

## Summer Breeze

Ray Conniff

See the curtains hangin' in the window, in the evenin' on  
a Friday night.

A little light a-shinin' through the window, lets me know  
everything is alright.

Summer breeze, makes me feel fine, blowing through the  
jasmine in my mind.

Summer breeze, makes me feel fine, blowing through the  
jasmine of my mind.

See the paper layin' on the sidewalk, a little music from  
the house next door.

So I walked on up to the doorstep, through the screen and  
across the floor.

Summer breeze, makes me feel fine, blowing through the  
jasmine in my mind.

Summer breeze, makes me feel fine, blowing through the  
jasmine of my mind.

Sweet days of summer, the jasmine's in bloom. July is  
dressed up and playing her tune.

And I come home from a hard day's work, and you're  
waiting there, not a care in the world.

See the smile a-waitin' in the kitchen, food cookin' and  
the plates for two.

Feel the arms that reach out to hold me, in the evening  
when the day is through.

Summer breeze, makes me feel fine, blowing through the  
jasmine in my mind.

Summer breeze, makes me feel fine, blowing through the  
jasmine of my mind.