

# The English Summer

The Wombats

Maybe it's the English summer  
Maybe it's the atmosphere  
But it's got me seeing stars when I'm with you

Maybe this is all theatrics  
Maybe it's very clear  
That I'm dripping over your every single move

And there's an animal inside of me  
And he's feeding off every word you say  
He pulls my hair, he coerces me  
Into a world where romance is just a game  
This awkward feeling is getting in the way

Maybe it's about your future  
Maybe it's about your past  
But sweetheart, it's just the present that needs some glue

Maybe I should play the percentage, yeah

Maybe I should do the math  
Cause on paper I'm way too soft a touch for you

And there's an animal inside of me  
And he's feeding off every word you say  
He pulls my hair, he coerces me  
Into a world where romance is just a game

And there's an animal inside of me  
And he's feeding off every word you say  
He pulls my hair, he coerces me  
Into a world where romance is just a game

And this awkward feeling is getting in the way  
And this awkward feeling is getting in the way  
And this awkward feeling, is begging for you to stay