

# Conan Gray, Summer Child

You see all the flowers in the weeds  
You're scared of the dark when you sleep  
You cover up your arms with your sleeves  
Even in hundred-degree heat  
Your father was awfully mean  
Your favorite color is green  
It reminds you of the summer you turned three  
Runnin' through sprinklers on your street  
And you laugh and you dance in the wind  
And you sway and you hug and you kiss  
But there's darkness behind those eyes  
Even when you smile  
Oh, summer child  
You don't have to act like all you feel is mild  
You don't really love the sun, it drives you wild  
You're lyin', summer child  
Aren't you way too busy  
Taking care of everybody  
To take care of yourself?  
When the sun goes missing  
Aren't the flowers just as pretty?  
Aren't the oceans just as deep?  
The trees as green?  
And as for me  
I'll watch you weep  
Oh, summer child  
You don't have to act like all you feel is mild  
You don't really love the sun, it drives you wild  
You're lyin', summer child