

Those trainers and rolled up jeans,
No make up on, she looks good to me
I want her, I need her
And her back hits the covers, it's 2 am
I swear to god that I love her
And I want her, she's for me

She wears hats above her ears
Oh god, I want her here
She wears hats above her ears
Oh god, I want her here

I saw you with him again, you looked happier than me
I'm just moving on without you, without you
You've grown your hair out long and I know you're happier than me
I'm just writing songs about girls with short hair

She wears hats above her ears
Oh god, I want her here
She wears hats above her ears
Oh god, I want her here

Do you remember those nights last summer? Do you remember what I said?
I remember how I felt last summer and I didn't want it to end