

Easy In The Summertime

Allison Moorer

July nineteen-eighty-one
Alabama summer sun
Sissy got her fishing pole
Went down to the honey hole
Greasy fiery frying pan
Viola grabbed it with her hand
It burned so bad her skin it peeled
There I saw the truth revealed

Watermelon tastes so good
Bare feet on the cool hardwood
Summer dresses Nanny made
Cut off blue jeans torn and frayed
Swinging on the barnyard gate
It don't get dark till after eight
Run inside a kiss and hug
Wrapped up in my mama's love

Firefly whispered in my ear
She said let's get outta here
Fly down to the creek with me
There's something you gotta see
The stars come out and glow so bright
That's why I don't mess with morning light
'Cause they're the ones that soothe my soul
They make me wanna rock 'n roll

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