Frenzal Rhomb, Summer's Here

Tim and Candy getting sandy down at the beach but he's a leach He's all bleached blonde white teeth, nothing wrong she's got a brain it's causing her pain

John's with Kim but she likes Tim she only wants sex but she's with his ex She wants more, thinks life is a bore the shore's not enough the guys are too tough

Summer's here the rain has gone away Summer's here all thinking's gone 'til May

Tim and John swear nothing's going on It's a god given right on a Saturday night Two drinks later John becomes a traitor it's always the same everybody's fair game

Summer's here put the top down and drive Summer's here now we're being burnt alive

Bleached bland, polluted sand, there's nowhere to go, dull eyes so low Tim, John, Candy, Kim, let's not pretend, that's it for them If you dig a little deeper, an hour, 4-litres, the truth does reveal we cannot conceal It's written plain and plenty, a face full of envy in all of our thoughts and all of our hearts

Summer, discontent
Summer's here put the top down and drive
Summer's here now we're being burnt alive
Summer's here and we're almost naked
Our tan is deep but no-one knows we've faked it