

The Whigs

"Summer Heat"

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Song in the sky, every Sunday you drive with the radio
'Bout a hundred, hundred miles from home
A stun on the shirt, in a desert of dirt
We'll be coming home, bout eighty, eighty miles to go

Let us lay in, let us play in,
Let us lay in the summer heat

And out in the night, I got into a fight
When they let me sing
'Bout a fifty, fifty miles from home
You told me to leave
I was shirtless and free like a baby boy
'Bout a twenty, twenty miles to go

Let us lay in, let us play in,
Let us lay in the summer heat

It will be racing, they'll be chasing
Cause no one is escaping the summer heat

Come sit next to me
Let me set you free
Yes I do believe
Yeah set me free

And back in the car, in between both the bar
When the summer starts
'Bout a million, million miles to go

Let us lay in, let us play in,
Let us lay in the summer heat
We'll be playing
And you'll keep saying
Let us stay in the summer heat

The summer heat yeah,
The summer heat
The summer heat yeah,
The summer heat

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