are making love
While the drivers throw their hands
The sun beats down on
Everything and everyone
But I wish you were here with me
Melting under this Long Island sun

It's up above the world so high
Ticking like a bomb
While half the world is looking away
With their TV sets on
Next time you visit Long Island
We'll go walking on the beach
Even if it's pouring down on us,
In my mind we'll never leave

You bring your pipe
And I'll bring my lungs
And we'll see if all our questions
Get answered from above
The sun's painting diamonds
Across the ocean's skin
When you see that open window
I hope you let yourself in

It's a spoonful of sugar they say

That helps the drugs go down
You're the sweetness in my sunspots, baby
You're the swings on my playground
The next time you visit Long Island
We'll go swimming at Jones Beach
And even if it's pouring down on us,
In my mind we'll never leave

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