

Summer Turns to High

R.E.M.

Mercury is rising still
Turn the fan on high

I won't step on my own shadow
No-one wants to cry

Someone put a pox on me
I spit in their eyes
Summer turns to high

Lift my bed sheet keep in sandles
Circle search and there are candles
Summer's here but night is raising hopes and dragonflies

If those hopes are overshadowed by cotton-candy, caramel-wafer

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Summer high

After wine and nectarines the fireflies in turn
Move like syrup through the evening with the sweet reign

I won't fight for can't happen
I'm preoccupied

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Summer high