

# Popsicles

Emily Kinney

Indian summer, how much more can I take?  
I'm begging for the heat to break  
My throat is parched, my skin is red  
Fan blowing on my face in a sweat-soaked bed

Fall is a daydream from when I was young  
Backpacks, bonfires, cool in the sun  
Crickets and kisses beneath the moon  
Sneaking upstairs to my bedroom

If I could take back just one thing  
I'd rewind to the last day of spring  
You held my hand and squeezed it hard  
We walked until the streets got dark  
Gave me some new book to read  
Sayin' I hope you find what you need  
And just like that we're the broken-hearted  
Just like that my fever started

And the green grass turned to sand  
The sky filled with a haze  
We thought we wanted freedom  
But what we got were these dog days  
And our lonely hearts are lazy  
Sipping a stranger's salty kiss  
Begging for a body  
We'll take anything we can get

Labor Day weekend, 90 degrees  
A bottle of beer between my knees  
A smoke, a sigh, a sideways glance  
He's not the type to ask me to dance  
Not the type to hold my hand  
But he once played in some famous band  
An empty pool, we both take a dive  
We leave that party for a drive

But his hands are like sandpaper  
His eyes are dark and dull  
Months of dehydration have really taken their toll  
And our tangled torsos tighten  
As we're movin' out and in  
He leaves before the traffic  
And I'm burning up again

And I'm angry when he leaves me  
I love, they love me not  
Popsicle to my temples  
I'm so fucking hot

And I'm frustrated forever  
About the air that hangs around  
Waftin' around my apartment  
I can't cool down

Indian summer, how much more can I take?  
Just waiting for...

The heat to break