

Butch Walker, Summer Scarves

Lyin' in the overgrown-up grass in the front yard
Water falling from the sky so warm it feels hard
Trying to figure out just who you really are to me

And the summer scarves are all around me
And the sunburn grows around my neck
And the sum of her still remains a memory
Till the summer turns the day to black

Needle dropping on a record that you bought for me
And you traced my name inside the logo on the sleeve
You circled all the lines in the lyrics that you mean for me

And the summer scarves are all around me
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And the sum of her still remains a memory
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Some wait their whole life
Just to feel something right
And it grips you like a wave you wish never goes away
Then it does

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Till the summer turns the day to black