Bananarama, Cruel Summer

Hot summer streets And the pavements are burning, I sit around Trying to smile But the air is so heavy and dry Strange voices are saving What did they say Things I can't understand It's too close for comfort This heat has got right out of hand It's a cruel, cruel summer Leaving me here on my own It's a cruel, cruel summer Now you've gone The city is crowded My friends are away and I'm on my own It's too hot to handle So I got to get up and go It's a cruel, cruel summer Leaving me here on my own It's a cruel, cruel summer Now you've gone You're not the only one It's a cruel, cruel summer Leaving me here on my own It's a cruel, cruel summer Now you've gone It's a cruel, cruel summer Leaving me here on my own It's a cruel, cruel summer Now you've gone You're not the only one It's a cruel, cruel summer Leaving me here on my own It's a cruel, cruel summer Now you've gone You're not the only one It's a cruel, cruel summer Leaving me here on my own It's a cruel, cruel summer