

## In the Hot, Hot Rays

Fleet Foxes

Heat, like a dead weight  
Still coverin' the street outside  
So heavy that the dogs can't hide  
In the hot, hot rays

Out on the sidewalk  
It's a river where the children go  
Out enjoying the arctic show  
In the hot, hot rays  
In the hot, hot rays

In the hot rays I get old

I could never know what the dead man sees  
I could never know what the deaf man hears  
Or know what the dead man fears  
Even if you were incomplete

Brother let it go  
And I'll find my way  
If you want to know indian summer  
I will make it back here to you somehow  
What have you ever thought  
Underneath the fire

I try to play god  
Do my best to keep the heat at bay  
Maybe that would make you want to stay  
In the hot, hot rays  
In the hot, hot rays  
In the hon, hot rays