

Summertime

Brand New Sin

She's in the red thing looking pretty
Dancing on stage to Paradise City
She's got a little black box full of money
That she only made just calling me honey

She don't want or need my pity
Dark haired little girl with a stage name Kitty
Last year she was looking damn dune
Let's see how she's looking this summertime.

She'll be at the bottom line
Here comes summertime.

There's a crowd in this neighborhood making noise
Raising hell, up to no good
They all come with the change of the season
And they're all coming for the same old reason.

Won't they ever stop the way they're thinking?
Rocking, smoking pot, get wasted drinkin
Last year they were feeling damn fine
Let's see how they feel this summertime

They'll be at the bottom line
Here comes summertime

I want my summertime
I'll be at the bottom line
Here comes summertime.