

Summer Child

Conan Gray

You see all the flowers in the weeds
You're scared of the dark when you sleep
You cover up your arms with your sleeves
Even in hundred degree heat

Your father was awfully mean
Your favorite color is green
It reminds of you of the summer you turned three
Running through sprinklers on your street

And you laugh and you dance in the wind
And you sway and you hug and you kiss
But there's darkness behind those eyes
Even when you smile

Oh, summer child
You don't have to act like all you feel is mild
You don't really love the sun, it drives you wild
You're lying, summer child

Aren't you way too busy taking care of everybody to take care of
yourself?
When the sun goes missing, aren't the flowers just as pretty?
Aren't the oceans just as deep?
The trees as green?
And as for me
I'll watch you weep

Oh, summer child
You don't have to act like all you feel is mild
You don't really love the sun, it drives you wild
You're lying, summer child