

# Single For the Summer

Sam Hunt

The new years getting older, the February roses are withered away  
The sun keeps getting closer, sinking a little slower everyday  
Ooo it's getting louder at the lights, music clashing in the street, moon shining on the parking  
lot daws

Tanned legs in the nights, sliding out of the sea, stilettos at the crosswalk  
I graduated but every year in May I get that 'schools out' feeling  
I feel it creeping in, every day's a weekend and I'm drowning in the freedom Blame it on the  
bikinis, party girls, and martinis and the sunshine

Private school daughters that never go under water keeping their hair just right

I know in September, I'm gon remember how much i love her

I'm single for the suh-uh-uh single for the summer

I've gone off the deep end, the company of keeping is messing me up

The good girls at home sleeping, while I'm out creeping til the sun comes up

Ooo i've got my phone faced down, and my hair combed back, riding round getting good at the  
game

Saying the wrong things right, chasing midtown girls holding hands and forgetting their names

I graduated but every year in May I get that 'schools out' feeling

Don't wanna leave her, but damn it I'm not a cheater and I can't help leaving Blame it on the  
bikinis, party girls, and martinis and the sunshine

Private school daughters that never go under water keeping their hair just right

I know in September, I'm gon remember how much I love her

I'm single for the suh-uh-uh single for the summer

All of these pretty young thangs (pretty young thangs)

Can make you forget a goodbye sad

Try to make a good guy bad

Blame it on the bikinis, party girls, and martinis and the sunshine

Private school daughters that never go under water keeping their hair just right

I know in September, I'm gon remember how much I love her

I'm single for the suh-uh-uh single for the summer

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Why do I love all of these city girls

Why do I love all of these city girls

Why do I love all of these city girls with pretty eyes

Down on the money and Broken hearted rich girls, the debutants, the small town runaways

All dolled up at the bar, with debit cards, they don't know how pretty they are

City girls, city girls

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>