

This Summer

Sleigh Bells

One of these days, gonna drop the axes
Power trip type might bomb the masses
You could roll an ankle out in the street
And your body explodes on impact

Kicking and thrashing, send us home packing
Recognize patterns, some of this matters
Terrible things we say that we don't really mean
This summer might, this summer might

This summer might be your last
Wrong as rain, but still it came
No more pleasure, no more pain
This summer might be your—

One of these things isn't like the other
Two of these things don't like each other
Three of these things don't even bother
Oh my God, oh mercy me

Kicking and thrashing, send us home packing
Recognize patterns, some of this matters
Terrible things we say that we don't really mean
This summer might, this summer might

This summer might be your last
Wrong as rain, but still it came
No more pleasure, no more pain
This summer might be your—

Everybody say fun now, fun now
Just wanna have fun now, fun now
Everybody say fun now, fun now
Just wanna have fun now, fun now

This summer might be your last
Wrong as rain, but still it came
No more pleasure, no more pain
This summer might be your—

This summer, this summer might
This summer, this summer might
Kicking and thrashing, send us home packing
This summer, this summer might
Recognize patterns, some of this matters
This summer, this summer might