

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

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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