

Summer Breeze

Johnny Mathis

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.

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See the paper layin' in 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.

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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.

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

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