

R.E.M., Summer Turns To High

Mercury is rising still
Turn the fan on high

I won't step on my own shadow
No-one wants to cry

Someone put a pox on me
I spit in their eyes
Summer turns to high

Lift my bed sheet keep in sandals
Circle search and there are candles
Summer's here but night is raising hopes and dragonflies

If those hopes are overshadowed by cotton-candy, caramel-wafer

Summer turns to high
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Summer high

After wine and nectarines the fireflies in turn
Move like syrup through the evening with the sweet reign

I won't fight for can't happen
I'm preoccupied

Summer turns to high
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Summer turns to high
Summer high