

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