

Jesca Hoop, Summertime

Corn is gettin high
And the well is getting low
Fields are getting dry
I'm gonna catch a lizard's eye
So i got to lay low
Playing in the rye
La, la, la
Summer, summertime summer

Rattle, rattle, rattle grass
I hope that you don't bite
You can save your venom
Let me pass
I'm headed to the hive
La, la, la
Summer, summertime summer

Summer summer baby
Find me in the field
Follow my trail
Till the grain is
Higher than your ears
Bring a soft blanket baby
Lay it down for me
And roll me daddy daddy
Roll me in the wheat

Moon is on the rise
And the sun is sinking low
Swim in a lake at night
I'm gonna sing
With my cricket cicada choir
Owl on a wire
La, la, la
Summer, summertime summer