

# 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