

# Almost Summer

Jason Collett

Lemon gin, corn fields plowed under.  
Cigarettes, Southern Comfort  
With your friends behind the bleachers it's my first dance.  
He's gonna beat it in the high school gym

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 in the sand.  
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, and you're 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 eyes  
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.  
I can't believe it  
Looks like you blew it

He's got your name; he's got your number  
He's driving away; I want to bomb her 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