

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