

Cruel Summer

Bob Sinclar

(Yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah)

Hot summer streets and the pavements are burning, I sit around
(Yeah, yeah)
Trying to smile, but the air is so heavy and dry
Strange voices are saying (What did they say?)
Things I can't understand
It's too close for comfort, this heat has got right out of hand

It's a cruel, cruel summer
(Yeah, yeah)
Leaving me here on my own
It's a cruel, cruel summer
Now you're gone, gone, gone, gone

Flip that, holla back, flip that
Try and kick back, it's that
Let me just wait for the next show, wait wait
Yeah I know they can take that

The city is crowded, my friends are away and I'm on my own
(Yeah, yeah)
It's too hot to handle so I gotta get up and go

It's a cruel, cruel summer
Leaving me here on my own
It's a cruel, cruel summer
(Let me just wait for the next show, wait wait)
Now you're gone, gone, gone, gone
(Yeah I know they can take that)

It's a cruel, cruel summer
Now you're gone
It's a cruel, cruel summer
(Leaving me) Leaving me here on my own

It's a cruel, cruel summer
Now you're gone
You're not the only one
It's a cruel

It's a cruel, cruel summer
Leaving me here on my own
It's a cruel, cruel summer
Now you're gone, gone, gone, gone

Cruel summer
Now you're gone
Leaving me here on my own
It's a cruel, cruel summer
Now you're gone, gone, gone, gone