

# Ice Cream

Mika

When I hear that sound, I know what's coming 'round  
Thirty-nine degrees, too hot for the bees  
The grass is turning yellow  
Streets are slow and mellow  
The faucet keeps on dripping  
And the clock, it keeps on ticking

The swimming pool is laughing with its shiny, bright blue teeth  
Laughing at my body as it's sweltering with heat  
The smell of colored plastic baking in the sun  
Sweet just like frustration, my senses on the run

I want your ice cream  
I want it lying in the sun  
I want your ice cream  
I want it melting on my tongue  
I want your ice cream  
I want it, whatcha waiting for?  
Ice cream, every bite  
All I want is more

(Ice cream)

Filling up the car, the red door burns my thigh  
How is this place still standing with temperatures so hot?  
Air and ground so heavy, thick with gasoline  
My hands won't keep me steady, hotter than I've ever been

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(Ice cream)

(You scream)

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