

Conan Gray, Summer Child

You see all the flowers in the weeds
You're scared of the dark when you sleep
You cover up your arms with your sleeves
Even in hundred-degree heat
Your father was awfully mean
Your favorite color is green
It reminds you of the summer you turned three
Runnin' through sprinklers on your street
And you laugh and you dance in the wind
And you sway and you hug and you kiss
But there's darkness behind those eyes
Even when you smile
Oh, summer child
You don't have to act like all you feel is mild
You don't really love the sun, it drives you wild
You're lyin', summer child
Aren't you way too busy
Taking care of everybody
To take care of yourself?
When the sun goes missing
Aren't the flowers just as pretty?
Aren't the oceans just as deep?
The trees as green?
And as for me
I'll watch you weep
Oh, summer child
You don't have to act like all you feel is mild
You don't really love the sun, it drives you wild
You're lyin', summer child