

# Summer Breaking

Mark Ronson

Driving through Ghosttown  
Metal horses a thousand feet high  
Orange sky

Pulling your top down  
In the back of some prettyboy's ride  
You get high

Avenues  
Empty as .44 clips  
Cargo ships, teen zombies ghost-riding their whips  
(See how they play)

You're always summer breaking  
Running wild in the street after dark  
You're always summer breaking  
Hanging out with the boys in the park  
Summer is gone  
You're gonna need someone  
To break your fall

Give him a haircut  
In the old kitchen chair in your yard  
Saint Delilah

He thinks you care  
Does he know you're too bright and too hard  
Like a diamond

Play your game  
Play him the way you played me  
Be the girl you pretend to pretend not to be  
(See how they play)

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