

Summer In the City

Regina Spektor

Summer in the city
Means cleavage, cleavage, cleavage
And I start to miss you
Baby, sometimes
I've been staying up and
Drinking in the late night establishment
Telling strangers
Personal things
Summer in the city
I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely
So I went
To a protest
Just to rub up
Against strangers
And I did feel like coming, but I also felt like crying
It doesn't seem so
Worth it right now
And the castrated ones
Stand in the corner, smoking
They want to feel the bulges in their pants start to rise
At the sight of a beautiful woman, they feel nothing but
But anger, her skin makes them sick in the night
Nauseous, nauseous, nauseous
Summer in the city
I'm so lonely, lonely, lonely
I've been hallucinating you, babe
At the backs of other women
And I tap
On their shoulder
And they turn around, smiling, but
There's no recognition in their eyes
Ohhh, summer in the city
Means cleavage, cleavage, cleavage
And don't get me wrong, dear
In general, I
Think I'm doing quite
Fine
It's just, when it's summer in the city, and you're
Long gone from the city
I start to miss you
Baby, sometimes
When it's summer in the city
And you're, you're so long gone from the city
I start to miss you
Baby, sometimes

Oooohh
I start to miss you
Baby, sometimes
Ooh, I
Start to miss you
Baby
Sometimes

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