

Love in the Afternoon

Dionne Warwick

From somewhere outside, I hear a
Street vendor cry: "Filet gumbo!"
From my window I see him, going
Down the street and he don't know
That we fell right to sleep
In the damp tangled sheets so soon
After love in the hot afternoon

Now the bourbon street lady
Sleeps like a baby in the shadows
(In the shadows)
She was new to me, full of mystery
But now I know (but know I know)
That she's just a girl
And I'm just a guy, in a room
For love in the hot afternoon

We got high in the park
This morning and we sat, without talkin'
Then she came back here
In the heat of the day, tired of walkin'
Where under her breath
She hummed to herself a tune
Of love in the hot afternoon