

# Love In The Hot Afternoon

Jim Ed Brown

From somewhere outside I hear the street vendor cry fillet gumb  
o  
Through my window I see him going down the street and he don't  
know  
That she 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  
She was new to me full of mystery but now I know  
She's much more to me than just a girl in the room for love in  
the hot afternoon

We met in the park this morning and we sat without talking  
Then we came back here in the heat of the day tired of walking  
Where under her breath she hummed to herself a tune of love in  
the hot afternoon  
Now the Bourbon Street lady,  
For love in the hot afternoon