

Brit Summer

Nina Nesbitt

It's like the first sign of sun,
Since the universe began,
We're all throwing off our clothes,
Just to get the perfect tan.
Trying to raise our chances of,
A wild summer romance,
Bare feet on the sand,
With you.

See the boys next door,
On their way to Magaluf.
Matching t shirts they're school leavers,
It's gonna be off the hook.
But I just lay under northern sky with you,
Until our lips turn from red to white to blue.

Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer with you.
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer with you.

It's the Great British summer,
It's the Great British summer with you.

Fresh cut grass, one tall glass,
On a Sunday afternoon,
Sleeping in the sun,
Turns out lobsters aren't just food.
Pack your tent and pack your crate,
And a pair of muddy shoes,
I'll dance in front of the main stage for you.

Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer with you.
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer with you.

I love Great British summer with you.

I'll be gone, gone, gone by August,
This season is the shortest.
Oh oh oh my heart is drawn in the sand.
I'll be gone, gone, gone by August,
This season is the shortest.
And I wouldn't share this, with anyone else.

Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer with you.
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer,
Oooo Brit summer with you.

It's the Great British summer,
I love Great British summer with you.