

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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bright blue teeth
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