

# Mika, Ice Cream

when i hear that sound  
i know what's coming 'round  
39 degrees  
too hot for the bees  
the grass is turning yellow  
streets are slow and ellow  
the faucet keeps on dripping  
and the clock , it keeps on ticking

the swimming pool is laughing with its shiny  
bright blue teeth  
lughing at my bidy as it's sweltering with heat  
the smell of colorated plastic baking in the sun  
sweet just like frustration  
my senses on the run

I want your ice cream  
I want it lying in the sun  
I want your ice cream  
I want it melting on my tongue  
I want your ice cream  
I want it whatcha waiting for?  
ice cream every bitr  
all I want is more

ice cream!

filling up the car  
the red door burns my thigh  
how is this place still standing with temperatures so hot  
air and the ground so heavy  
thick with gasoline  
my hands won't keep my steady  
hotter than I've ever been

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