

# Deadbeat Summer

Neon Indian

Come and run from the heat  
In the middle of a sunlit street  
Seething thoughts on repeat  
But I'd rather get something to eat

Feeling senses to be,  
and I wonder if there's a chance that we'll meet.

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It's just a Deadbeat Summer.

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You're the one that I miss  
From the summer when I'd stolen a kiss  
Heat the endless hiss  
As he rolls into the starlight abyss

All my dreams reminisce  
Never thought this time would be like this

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