

Love In The Hot Afternoon

Mark Chesnutt

From somewhere outside I hear the street vendor cry file' gumbo
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 sheet 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 and fully of mystery but now I know
That she's just a girl and I'm just a guy in the room
For love in the hot afternoon

We got high 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 breathe she hummed to herself a tune
Of love in the hot afternoon

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That she's just a girl and I'm just a guy in the room
For love in the hot afternoon