



## Hot Summer Night

Words & Music: Inga Rumpf  
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You think about suicide  
On a lonesome hot summer night  
Many good-looking guys in the streets  
But you can't find the one you need

Oh baby, I want you so bad  
I can't get you out of my head  
I feel so tight like a guitar wire  
I feel so hot like on top of a fire

Hot summer night  
Hot summer night in the city

I put my leopard-skin pants on  
Come on, baby, that's no more fun  
Look at me, I'm dressed to kill  
Like a wild, wild animal

I'm walking up and down the street  
Black high-heeled shoes on my feet  
Longing does like a market cryer  
How can you let me in this desire